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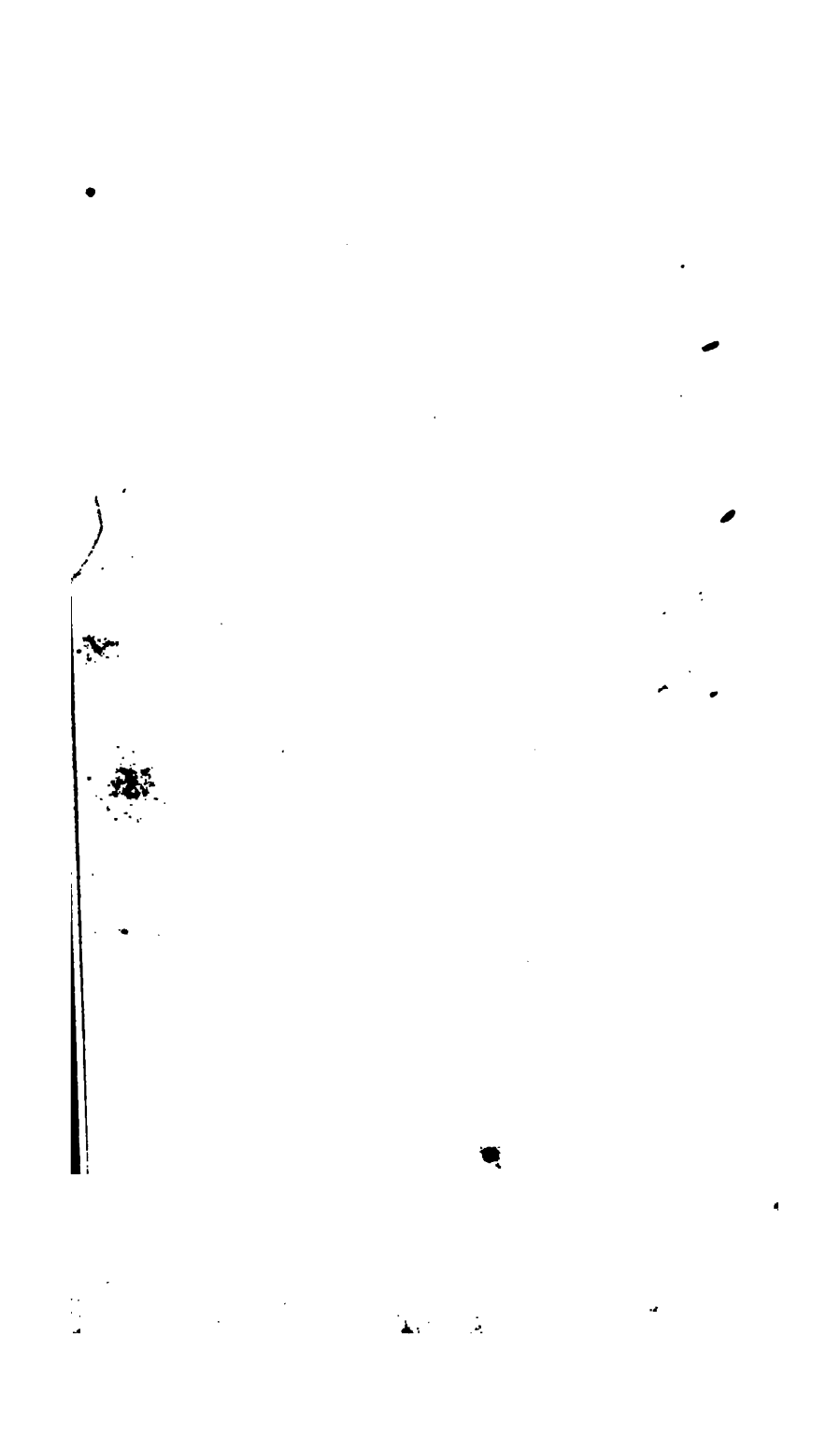


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THE
NEW PURCHASE: +

OR,
SEVEN AND A HALF YEARS

IN THE
FAR WEST.

BY
ROBERT CARLTON, Esq. pseud. of
Howard Rock Hall.

"ALTER ET IDEM."
" — — — per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
Repperit — — — "

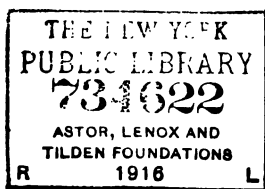
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P R E F A C E.

BEFORE my friend, ROBERT CARLTON, Esq., *left*,* he handed me the MS. of "THE NEW PURCHASE," with a request to get it published : in which case I promised to write the Preface. The best Preface will be, perhaps, a part of our conversation at the time :

" — — — But, Robert, I cannot call the book a History."

" Why not, Charles ?"

" It contains Fiction."

" Granted : but is that not the case with other Histories ?"

" To some extent : yet your Fictions will be taken for Truths, and your Truths for Fictions."

" Maybe so—yet that sometimes happens with other Histories."

" Well, what shall I say, Robert ?"

" Oh ! say what you know is the fact :—that the substratum is Truth ; nay, that the Truth is eight parts out of ten, the Fiction only two :—that the Fiction is

* Took Yankee leave.

mainly in the colouring and shading and perspective ; in embodying the Genus Abstract in the Individual Concrete ; in the aggregation and concentration of events, acts, actors, like—let us see—like flowers culled in many places and bound in one bouquet :—that the Chronology of the whole and the parts is in need of some rectification, and so on.”

“May I not say, however, that places, persons, things, &c. are essentially as you found them?”

“Well, Charles, I do not know that it is important. Let the book pass for what it is worth : if taken for History, it will be thought I had a somewhat remarkable experience, if for Fiction, that I have tolerable Invention ; and then my scull will be in the market—for the booksellers in my lifetime,—and the Phrenologists afterwards. And yet, on second thought, you may say, that had I not told, sometimes, *less* than the truth, the undiminished Truth would have seemed more like Fiction than ever.”

“Robert, may I not alter or suppress”——

“No—Charles—no :—I know your modesty and timidity. But let the blame of dragging you forward be on me. As Editor you may correct grammar, rhetoric, and so on—but do not meddle with the text. If necessary, you may add notes.”

“Well, *what* shall I call or name the book ?”

“I can give a title—but it is as long as your arm :—
‘Whereabouts ? or Seven and a Half Years in a New

Purchase of the Far West; being a Poetic Dream at Sun Rise, with a Prosaic Reflection at Sun Set—a Novel-History, and a Historic-Novel, with' "——

"Stop! stop!—Robert, that will never do. Suppose we call it simply 'The New Purchase, or Seven and a Half Years in the Far West: By Robert Carlton, Esq.'?"

"That will do; with a Latin sentence or two"——

"The Latin age is past; people read now by intuition; it will hurt the sale in warm weather; and, in the winter the days are too short to be wasted in puzzling out meanings."

"Still, Charles, let us have in a little scrap; for instance—*alter et idem*."

"Oh! Robert—yet if *you* do not care *I* do not; it shall go in."

"And suppose you add, *per multas aditum*, &c.?"

"That would be honest; but folks do not want to be got at, and you must not put them on guard: if all readers were ingenuous, and wished to be profited as well as entertained"——

"Ah! dear Charles, let us hope enough of the proper sort may be found to reward a publisher."

"Yes, dear Robert, but perhaps even such may say, after reading the book, they are disappointed and wish to have their money back."

"Oh! that would be very unpleasant, indeed! Do you think that might happen, Charles?"

"I hope not ; but what if the honest and ingenuous *are* disappointed ?"

"Why, that is a thing to be considered—you have taken me unawares—let us see—why, really ;—and yet, to be honest and candid myself, if the good, and the honest, and the frank-hearted, *all* say, after reading and *understanding* my book, that they are very sorry they ever read it, why then I will say I am very sorry I ever wrote it."

"You appeal then, dear Robert, to the good, the ingenuous, the merry, and even—the religious ?"

"I do."

"Then to such, if we can find a publisher, you shall go."

CHARLES CLARENCE.

Somewheresburgh, 1843.

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THE NEW PURCHASE.

THE JOURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

“ Westward, ho ! ”

THE ordinary causes of seeking new homes in the West are well known. There, it is sometimes expected, a broken fortune may be repaired, or one here too narrow, become, by change of circumstances, ample enough for a growing family, or a larger ambition. Indolence leads some thither, a distaste of conventional trammels others ; while not a few hope to find a theatre, where small talents and learning may figure to better advantage.

But some are led away to the West by poetical inducements. To persons of tender sensibilities and ardent enthusiasm, that is a land of beautiful visions ; and its gorgeous clouds, like drapery around the golden sunsets, is a curtain veiling other and more distant glories. Such persons are not insensible to worldly advantages, yet they abandon not the East from the love of gain. They are rather evoked and charmed away by a potent, if an imaginary spirit, resident in that world of hoary wilds. From the prairie spreading its grassy and flowery plains to meet the dim horizon, from the river rolling a flood across half a continent, from the forest dark and venerable with the growth of many cen-

turies, come, with every passing cloud and wind, the words of resistless invitation ; till the enchanted, concealing the true causes, or pretending others, depart for the West. They are weary of a prosaic life ; they go to find a poetic one.

To much of this day-dreaming spirit is the world indebted for the author's sojourn of seven and a half years in a part of what was, at the time of this journey, the FAR WEST. In early boyhood, Mr. Carlton was no ordinary dreamer : nay, in the sunshine, as by moonlight, shadows of branching antlers and flint-headed arrows caused many a darkness in his path, as visionary deer bounded away before the visionary hunter. At school a boy of kindred soul occupied the adjacent seat ; and this boy's father had left him, as was then believed, countless acres of rough mountains and woods undesecrated by civilized feet. How far away this sylvan territory may have been, was never asked, but it was near enough and easy of access to day-dreamers ; for we had actually devised a plan to steal off secretly at some favourable moment and find a joyous life in that forest elysium. Before the external eye lay, indeed, Dilworth, his columns of spelling in dreadful array of single, double and treble files, surrounded by dog-ears curling up from the four corners of the dirt-stained page ; but the inner eye saw them not. And if our lips moved, it was not to call over the names of the detested words ; no, it was in mysterious whispers :—we were wrapt in a vision, and talked of bark huts and bows and arrows—ay, we were setting dead-falls and snares, and arranging the most feasible plans for the woods and the mountains.

Such talks would, indeed, begin, and for a while, continue so like the inarticulate buzz and hum of an old-fashioned school-boy "getting by heart," as to awaken no suspicion in Master Strap. As enthusiasm, however, kindled, tones became better defined and words more and more articulate. Then ensued, first a very ominous and death-like stillness

in all parts of the school-room except ours, and then—the sudden touch of a wand came that broke a deep spell, and alas ! alas ! awoke us to our spelling ! Poor children ! we cried then for pain and disappointment ! The hour came when we shed more bitter tears at sorer disappointments, and in a severer school ! Even as I write there is a thrill of boyhood in my soul, and in despite of philosophy tears are trembling in my eyes ;—as if the *man* wept for the crushed hopes of the *boy* !

Experience may curb our yearning towards the earth, yet even amidst the longings after immortality and the things that eye hath not seen, there do remain hungerings and thirstings after a possible and more perfect mundane state. At the dawn, therefore, of manhood Mr. Carlton still hoped to meet in the Far West visions embodied although pictured now in softer lights and graver colours. Shortly, then, after our marriage in the first quarter of the present century, after the honey-moon, indeed, but still within the “love and cottage” period, Mrs. Carlton was persuaded to exchange the tasteless and crowded solitude of Philadelphia for the entrancing and real loneliness of the wilds, and the promenade of dead brick for the living carpet of the natural meadow.

Having no immoveables, and our moveables being easily transmuted into baggage, preparation was speedily made ; and then hands were grasped and cheeks kissed, alas ! for a long adieu :—for when we returned with sober views and chastened spirits, these, our first and best loved friends, were sought, but “they were not.”

CHAPTER II.

"Who goes there? — A friend."

FROM Philadelphia to Pittsburgh was formerly a journey of days. Hence, to avoid travelling on the Sabbath it was arranged by us to set out at three o'clock, A. M., on Monday. A porter, however, of the stage-office aroused us at one o'clock; when, hurrying on our garments, we were speedily following our baggage trundled by the man, in that most capacious of one-wheeled carriages—an antiquated wheelbarrow.

Arrived at the office, then kept by the Tomlinsons, the agent affected to consider me and my wife as only one person, and hence while I paid for two seats, he forced me to pay for all my wife's baggage as extra;—an imposition only submitted to, because in running my eye over the names booked as passengers, while the vexatious record of the baggage was making, travelling associates were seen written there who were too delightful to be lost for a trifle. These names were Colonel Wilmar of Kentucky and his cousin, Miss Wilmar, of Philadelphia. In addition were three strange names booked for Pittsburgh, a Mr. Smith and a Mr. Brown, and also a name hardly legible, but which, if I had decyphered correctly, seemed very like Clarence—strange, indeed, and yet familiar;—surely it had been known to me once—Clarence?—who could it be?

None of these persons had yet reached the office, (the stage, however, being ready and waiting only their arrival,) and when they did come, owing to the dim light of the room and the bustle of an immediate movement towards the stage, countenances could not be distinguished; and even the Wilmars could not have been recognised without the premonition of the way-bill.

The stages of that day wore no boots. In place of that leathern convenience, was a cross-barred ornament projecting in the rear to receive the baggage or at least half of it. This receptacle was called the "Rack." Perhaps from its wonderful adaptation for the utter demolition of what it received, it was originally named "Wreck;" and this word, in passing through the ordeal of vulgar pronunciation, where it was called first "Wrack," having lost its "W," remained, what indeed it so much resembled—the Rack. In binding Mrs. Carlton's trunk to this curious engine, the porter broke the rope, and her trunk falling down, the articles within, in spite of an old lock and a rotten strap, burst from their confinement and were scattered over the street. The porter was very prompt in his aid in gathering the articles and securing the lid, and as some compensation for his blunder and its consequences, he refused the usual fee of the wheelbarrow service. Of course he received now thanks for generosity instead of rebukes for negligence: but on inspecting afterwards our trunk, the absence of a purse containing seven dollars and of a silver cup worth twice as much, awakened suspicions of less honourable cause for the porter's conduct.

Here then were, at the outset, extortion and theft, and felt, too, as evils; but there was present a believing spirit mingling sweetness with the wormwood. Ay! were we not actually on our way to the land of vision! Surely no such baseness is there! The sanctity of that Far West is inviolate!

Inside, our stage was most judiciously filled with three tiers. The lower tier was composed of saddle-bags, valises, small trunks and carpet-bags; the second, of human beings supported upright by an equal squeeze on all sides; and then, on the condensed laps of the living tier, rested the third tier, made up of extra cloaks, some band-boxes and work-baskets, several spare hats in pasteboard cases, half

a dozen canes and umbrellas, and one fowling-piece done up in green baize. Notwithstanding the great felicity of this arrangement, the inquietude of the upper and lower tiers when the stage first started, occasioned in the sentient tier some inarticulate growling and a little half-smothered cursing; which crusty symptoms, however, presently yielded to a good-natured laugh at the perseverance with which Mr. Brown remained on a French gentleman's foot, through a misapprehension of a very polite and indirect request not to stand there—a laugh in which the parties themselves joined.

Our driver had, at the office, seated between two way-passengers with the curtain behind them dropped, given the signal, when away dashed the horses; and then commenced the inconsiderate restlessness of the internal baggage and the ill-concealed surliness of the passengers. But at the end of a few squares the stage suddenly stopped at a hotel, when the door of the vehicle being instantly opened, the space was filled with the head and shoulders of Mr. Brown, who began as follows:—

“Ladies and gentlemen, you seem to be full in here, I suppose it is no use to be looking for my seat in the dark—”

“Sare”—responded, evidently by the accent, a Frenchman, and in a most complaisant and supplicatory tone—
“Sare, do not you *know* my *foote* is under yours?”

“No, sir,”—replied Mr. Brown standing up as well as he could in the stage, and feeling about for some space.

“Sare, do *not* you know my *foote* is under yours?”—voice higher and quicker.

“No, sir, I don’t,”—surprised, but not budging.

“Sare, *do* you not know my *foote* is under yours?”—on the octave, and getting higher and more emphatic.

“O! I beg your pardon, sir,—do you mane I’m raelly treading on your *fut*?”—without, however, moving off, but generously waiting for information.

“Yes! sare! I do!”

“Oh! I beg pardon, sir—raelly I thought I was standing

on a carpet-bag"—when, satisfied he was wrong in his conjecture, and that it was "raelly the fut," Mr. Brown instantly removed the aggravating pressure.

Our friends thus introduced by the "*foote*" and the "*fut*" as the gentleman from France and the gentleman from Ireland, were welcomed by no inaudible laughter, in which they also participated, while at the moment the door was violently slammed, and that instantly followed by a startling crack of the impatient whip. This was of great advantage to Mr. Brown, as it helped him to a seat somewhere; although from some peevish expressions, he must have alighted on other quarters as well as his own. All outcries and growlings, however, occasioned by hats and bonnets innocently dashed into neighbouring faces, or by small trunks unable to keep their gravity, and elastic sticks and umbrellas that rubbed angrily against tender ancles or poked smartly into defenceless backs, all were drowned in the rattling thunder of the rolling wheels; and the tiers, rather loosely packed at first, were soon, by the ferocious and determined jerking and plunging of the vehicle, shaken into one compact quiescent and democratical mass.

Unsuccessful attempts then came to sustain a general talk on the weather, the time of reaching the breakfast, the hour of the night, and the like novel and interesting topics; the questions being commonly put, and the replies hazarded by six or eight voices together, and in as many intervals of pitch, from the grumbled bass to the most tremulous and piteous treble. To these succeeded equally abortive efforts to sustain duos and trios, till the whole performance of the talk remained a solo. This performer, when day peeped in upon us, proved to be a middle-aged and corpulent lady, who sang out in a very peculiar and most penetrating tone; herself both asking and answering, often categorically, but for the most part in the "guess and may be" style of recitativo. Encouraged by the silence of the company, the lady

at length in the same lofty strains sang out portions of her own history, introducing the pleasing variations of "may-be-it-would" and "may-be-it-would'nt"—"I guessed and he guessed"—and "says I and says he," &c. The burden, however, of the piece was this:—it was her first trip to the city, although from a little girl she had lived within thirty miles—but her mother could never spare her—and when she married Jacob, *her* and *him* could never leave home together, and Jacob, he would never let her go alone by herself, being "right down sarten she'd never come back again alive or without some of her bones broken."

Soon, however, we began to go "slowly and sadly" over the Schuylkill bridge, when something not unlike snoring admonished the lady of our seeming inattention, and her musical narrative suddenly ceased, like the sudden holding up of a hard rain; and then all were quickly either practising sleep at random, or with troubled thoughts wandering to the absent or indulging fitful dreams of the future.

Morning revealed by degrees the *incumbents*, and in very *imposing* attitudes. For instance, there was the Frenchman,—his head on the Irishman's shoulder, and keeping pretty tolerable time to the music of the jolting carriage; while the Irishman revived now and then by a desperate lurch extra, as in atonement for his fault, made no attempt to be rid of his burden, but slowly closing his eyes, nodded away with his own head in the direction of our solo. But all noddings in this book will be indulged by the classic reader, who knows well enough:

"Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus."

"The excellent Homer takes a nap now and then."

Fronting myself was a person with hands holding to a strap pendent from the roof, his head inclined towards his breast, and his hat fallen off, but intercepted by Col. Wilmar, his sleeping neighbour. This stranger, on several

elevations of his head, presented a countenance that set me to recalling past scenes and associates, and I was in a fair way of making some discovery, when all were fiercely jerked into wakefulness by a most unnatural and savage plunge of the stage, followed on the instant, like severe lightning, by an explosion; the tiers becoming all vocal with "bless my soul's"—"my goodnesses!"—and vulgar "ouches!" Above all, however, sounded this pathetic remonstrance in our talking lady's inimitable style:—"La! Mister! if you aint noddod agin this here right bran new bonnit of mine, till I vow if it aint as good as spiled!" To this no reply was permitted as the horses suddenly halted, and a venerable and decent landlord having opened the door of the carriage, requested us to alight, adding that "the *stage* breakfasts here."

The *live* stock accordingly was unpacked and extricated from the *dead*, no important damage being visible, except in "the bran new bonnit;" and sure enough it was curiously sloped contrary to nature, with an irregular concave in the front and suitable enlargements sideways. Sceptics like Hume would doubtless have raised a query, if the width was entirely owing to the noddings of the Irish gentleman, or the very ample rotundity of the cherry-cheeked and good-humoured face expanded within the bonnet; but Mr. Brown himself at once admitted his inconsiderate butting as the cause, and with every appearance of concern he busied himself with assisting the matron to alight and looking after her baskets and boxes. This so won on her, that when at the first opportunity Mr. Brown attempted an apology and condolence, he was interrupted by her saying—"Oh! never mind it, Mister, it aint no odds no how, and I guess we can soon *fix* it."

During our ablutions I caught the eye of the young stranger already named, fixed with an inquiring look on my face; and then we both, towel in hand, gradually advanced, yet

embarrassed and hesitating as if both recollected the incident, "you thought it was me and I thought it was you, and faith its nather of us," till, arrived at proper distance, he extended his hand and hazarded the affirmative inquiry :

"If I mistake not this is Robert Carlton!"

My reply showed it *was* each of us:

"Clarence! Charles Clarence!—is it possible!—is this you!"

Reader, this Charles Clarence was the identical boy of the adjacent seat, whose enthusiasm for bark cabins and forest life, like my own, had beguiled us of many a hateful lesson, and gained for us many a *smart* application of birch and leather in parts left defenceless by scant patterns of primitive roundabouts!

Shortly after this, in the parlour of the Warren tavern, a general introduction took place among the Pittsburgh travellers: viz. Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith, Col. Wilmar and Miss Wilmar, Mr. Clarence and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton; who all, in due season, shall be more particularly introduced to our readers, as the Party. At present we must obey the signal for breakfast; that meal being really prepared for the *passengers*, although, by metonymy, it was in old times said to be for the *stage*.

CHAPTER III.

"Hominem pagina nostra sapit."

"Our page describes some gentlemen."

¶ WHEN summoned to the stage by the driver's horn, it seemed we had lost some way-passengers, room being thus obtained for the lady of the bonnet; who, however, appeared wearing the old article, having, with a corrected judgment, consigned the damaged one to the band-box. So, also, greater space was found for the French gentleman's foot,

who had, from apprehension of cold or from gout, so encased his pedalic appendages in socks of carpet-stuff as to lead a careless observer, even by day-light, to mistake his feet for two of the many travelling bags on the floor. Opportunity also was afforded now of a more judicious disposal of various rubbing, poking and punching articles, so that, aided by a good breakfast and a morning cold but bright, we were soon engaged in a conversation, general, easy and animated.

And now we may properly proceed to introduce the gentlemen of the party. Please then, reader, notice first that pleasant-looking personage bowing so profoundly, and evidently anxious to win your favour. That is—hem!—that is Robert Carlton, Esq. He takes the opportunity of soliciting your company not only for the journey but—all the way through his two volumes. He would also say, it is his purpose to imitate Julius Cæsar occasionally, and use the third instead of the first person singular, and to adopt now and then, too, the regal style, in employing nominative *we*, possessive *our* or *ours*, objective *us*. These imitations, it is supposed, will give a very pleasing variety to the book, enable the author to utter complimentary things about Mr. Carlton and his lady with greater freedom, and not run so hard upon capital I's, or, in technical phrase, not exhaust the printer's sorts.

This next gentleman is my friend Mr. Smith. Like so many of the name, he was in all respects a worthy man, and honoured, at the time, with a high station in the magistracy of Pittsburgh. Our party shared his liberal hospitality there, and since that hour we have been quite partial in our regard of the Smiths, and their relatives the Smythes. Happy partiality this; for if all classed and sorted under that grand-common-proper-noun take a corresponding liking for our author, where will be the limit to the number of copies and editions?

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Brown. He was an

Irish gentleman, had travelled extensively in Europe, and had the manners of the best society. At present he was at the commencement of a tour, to be extended over most of the United States. Among his oddities, not the least was his odd person, entitling him to Noah Webster's word, *lengthy*,—he appearing alternately all body, when one looked up, and all legs, when one looked down :—a peculiarity I am led the more to notice, as I found his elongation very unfavourable to skiff navigation afterwards on the Ohio river ; and indeed it put us in jeopardy, if not of life, yet of immersion. In spite of all his reading—(Mr. Boz, however, had not then published his American notes)—Mr. Brown was remarkably ignorant of our country, expressing unfeigned surprise that our road, only twenty miles from Philadelphia, in place of leading into dark forests filled with wild beasts and naked savages, did really run amid open farms and smiling scenery, abounding with domestic animals and civilized agriculturalists. Pittsburgh was his *ultima Thule*, beyond which he expected to find *no place*, or even something worse. Distinguished, however, for his agreeable manners and frank disposition, cheerfully confessing and laughing at his own mistakes, he became of course a universal favourite.

Col. Wilmar was, however, my beau ideal of a gentleman. To a manly beauty he had added the qualities of good education and the grace of many accomplishments. He was courteous, brave and even chivalrous ; his attention to others resulting from benevolence and not from prudence. Ladies under his care, (and that, from a knowledge of his character, was often the case,) were regarded by him more as sisters having claims on a brother's attentions, than as strangers committed to his trust. With pleasure we thought such a specimen of our citizens could be contemplated by Mr. Brown ; and Mr. Carlton rejoiced that he knew one worthy to live in the land of poetry and dreams : for the colonel was an inhabitant of the West.

In the last war with Great Britain, Col. Wilmar, then a very young man, commenced his military career as a volunteer, and after being actively engaged in many skirmishes and other warlike enterprises, he served finally as an aid to Gen. Winchester in the disastrous battle of the river Raisin. Taken prisoner he escaped the massacre made of his associates by the Indians, and was then marched to Fort Malden; whence, after a detention of some months, he was restored to his home. Here, his military feelings being yet dominant, he was soon honoured with an important command among the militia and volunteers of Kentucky—his native State.

When we became, as a party, the sole occupants of the stage, and, in the ascent of the mountains, had opportunities for prolonged narratives, among other matters the colonel gave, at our request, a sketch of his military adventures. And one story may properly find a place here by way of episode in the description of my companions.

But hark!—some one hails our driver, and the stage stops—

“Law! bless my senses, if there aint Jacob in his cart come out for me at the end of our road!”—was the immediate exclamation that burst from our heroine. The unexpected sight of her husband and the thoughts of home, (where we learned she expected to see “little Peggy,”) were too powerful for the prudent resolves or secret awe that had, for the last hour, kept our dame silent; and out rushed nature’s feelings as above described. Nor did the torrent exhaust itself at one gushing—it paused and then continued:

“I vow I thought he’d a’ met one at the tavern in Downington—but Jacob’s so monstrous afeard of a body’s gittin hurt, that he’s staid out here—I do wonder how he left them all at home?”

In the meantime, Mr. Brown, pleased with her self-satisfaction, good nature, and forgiving temper, had got out

and stood receiving first the band-box containing the pummelled bonnet, and then aiding its owner to alight; for which he received a cordial "thankee, sir," and a pressing invitation to call and see her and Jacob if ever he should be travelling that way again.

All that could be heard of the conjugal dialogue was—"Well I vow, Jacob, who'd a thought of seeing you at our road!"—to which was answered—"And so, Peggy,"—the rest being lost in the renewed thunder of our wheels. Jacob was evidently pleased to receive Peggy safe; and his calm quaker-like dress and countenance seemed to look and say, he was by no means the Mercury or chief speaker in the domestic circle.

Return we to our episode, Col. Wilmar's narrative.

"Among our volunteers was a young man, a tailor I believe, but in all respects decidedly our best soldier. He was tall, well proportioned, and fit for any feat of strength and dexterity; besides, he was observant of every duty, and ready at any time for either parade or battle. Without being myself a member of the church, I believe the many excellences of his brave, benevolent, and self-sacrificing spirit were owing mainly to religious principles. He was, I know, a professor of religion.

"In one battle at the Raisin, he was slightly wounded—a knowledge of which must have led to the tragedy that followed our capture. Turner, for that was the soldier's name, did, indeed, try to conceal his wound from the Indians; and I well know it did not retard his progress: but unless our captors were determined to avoid even the possibility of any hinderance, we never could conjecture any other plausible reason for what followed.

"My friend was in the same division of prisoners with myself, the assistant surgeon and several of our townsmen; and at night when we halted, Turner was seated near me at

the fire in the woods, while the Indians dealt us out a little bread and beef. On my left, and nearly opposite the poor fellow, I saw, for some time, an Indian who kept his eye on Turner, with an expression that looked like mischief; and then I saw the savage, as if by stealth, grasp his tomahawk and move round without any noise till he came up immediately behind us. Why, I cannot tell, but perhaps Turner, too, had noticed all this; he sprang, however, suddenly to his feet and with the most amazing activity, arrested the blow of the weapon with his arm, receiving a deep gash in his shoulder, and thus warding off the blow from his head. And then, gentlemen, that wounded man darted upon that Indian, and actually wrested the hatchet from his hand, and in the next instant raised it to aim a deadly blow at his enemy's head—ay, gentlemen, I saw the hatchet tremble in his grasp—I saw, as I think, the weapon almost descending with its fatal stroke—and yet, at that very moment, it was stayed—and the next it was thrown down upon the ground.

“For on the instant our surgeon, who had noticed the Indians drawing their knives and hatchets for our massacre, cried out—“Turner! Turner! for God's sake, don't kill him!”—And then, Turner, our noble, godlike comrade, comprehending at a glance our danger, looked up a moment, as if in prayer—flinging, at the same time, the weapon on the earth. And there he stood!—his arms calmly folded across his breast, and with *such* a look of self-devotion and Christian resignation, until the demon-like savage having picked up the hatchet, approached his victim, and buried it, with one terrific blow, deep in his head!”

A tear trembled in the colonel's eye as he concluded; and although many years have passed since I heard him tell this story, I am moved when I think of that godlike warrior so dying!—but then the story was better told.

Charles Clarence my new found friend was an orphan. His parents both had died, he being scarcely three years old, leaving him however, heir nominally to large and valuable tracts of land. But he succeeded to nothing, at last, more valuable than a very large mass of useless papers; unless we except some trinkets indicative of an ancient and wealthy family: and even these the sole mementos of departed parents were sacrificed to supply the urgent necessities of Clarence, when he found himself a deserted boy. Some relatives did not then know of his existence—and some only found it out when he did not need either recognition or assistance. A maternal uncle, however, in the far South, prevented by sudden death from adopting my friend as a son, had left him a legacy: and from this he had been liberally educated, with many interruptions, however, and many distressing inconveniences, owing to the interception of his small dividends on some occasions by dishonest agents.

Still the apparent neglect of some relatives, the want of a guardian and other seeming evils had been of service to Clarence in giving stamina to his character, wanting, naturally, in bone and sinew. Even the interruption of his studies had led to several voyages and journeys with peril indeed, to life and health, but with advantage to his mind and manners. His fondness, too, for adventure was indulged, and he was rendered thus a more interesting and instructive companion and friend. Sobered, it is true, by disappointment and grief, my friend was; yet I found him now sufficiently sanguine and confident to venture on enterprises considered praiseworthy, if one succeed, but not so, if unsuccessful. Indeed but lately had he returned from a visit to the Falls of Niagara, in which from want of money, he had been induced to use the vulgar mare that required only rest and no oats—in other words, with a knapsack on his back he had, in company with two asso-

ciates, made a tour of three hundred miles on foot. He had also travelled many thousand miles in various directions and in various capacities, so that he abounded in anecdotes and incidents, which he could so relate as to make himself a companion for a journey by no means undesirable.

At this very time Clarence was going to Kentucky on a very grand adventure :—he was on his way to be married. When only sixteen years of age he became affianced to a maiden, whose family shortly after emigrating to the West, thus, for a long time, had separated the lovers. But now at the end of seven years, during which the parties had never met, Clarence was going as he pretended to see the family ; but in reality, reader, to marry his sweetheart. Ladies ! will you please note this as an offset to instances of faithlessness in our sex ? And were not these specimens of long cherished love and unbroken faith worthy the poetical land ?

—But what lights in the distance ? Oh ! that is Lancaster, and there we eat supper and change stages : excuse me, then, reader, we have no time to introduce our ladies.

* * * * *

Supper ended, we found a *new* stage, if by new is understood *another*, for old enough it was and a *size* (?) less than our old stage ;—which after all was nearly a new one. True, excepting monsieur, we had before stopping let out all our way passengers ; but fortunately on attempting to get in ourselves now, we discovered enough new way passengers not only to take the seats of the former ones, but our seats also—so remarkably accommodating were the old-fashioned *accommodation* stages and stage owners ! Alas ! for 'us that night ! that it was before the era of caoutchouc or gum elastic !—stages' bodies of that could have so easily become, almost at will, a size larger and a

size less, expanding and contracting as passengers got in or out! Oh! the cramming—the jamming—the bumping about of that night! How we practiced the indirect style of discontent and cowardice, in giving it to the intruders over the shoulders of stage owners, and agents, and drivers, and horses! And how that crazy, rattling, rickety, old machine rolled and pitched and flapped its curtains and walloped us for the abuse, till we all were quashed, bruised, and mellowed into a quaking lump of passive, untalking, sullen victims!

CHAPTER IV.

“Pshaw!”

DASHED away from the hotel the stage with such vengeance and mischief in the speed that the shops ran backward in alarm and lights streamed mere ribbons of fire, as when urchins whirl an ignited stick! Discontent, therefore, found a present alleviation in the belief that such driving, by landing us in Harrisburg speedily, would soon terminate our discomforts. But the winged horses, once beyond Lancaster, turned again into hoofy quadrupeds moving nearly three miles per hour! And then the watering places!—the warming places!—the letting out places!—the letting in places!—the grog stations!—and above all! the post-offices!—and oh! the marvellous multiplication of extra drivers!—and extra driver’s friends!—and extra hostlers!—it was like the sudden increase of bugs that wait for the darkness before they take wing! And then the flavour of the stable considerably tempered with the smell of ginsling and apple whiskey!—both odours occasionally overpowered by the fragrance of cigars bought six for a penny!

At first, so decided a growl arose from the imprisoned travellers whenever a cigar was lighted, that the smoking tobacco was at once cast away; but the rising of the numberless other gases, soon taught us "of two evils to bear the least," and the cigars were finally tolerated to the last puff.

And then the talk on the driver's seat!—how interesting and refreshing!—For instance, the colloquies about Jake! and Ike! and Nance! and Poll! The talk, too, first *about* the horses, and then the talk *with* the horses; on which latter occasions the four legged people were kindly addressed by their Christian names and complimented with an encomiastic flourish and cut of the lash. To these favours the answer was commonly an audible and impatient swing of horse tails; sometimes, however, it came in form of a sudden and malicious, dislocating jerk of the stage; and sometimes, I am sorry to add, the answer was altogether disrespectful, indicating an indulged and pampered favourite.

Within the den, the ominous pop, at irregular intervals, (but not like angel's visits in the number and length,) and the smell of fresh brandy, intimated dealings with evil spirits, and that some carried bacchanalian pocket pistols—more fatal even and much nastier than the powder and bullet machines used in other murders and suicides. Olfactories were regaled also with essence of peppermint, spicy gingerbread, and unctuous cold sausage; such and other delicacies being used by different inmates to beguile hunger and tedium.

At length a jew pedlar with a design of selling the article as well as gratifying a musical penchant, exhibited—not to our eyes, it was an Egyptian night within—but to our ears, a musical snuff box, if not enchanting yet certainly enchanted, as it possessed the art of self-winding, to judge from the endless and merciless repetitions and alterations of the Copenhagen Waltz and Yankee Doodle. Its

tinkling, however, was ultimately drowned by a more powerful musician on the driver's seat. This was an extra driver, so wrought up by the pedlar's box, that his feelings could be no longer controlled, but suddenly exploded with the most startling effect in the following exquisite lyric or ballad. Perhaps the words were not extempore, yet from the variations of the wondrous hum-drum fitted to them, and the prolongation and shortening of notes, and a peculiar *slurry* way to bring in several syllables to one note, it may be supposed our songster chose not to halt or stump from any defect of memory.

THE EXTRA-DRIVER'S SONG.

"Come all ye young people, I'm going for to sing,
Consarnin Molly Edwards and her lovyer Peter King,
How this young woman did break her lovyer's heart,
And when he went and hung hisself how hern did in her smart.

"This Molly Edwar dshe did keep the turnpike gate,
And travilyers allowed her the most puttiest in our state,
But Peter for a livin he did foller the drovyer's life,
And Molly she did promise him she'd go and be his wife.

"So Peter he to Molly goes as he cums through the gate,
And says, says he, oh! Molly, why do you make me wait,
I'm done a drovin hossis and come a courtin you,
Why do you sarve me so, as I'm your lovyer true?

"Then Molly she toss'd up her nose and tuk the drovyer's toll,
But Pete he goes and hangs hisself that night unto a pole,
And Molly said, says she, I wish I'd been his wife,
And Pete he come and hanted her the rest of all her life."

The performance, rapturously encored ex animo by the drivers and some cognate spirits within, but mischievously, it is to be feared, by Mr. Carlton, Col. Wilmar and the gentlemen of the party, was handsomely repeated and then succeeded by other poems and tunes equally affecting, but which we shall not record.

So passed that memorable night, till at long, very long last we reached the suburbs of Harrisburgh. Here, whether the horses smelled oats, or the road was better, or the driver would eradicate doubts about his team, expressed by us every half mile lately, here we commenced going not *like* thunder but certainly *in* thunder and earthquake, till in a few moments the carriage stopped at the hotel. And this was where the *stage* was to sleep—but, alas! it lacked now only one hour of the time when we must proceed on our journey anew! The vehicle, however, disgorged its cramming over the pavement; and then, how all the people, with countless bags, boxes, cloaks, sticks, umbrellas, baskets, handboxes, hatboxes, valises, &c., &c., had been or could be again stowed in that humming-bird's nest of a stage, seemed to require a nice geometrical calculation. Pack the inhabitants of our globe stage-fashion by means of dishonest agents and greedy owners, and be assured, a less number of acres would serve for our accommodation than is generally supposed.

It was arranged now that our two ladies should share one bed at 25 cents, and take each $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents worth of sleep in an hour, the gentlemen to snooze gratuitously on the settees in the bar room; and it is wonderful how much sleep can be accomplished in a short time if it be done by the job! Oh! it seemed cruelty to summon us from that deep repose to renew the journey; yet, as all our innumerable way passengers but one had swarmed off, we had more room, and so were able to nurse the ladies during the day into some uneasy slumbers and to sleep off hand ourselves, or in other words, without a *rest*. Pshaw.

CHAPTER V.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

WE left Chambersburgh in good spirits after a comfortable night's rest, the sole occupants of the stage too; and by a rare chance we remained sole occupants during the remainder of our journey. And "though *we* say it that should'nt" never was a more agreeable party in all respects than ours—the present company, viz., the reader and the author excepted. Among other excellencies, none of the party chewed tobacco, smoked tobacco, spit tobacco, drank alcoholic liquors, or used profane language—evils that may be separated, but which still are often united. Of course no one took snuff, all being then greatly too young for powdered tobacco: that very appropriately belongs to "the sere and yellow leaf" time.

Not long after sun-rise we were at the ascent of the grand mountain—a frowning rampart shutting by its rocky wall from the east that world beyond! From the base to the apex the road here ascends about four miles; which ascent the gentlemen resolved to walk up:—a feat usually achieved at the first mountain, especially if the first one has ever seen. To be sure people afterwards *will* walk when politely requested by a good natured driver, out of pity to the poor brute horses: but—(shame on his poetry and romance,) Mr. Carlton having in subsequent years passed and re-passed the mountains twenty-four times, used to remain in the stage and *sleep* up the ascents! Yet not infrequently would he be musing on the past, and recalling with smiles and tears, that delightful party and that delightful walk on that sweet morning, and all the glorious visions and castle buildings of that entrancing day!—gone, gone, "like the baseless fabric of a dream!"

We soon left the stage behind us, and sometimes out of

sight and hearing. Then, under pretext of concern for the ladies, but really I fear to have a pretext for resting, we called a halt, where we could sit on a rock and blow, till the noise of wheels and the sight of a bonnet peeping from the stage gave us liberty to proceed; or rather took away the excuse for sitting still. At the same time the bonnet would disappear, lest it should be construed as a token of fear—robbery in those times not only of solitary travellers but of whole stage companies often happening. However we had a host in Col. Wilmar, and even thought with a peculiar thrill of the poetry of an attack from bandits;—although when in after years we encountered the danger it was not so poetical as romance writers make it, but simply a very disagreeable affair better to read about than transact.

The time of the present journey was late in April, the nights being often very cold, but the days only moderately cool and sometimes even warm. Snow was yet in spots near the summit of the mountains, although in places lying towards the south and east vegetation was in rapid progress: so that nothing could be more in unison with our feelings than the renovated world amid the Alleghanies. Hope was springing so fresh and green from the decayed hope of boyhood! and nature so budding forth from the deadness of winter! But alas! if buds and flowers burst forth, they die again and soon! And renovated hope is renewed only for blighting.

We stood now on the pinnacle of the great Cove mountain and were gazing on the mingled grandeur and beauty of the scene. Few are unmoved by the view from that top; as for myself I was ravished. Was I not on the dividing ridge between two worlds—the worn and faded East, the new and magic West? And yet I now felt and painfully felt, that we were bidding adieu to home and entering on the untried: still, hope was superior to fear, and I was eager to pass those other peaks, some near as if they

might be touched and glorious with the new sunbeams, and some sinking down away off till the dim outline of the farthest visible tops melted into blue and hazy distance! Years after I stood on that pinnacle alone and the two worlds were seen again—but no hopes swelled then into visions of glory, at sight of the dim peaks; no consolations awaited me in my native valleys of the East! Death had made East and West alike to me a wilderness! Poor Clarence! did he ever stand again, where I noticed him standing that morning? How buoyant his heart! and so melted with tender thoughts, so raptured with imaginings! Could it be?—after years of separation—is he now hastening to one dearer to him than the whole world beside! Will they know one another? Both have changed from childhood to maturity—but why so speak? Our lovers ever thought each the other unchanged in size, in look, in voice; and when they did meet at last, they shed tears, for while both were in all respects improved, both were altered, and they were no more to love as boy and girl, but as man and woman! Clarence saw no dark spectres in the bright visions of that morning!

Upon Smith, long ago the scenes of that other life opened; and doubtless they were of an undying glory, for——

But here comes the stage to hurry us onward; and so the bustle of life interrupts serious meditations with the whirl of cares and enterprises.

We were all once more seated in the vehicle, which instantly darted upon the descent with a velocity alarming, and yet exhilarating to persons unused to the style of a mountain driver. The danger is with due care less, indeed, than the appearance; yet the sight of places where wagons and stages are said to have tumbled gigantic somersets over miniature precipices, will force one involuntarily to say in a supplicatory tone to Jehu,—“Take

care driver, here's where that stage went over, and poor Mr. Bounce was killed!" To this caution Jehu replies—"Oh! no danger—besides he want killed—he only smashed his ribs 'gin that rock there, and got his arm broke:" and then to quiet our fears, he sends forth his endless lash to play a curve or two around the ears of the prancing leaders, and with a pistol-like crack that kindles the fire of the team to fury; and away they all bound making the log crowning the rampart of wall tremble and start from its place as the wheels spin round within eight inches of the dreaded brink.

Thundering down thus, our stage dashed up the small stones as if they leaped from a volcano, and awaked the echoes of the grim rocks and the woody caverns: while ill-stified "Oh! my's!" and a tendency of the ladies to counteract, by opposite motions, the natural bias of the stage body for the sideway declivity, were consoled with the usual asseverations—"O don't be afraid—no danger—no danger!" But when the horses, on approaching a sudden turn of the road, seemed, in order to secure a good offing, to shy off towards the deep valley, and nothing could be seen over the tips of their erect and quivering ears, save blue sky and points of tall trees, then the ladies, spite of rebukes and consolations—(and one at least of the gentlemen)—*would* stand tip-toeish, labouring, indeed, to keep a kind of smile on the lips, but with an irrepressible "good gracious—me!" look out of the eyes. And—

—But oh! what a beautiful village below us! How neat and regular the houses! See! there's one spun and woven—like a Dutch woman's petticoat!—yes, petticoat is the word—only the stripes of the petticoat do not run horizontally, and those of the house do. I declare if there are not brick houses! and stone ones!—and how the smoke curls up to us—we can smell breakfast! What

noiseless streets ! what green meadows ! Did you ever see any thing so picture like—so like patchwork ! It would be so pleasant to live in that nice, quiet, snug, picturesque village ! Mr. Smith, what place *is* it ? Mr. Smith smiling, replied—"McConnel'stown." McConnel'stown ! oh ! what a beauty—there it is hid—no—there—look through there—where ?—there—no 'tis gone !

We soon had reached the valley three miles below the point of descent ; and as Jehu said it was done at the rate of twelve miles to the hour, the reader being skilled in the modern knowledges, can calculate our time for himself. "There is the town," said Mr. Smith. Yes ! there it was sure enough, as it had never budged from its site since we had first spied it ; but—

"Quantum mutatus ab illo !"

"What a fall ! was there ! my countrymen !"

Is that jumble of curious frame, brick, log, and stone habitations our picture-town ! Ay ! truly, there is the petticoat-house, with a petticoat as a curtain before the door, and an old hat or so in the glassless sash, and fire light gleaming between the logs. There ! the door opens to see us pass—just see the children—one, two, three—nine at least, and one in very deed at the breast !—but how dirty and uncombed ! Did you ever see such a set as the scamps lounging about that tavern ?—and one reeling off drunk, the morning so fresh yet ! See ! that duck puddle and swine wallow full of vile looking mud and water—certainly it must be sickly here, "Driver, what noise is that ?" "Dogs fighting." Dreadful !—Mr. Smith what are you laughing at ?" "Oh, nothing—only I should not like to live here as well as some ladies and gentlemen." And yet, reader, while a near view had dispelled the illusion of a distant prospect, good and excellent, and even learned and talented people lived there, and yet live in McConnel'stown.

At all events we shall have a good breakfast at this fine looking stage-house. But whether we had arrived too soon, or the folks usually began preparation after counting the number of mouths, or the wood was green, or we most vulgarly hungry and sharp set, very long was it, very long indeed, before we were summoned. And then the breakfast! Perhaps it was all accidental, but the coffee (?) was a libel on diluted soot, made by nurses to cure a baby's colic : the tea (?)—for we had representatives of both beverages—the tea, was a perfect imitation of a decoction of clover hay, with which in boyhood we nursed the tender little calves, prematurely abstracted from the dams, the silly innocents believing all the while that the finger in the mouth was a teat! Eggs, too!—it may have been unlike Chesterfield—but it certainly was not without hazard to put them in the mouth before putting them to the nose :—the oval delicacies mostly remained this morning to feast such as prefer eggs ripe. Ay! but here comes a monster of a sausage coiled up like a great greasy eel! Such often in spite of being over-grown or over-stuffed are yet palatable : this rascal, however, had rebelled against the cook, and salamander-like, had passed the fiery ordeal unscorched. Hot rolls came, a novelty then, but much like biscuits in parts of the Far West, viz., a composition of oak bark on the outside, and hot putty within—the true article for invalids and dyspeptics. We had also bread and butter, and cold cabbage and potatoes, like oysters, some fried and some in the shell ; and green pickles so bountifully supplied with salt as to have refused vinegar—and beets—and saltsellers in the shape of glass hats—and a mustard pot like a salve-box, with a bone spoon glued in by a potent cement of a red-brown-yellow colour—and a light-green bottle of vinegar dammed up by a strong twisted wadding of brown paper.

Reader, what more could we wish?

"Nothing."

Let us go then to a new chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

———"hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach——"

"Is that a dagger that I see before me?"

"Fee! faw! fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

IN imitation of the ingenious Greek, with his specimen brick, we have given *bits* of our roads, drivers and so forth, to stand for the whole of such matters: but as the reader, unless he skips, must have something to cheat him of the tedium during the remaining journey, we shall here give parts of conversations, after we had abandoned walks up mountains and dreams on their summits.

* * * * *

"I shall never forget that spot," said Col. Wilmar, one day.

"Why, Colonel?"

"I was so near shooting a fellow we mistook for a highwayman."

"Indeed! why how was that?"

"My wife," proceeded the Colonel, in answer, "is a native of the South. Directly after our marriage, we sailed for Philadelphia, there spending some weeks prior to our going home to Lexington. When the visit was over, having purchased a carriage, we prevailed on our cousin, the sister of Miss Wilmar here, to go with us to the West: and then set out, the two ladies and myself, with a hired coachman. I need hardly say I then travelled with weapons, and as we entered the mountainous country, a brace of pistols was kept loaded usually in a pocket of the carriage. Perhaps I may with propriety add, that we were

worth robbing and that our travelling 'fixins' excited some interest along the road—the fact is, I was just married, and you all know what young fellows do in the way of extra then. Hence I do confess I felt more anxiety than I chose to exhibit, and looked upon it as more than possible that we might light on disagreeable company.

"The road was most execrable, except an occasional section of the turnpike then making and partially completed. We naturally, therefore, entered on any chance section of this new road not only in good spirits from the exchange, but with a kind of confidence as to our safety:—for I believe one looks out for bad fellows in bad roads and places more than in the good ones. Well, just off there—you see where that old road ran—that deep narrow gulley—there we emerged into a piece of superb turnpike; or, in fact, we were compelled to take it, an impediment being manifestly placed in the old road to turn travellers into the new:—and as I knew the turnpike would give out in a mile or two, I ordered the coachman to go ahead as fast as possible. This he did for about half a mile, when suddenly a loud and gruff voice called out—'Stop!'—which order was obeyed by our coachman in an instant.

"With a hand instinctively on a pistol, I looked out of the carriage-window,—and there, fronting the horses stood a stout fellow with a formidable sledge hammer, raised, as in the very act of knocking down a horse;—while several other rough chaps advanced towards us with bludgeons and axes from the side of the road!

"Drawing the pistol from the pocket, as I spoke, I demanded—'What do you mean?'

"'A dollar for trav'lin the new road—and buggur your eyes if you'll git on till you pay—and blast my soul if your man tries it, if I don't let drive at a horse's head.'

"To lean out—cock the pistol, and level straight at the fellow's head, was the work of a moment—and I then said

—‘ Out of the road, you rascal !—only shake that sledge again, and I’ll shoot you dead on the spot.’

“ The instant I spoke my wife threw an arm around my neck, and my cousin hung on my other arm, and both screamed out—“ Oh ! colonel, don’t kill him—oh ! don’t ! ” —and then to the fellow—“ Oh ! do ! do ! do ! go away ! —he’ll kill you!—oh ! go ! ” “ How far the gang had designed to proceed, I was then doubtful—nor do I know, if the ladies would not have destroyed the accuracy of my aim—yet, when that fellow caught sight of the muzzle directed at his head, and heard the frantic cries of the ladies, he dropped the sledge hammer as if his arms were paralyzed ; and the whole company suddenly, but quickly, retreating, our driver went ahead. The ladies had interfered involuntarily from instinctive horror at seeing a sudden and violent death, and partly for fear the leader’s fall would be the signal for our massacre—but then I had you know, the other pistol ; and beside I depended on a stout dirk, worn under my vest, and some little on the alarm of the gang and the assistance of the driver. That, however, is the adventure.”

“ Had you made no resistance,” observed Mr. Smith, “ you would at least have paid a dollar and perhaps have been insulted with foul language : but the fellows were not robbers in the worst sense. A number of workmen, it was said, had been defrauded of their wages, and to make up the losses, they decoyed passengers into the turnpike and then exacted toll. Your affair, by the way, colonel, reminds me of a narrow escape I once made in returning from New Orleans ——”

“ Ay !—what was it ? ”

“ I had gone,” resumed Mr. Smith, “ down the river with a load of produce, and having turned both cargo and boat into bills and cash, I was obliged to venture back alone. Accordingly, I bought a fine horse, provided weapons, and

stowed my money and a few articles of apparel into my saddle-bags, which at night were put under my head and made fast round my person with a strap. One day, when I had nearly reached the state of Tennessee, I found myself at sunset, by some miscalculation or wrong direction, about fifteen miles from the intended halting-place, but was prevented from camping out by coming unexpectedly on a two story log-house lately built, and of course, for a tavern. The landlord took my saddle-bags and led the way into the house, where a couple of suspicious-looking men were standing near the fire. I called for something to eat, and pretty quick after supper I took up my plunder, under pretence of being very sleepy, and went up to a small room furnished with only one bed; but I did not really intend to go to bed, for the conviction kept haunting me, that some attempt would be made on my property—may be on my life. Of course, I barricaded the door as well as possible, and, without noise, examined my pistols—and got out my dirk—and after a while blew out the light and made a noise as if getting into bed—but I only sat on the edge and waited the result.

“Between one and two hours after, I heard other persons enter the house below; and then, amidst a sort of pre-meditated bustle, I could plain enough distinguish a lower tone, a gentler stepping up and down, and once or twice a very cautious attempt or two to open my door, till at last the landlord came up and hailed me—

“‘Hullo! stranger in thare?’

“‘Well! hullo!—what’s wanting?’

“‘Won’t you take in another traveller?—all’s full but you.’

“‘No—there’s only one bed in here, and that’s a plaguy narrow one.’

“The landlord, after some unavailing entreaty, went away, but soon returned with the pretended traveller; and

although they meant I should believe only two persons were outside, I knew from the whispering there were more, and that confirmed me in my suspicions of mischief.

"The traveller, however, now opened the conference :

" 'Hullo ! I say, mister, in thare, won't you 'commo-date ?'

" 'Gentlemen,' said I, in a decided tone, 'nobody can come into this room to-night with my consent.'

" 'Well, d—n me, then, if I won't come in whether you like it or no :—I've as much right to half a bed as you or any other man.'

" 'If you attempt it, stranger, you may take what comes.'

"The only answer was a long strain at the door—till at last the door was forced a little open, and the rascal got his whole hand in and would soon have worked in all his arm ; when, with a single thrust, I dashed my dirk right through his hand and pinned him that way to the door-cheek.

"He screamed out, you may be sure, in agony ; but it was in vain, I held him fixed as fate : and when the others found it impossible either to relieve him or get at me, they willingly agreed and with the most solemn and energetic promises to let me alone if I would release their comrade. I took them at their word and drew out the dirk, and strange as it may seem, the fellows kept their promise—and although, for a day or two I travelled in fear of an ambuscade, I was never molested, and by the Divine favour, reached home not long after in safety."

"Mr. Clarence," said Miss Wilmar, "I have heard that you had some alarming adventures in the South, and as we are quite in the robber vein to-day, may we not hear a story from you ?"

"It would be difficult, Miss Wilmar," replied Clarence, "to refuse after such an invitation : but only one part of the story to which you probably allude is certainly true—that I was pretty well scared ; when possibly there was

no good reason for alarm. However, here is the adventure, and you can judge of probabilities for yourselves.

“ On my last visit to South Carolina, being *sick* of sea-sickness, I determined, winter as it was and contrary to advice, to return to Philadelphia by land :—in which mode of travelling, however, if the endless and deep lagoons, and bayous, and swamps of the lower or coast-road, are considered, there was nearly as much of navigation and hazard of wrecking and drowning as in the other way, by sea. Indeed, more than once our narrow triangular stage, with its two horses, harnessed tandem, did really float a moment :—and by night as by day, did we ford the middle of submerged roads between drains and ditches, where the water must have been four or five feet deep.

“ From Charleston we had not only a *new* but a new *order* of stage, which though crowded at starting, lost, by the time we reached Georgetown, all the passengers but myself and two others. These unfortunately were slave-dealers, and of that very sort that John Randolph, or my friend here the colonel, would not have greatly scrupled to shoot down like any other blood-thirsty brutes. Their diversion often was, to entice dogs near the stage and then to fire pistol-balls at them—usually, however, without effect, owing to the motion of the stage and the sagacity of the dogs. Of all wretches, these were superlatively pre-eminent in profanity : and this I once had the temerity to tell them, but with no good result. Had the ancient persecutors chained Christians to such reprobates, the torture to a good and pious man would have been the most exquisitely fiendish—if the tormenters could have cursed all the time like these demons.

“ Just before leaving Georgetown, I was not a little alarmed, on their learning that I was going North, by an abrupt query if I had not Philadelphia or New-York money : and then, as this could not be denied nor even evaded, by their immediate offer to give me Virginia paper

for it all and at an enormous premium in my favour. From their whole manner I conjectured their Virginia notes were counterfeit ; which, added to their open and reckless wickedness, rendered me uneasy and disposed to interpret their subsequent conduct in accordance with my fears.

"Late at night in a violent storm of snow and sleet we left Georgetown. The driver, pretending it was solely for our comfort, had, in order to carry food for his horses, crowded the stage body even above the seats with corn-blades, like a farm-wagon with a load of fodder. I, slender and powerless, of course kept still, but the two did not hush down to their muttering state of quiescence till after the usual tempest of raving curses ; and then we all three crawled in and mixed ourselves with the fodder as we best could. Within an hour the driver lay back, and with the reins somehow secured in his hands went to sleep—at all events, his hat was over his eyes and he snored. And then the men-stealers, supposing me to be asleep also, began a whispering and rather inarticulate colloquy, in which I at length clearly distinguished the ominous words—
'Cut his throat!'

"Good gracious! Mr. Clarence, and were you not greatly terrified?"

"Yes, greatly at first ; but keeping wide awake and listening with my mouth open, I ascertained that the scoundrels did verily intend to cut a throat, although not mine :—it was the throat of a poor slave that had just given them the slip. Yet dreading lest men who could coolly resolve to cut one throat for revenge, might cut another for money, I squeezed nearer the driver, and whenever he snored, I nestled and moved about in the fodder till it waked him. So passed most of the night, till shortly before day-break, we halted on the edge of a river—perhaps the Pedee—where the driver said our journey was at an end till to-morrow ; as the *other* contractor had failed to be there with his

stage! At the same time he pointed to a miserable and solitary hut on the bank, where we should be well accommodated till the stage arrived! And so I had before me a very agreeable prospect—twenty-four hours with my precious associates—almost alone—in the woods—and on the bank of a deep and rapid stream! But the fury of these fellows, when the driver's meaning was fully comprehended!—(who had, at first, uttered himself in a saucy and indistinct mutter, as he untackled his team and we crawled out of the hay-mow)—it baffles description! And yet, even in the very tempest height and rage of their godless words, up stepped my imperturbable man of the whip, and with the most invincible gravity and assurance demanded, with outstretched and open palm, twenty-five cents each!

“*Twenty-five damnations!—what for?*”—roared one of them in unaffected surprise.

“*What for?*”—echoed and mimicked the driver, as if amazed at a silly question—*What for!!*—*why, the nice bed I made you last night out of that 'are fodder thare!*

“This matchless impudence, fun or earnest—it was in fact a little of both—was so preposterously ridiculous to me at least, that I laughed fairly out in spite of fear and chagrin; nor was the laughter abated by the attitude and amazement of the two slavers. Figure them accosted by the driver with his demand in the very midst of outrageous cursings and frantic gestures—the pause—the call for explanation—it given;—and there the wretches standing a few seconds speechless, not from fear, but dumb with a madness that was really unutterable! But then, when they could speak, out came the unholy torrent as if the prince of darkness had become incarnate and was spouting forth brimstone and blasphemy! And all this time my wonderful driver, cool, grave, unflinching—(on his guard evidently, and he was a very athletic fellow)—kept at suitable intervals repeating the demand for twenty-five cents;

each for the fodder bed ! till our heroes closed their profane exhibition, by consigning driver—stage—horses—fodder—contractors—and all the Carolinas and the whole pine barren world to the swearer's own diabolical father, and his red-hot furnaces, and finally hoping and praying that they themselves might be damned three or four times over—*'if ever they travelled that road again !'* To all this Satanic rhetoric my nonpareil of impudence only replied, and with the most astonishing coolness—*'We never expect nobody to travel this way but once !'*

“ This ended the affair—our heroes were used up.

“ At the hut however we found a man who gave us a few sweet potatoes and some rice, and then offered to take us over the river in a scow, that we might get to the stage-house about two miles across the opposite forest. Here then was a situation any thing but pleasant : and the behaviour of the chaps, after we were left alone in the woods, did not render it any more so. Among other things, they lagged behind together—seemingly engaged, whenever I looked around, in an earnest and low conversation, their eyes occasionally on me—then they would come up on each side of me—one going ahead as if to reconnoitre—till at last they evidently had resolved on something of which I suspected I was the subject, and advanced to execute it—when, unexpectedly to my great relief, a negro man, the first and the only person we met that morning, came in sight, driving a horse and cart ! I hurried up to the poor negro, and learned that a plantation was on our left, and that the stage-tavern was scarcely half-a-mile distant. After this the slavers' conduct was less alarming towards me ; yet I never felt at ease till we reached Fayetteville, where they took another road into Virginia and left me sole occupant of the stage.

“ This, Miss Wilmar, is, I confess,” continued Clarence, “ not a very tragic conclusion—but I had rather be here to

tell the story as it was, than to have Carlton here to tell it in a book as it might have been ; and yet perhaps the rascals only meant to terrify me as did the wag, on meeting a traveller ——”

“ How was that, Mr. Clarence ? ”

Before Clarence could reply, Mr. Brown exclaimed—
“ Look there !—look there ! ” and below us, in the meadows bordering the Juniatta, was a hunted deer bounding away for life ! The timid creature ere long leaped into the water, swam some hundred feet down the stream, and emerging speeded away to the mountain. No pursuers were in sight, and from appearances the poor creature escaped for that time : it certainly had our wishes in its favour. This incident naturally introduced stories about hunting and Indians, with numberless episodial remarks on dogs, rifles, shot-guns, tomahawks and the like ; so that when the shadows of the mountain began at the decline of day to darken the valleys, and silence and thoughtfulness pervaded the party, fancy easily brought back the red-man to his ancient haunts and made robbers crouch in ambush in every thicket and behind every tree. Yet we reached our lodging place in safety, where, late at night, we severally retired to bed ; and then, if the day had brought Mr. Carlton and his amiable wife no danger, they were destined to find a somewhat curious adventure at night. And this we shall contribute to the chapter as our share of its accidents.

Our sleeping room was on the first floor, and opened by three windows into a piazza ; which circumstances, together with the stories just narrated to the reader and other matters of the sort, inclined us to examine the fastenings before going to bed. The bolts were faultless, but the shutters or slappers were so warped and swollen that no efforts could induce them to come together and be bolted ; hence, our only course was to jump into bed, and if any thing happened, to do like children—put our heads under the covers. In

about an hour I was cautiously awakened by Mrs. Carlton, who whispered in a low and agitated voice.—

“ Oh ! my dear !—what’s that ?—listen ! ”

Instead of pulling up the bed-clothes, I sat up to listen ; and strange—a solemn and peculiar and thrilling note was filling the room, swelling and dying away, and changing now to one spot and then to another ! What *could* it be ? The sound resembled nothing I had ever heard except once, and that was in a theatrical scene, in which a huge iron wheel turned at the touch of a magician and slowly raised the heavy trap door of an enchanted cavern. I sprang out of bed and began a search—yet all in vain—I felt along the walls, crawled under the bed, poked my head up the chimney, and even ventured into the closets—and all the while that mysterious noise playing as wild and frightful as ever ! At last I pushed open the shutters and looked into the piazza ; still nothing was visible either there or within the room, while the strange tones swelled louder than ever !

Puzzled, but less alarmed, we at last retreated to bed—I say we, for Mrs. C. had been trotting after me during the whole search, being too cowardly to stay in bed alone even with the covers over her head,—we retreated to bed, and after a while I, at least, fell asleep ; but soon I was suddenly and violently awakened by my good lady, who in attempting to leap away from something on her side, had in extra activity accomplished too much, and landed clear over me and out of bed entirely on the floor !

“ Why, Eliza !—Eliza !—what ?—what *is* the matter ? ! ”

“ Oh ! Robert !—listen ! ” said my wife ; in bed again, however, and be assured, on the safe side.

A basin of water we knew stood near Mrs. Carlton’s side of the bed, and on a small table :—and now into that basin, drop by drop, something was trickling ! *Could* it be blood from some crack in the floor over us ! With Mrs. C. clinging to me, I went to the table, and seizing the basin, carried it

hastily to a window, and pushing open its shutter, we plainly perceived by the dim light that blood it really was—not—

“ Well, what *was* it, then ? ”

Reader ! it was a little mouse dead enough now, but which, having by accident tumbled into the water, had, by its struggles for life, caused what to us then seemed like the trickling down of some liquid or fluid substance.

Day now dawning, and Mrs. C. being willing to stay alone, I went into the yard to discover the cause of the mysterious music, satisfied that it lay there somewhere ; and no sooner did I reach the corner of the house than I was fortunate enough to catch the very ghost in the act of performing on the extraordinary instrument that had puzzled us with its strange noise. Against the house had been nailed part of an iron hoop to support a wooden spout ; but the spout had rotted away and fallen down, and the projecting hoop was alone. This iron had on it some saline substance pleasant to the taste of a quiet old cow ; and there stood the matron-like quadruped licking away with very correct time at the hoop, and whenever her tongue finished a stroke, and according to its intensity, the instrument vibrated, and thus discoursed the wondrous music of the enchanter's wheel and trap ! Indeed, I even tried the performance myself—(not with my tongue)—and succeeded, my wife says, and she is a judge of music, succeeded as well as the cow herself. And so, dear reader, if this is not “ a cock and bull story ”—it most certainly is—a mouse and a cow one.

Adventures, like misfortunes, are sometimes in clusters. The next morning after the descent from some mountain, as our stage was entering a small village, we were met by a noble-looking young man, mounted on a spirited horse, scarcely broken, and certainly not “ bridle-wise ”—and met exactly on the middle of a bridge. This bridge crossed a stream not ordinarily wide or deep, but swollen by melting

snows it now was foaming and thundering along almost a river : it was truly formidable.

The horse, as we met, stopped, and with ears erect and pointed, with nostrils dilated, and eyes fierce and staring, he answered every effort to urge him forward only with trembling and fitful starting ; while the horseman himself sat indifferent to consequences, and with ease and grace. The man and horse were one. At length the rider unable to compel the creature to pass us, attempted to wheel—when, instead of obeying the bridle, the spirited animal reared, and at one superb bound cleared the barrier of the bridge, and both rider and horse in an instant disappeared under the foaming waters. But scarcely had fright among us uttered its exclamations, when up rose that horse, and up rose, too, seated on his back, that rider,—ay—seated as though he had never moved and the whole performance had been done expressly for exhibition ! In a few moments the horseman landed below the bridge, then galloping across the meadow he passed the fence at a flying leap, and advancing to the stage now over the bridge, this matchless rider taking off his hat and bowing to the party, asked, as if the affair had not been purely accidental :—

“Gentlemen ! which of you can do that ?”

We most heartily congratulated him on his miraculous preservation, and, as he rode gallantly off, gave him three loud cheers for his unsurpassed coolness and intrepidity.

Reader ! it is yet a long way to Pittsburgh, and I cannot get you properly there without telling my own robber story—a pet adventure ;—or without we skip—but I *should* like to tell the story—

“Well, Mr. Carlton, we should very much like to hear the story—but, perhaps, just now we had better—skip.”

Skip it is, then, and all the way to—PITTSBURGH.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro
Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon.

* * * * *

* * alii ventosis foliibus auras.

"Accipiunt redduntque : alii stridentio tingunt

Aera lacu : gemit impositis incudibus antrum.

Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt

In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam."

And be assured, reader, it is not "all smoke" you now see—there is some fire here too. This black place reminds us of the iron-age—of Jupiter too, and Vulcan and Mount Ætna. Virgil would here have found Cyclops and pounders of red-hot thunderbolts sonorous enough to set at work in his musical hexameters. And some here make tubes of iron, with alternate and spiral "lands and furrows," better by far to shoot than Milton's grand and unpatent blunderbusses ; into which his heroic devils put unscientifically more powder than probably all burned—but that was before the Lyceum age.

Whenever that soot-cloud is driven before a wind, long streets are revealed lined with well-built and commodious dwellings, with here and there a stately mansion, and even the dusky palace belonging to some lord of coal-pits and ore-beds.

Hark ! how enterprise and industry are raging away !—while steam and water-power shake the hills to their very foundation !—and every spot is in a ferment with innumerable workmen as busy, and as dingy too, as the pragmatistical insects in Virgil's poetic ant-hill ! Every breeze is redolent with nameless odours of factories and work-shops ; and the ear is stunned by the ceaseless uproar from clatter and clang of cog and wheel—the harsh grating of countless rasps and files—the ringing of a thousand anvils—the spiteful click-

ings of enormous shears biting rods of iron into nails—the sissing of hot-tongs in water—and the deep earthquaking bass of forge-hammers teaching rude masses how to assume the first forms of organic and civilized metal !

Mr. Brown said he was not yet fully awake, but that he was in a dream amid scenes of Birmingham and Sheffield ; and that instead of astonishing the natives, the natives had surprised and astonished him.

Why do some speak disparagingly of Pittsburgh complexion ? *Is* it ordinarily seen ? The citizens move enveloped in cloud—like Æneas entering Carthage—and hence are known rather by their voice than their face. Their voice is immutable, but their face changes hourly : hence if the people here are loud talkers, it arises from the fact just alluded to, and because loud talking is necessary to cry down the din of a myriad mingled noises.

In *very* civilized districts, ladies owe their sweet looks to what is *put on* their faces ; in this Cyclopean city, sweet looks are owing to what is *taken off* their faces. Instead, therefore, of advising bachelors before popping the question, to catch the innamorata “in the suds,” we advise to catch her in the soot. If beautiful, then let Cœlebs bless himself, for he has a gem which water, unlike its baleful effect on some faces, will only wash brighter and brighter.

As to hearts and manners, if our Mr. Smith be a correct specimen, go reader, live in Pittsburgh. He was a Christian gentleman : and in those two words is condensed all praise. When, as was necessary, our party proceeded on the voyage without this friend, so great was the vacancy, we seemed alone—alas ! he is no more !

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGE.

———"facilis descensus Avernî, sed revocare gradum——"

"Easy is it to float down the Ohio—try to float up once!"

At the time of the voyage, a steamboat was a very *rara vis* on the Ohio river; at least such a smoke-belcher and spit-fire could not be found at any hour of the day and night ready to walk off with passengers like "the thing of life." The usual mode then of *going down*—(*getting up* again was quite another affair)—was in arks, broad-horns, keel-boats, batteaux, canoes and rafts. Col. Wilmar, who knew the way of doing business in these great waters, decided in favour of the ark; and into the ark, therefore, we went: viz. Col. Wilmar and his cousin, Mr. Clarence and Mr. Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and also the two owners—eight souls. Noah's stock of live animals went in to be *fed*, ours went in to be *eaten*—and we had also *smoked* hams—so that the likeness between us and that remarkable navigator principally failed after the number of the sailors was compared.

Our captain and mate being gone after their own stores, let us in the mean while examine the mechanic of our ark. And first, its *foundation*,—for the structure is rather a house than a boat,—its foundation. This is rectangular and formed of timbers each fifteen cubits long, tied by others each eight cubits long; the timbers being from three to four hands-breadths thick. The side beams are united by sleepers, on which is a floor pinned down, and as tight as possible, so that when swollen by the water, water itself could not get in—except at the cracks, and then it could not be got out without the aid of science. Above the first flooring, at an interval of a foot, was laid on other joist —(*jice*)—a second floor. Hence

by virtue of a primitive pump peculiar to the raft and ark era, our "hold"—(and it held water to admiration)—could, when necessary, be freed.

Scantling of uncertain and unequal lengths rose almost perpendicular around the rectangle, being morticed into the foundation; and so when, from without, planks were pinned as high as necessary against these uprights, the ark had nearly all its shape, and all its room.

This room or space was portioned into cabin and kitchen; the latter intended by the architect to take the lead in the actual navigation, but which in a struggle for pre-eminence would often technically *slue round*, and yield that honour to the cabin.

Next the kitchen. In one part was a hearth of brick and sand, and furnished with three iron bars that straddled their lower extremities to the edges of the hearth, and united their upper ones over its centre or thereabouts. And this contrivance was to sustain in their turn our—hem!—"culinary utensils?"—ay—yes—culinary utensils. Forwards were the fin-holes, and behind these and projecting towards the cabin, were boxes as berths for the captain and mate. The *fins*—(improperly by some called *horns*)—where rude oars, which passing out of the opposite fin-holes just named, used when moved to flap and and splash each side the kitchen; and by these the ark was steered, kept kitchen end foremost, brought to land, and kept out of harm's way—the last requiring pretty desperate pulling, unless we began half an hour before encountering an impediment, or escaping a raft. The fins would, indeed, sometimes play in a heavy sort of frolic to get us along faster; but usually they were idle, and we were left to float with the stream from three to four miles in an hour.

The cabin, like other aristocrats, had the large space, and was planked two cubits higher than the other places,

and covered with an arched roof of thin boards to ward off sun, direct and perpendicular rain. Against sun and rain oblique, it was often no barrier. The cabin was also subdivided into parlour and state room. The latter was for the ladies' sole use, being sumptuously furnished with a double box or berth, a toilette made of an upturned flour barrel, and similar elegancies and conveniences, and a window looking up-stream; which window was a cubit square and had a flapper or slapper hung with leathern hinges and fastened with a pin or wooden bolt. The parlour contained the male boxes or sleeperies; and was the place where we all *boarded*—but here comes the captain and his mate, and we shall be off in what they call a jiffey—i. e. in a moment or two. Among other articles, these persons brought a coffee-mill, a saw, about half a bushel of sausages, and above all, a five gallon keg, which the captain himself hugged up under his arm next the heart. What was in it I do not exactly know—it could not have been water, not having a watery smell, and beside we all drank river water—it must then remain a secret.

Reader! all is ready! Oh! how soft the blossom-scented balmy air is breathing! See! the sun light dancing from one sparkling ripple to another! A most delicious April morning is inviting us with the blindest smiles to come and float on the beauteous river far, far away to the boundless prairies and the endless forests of the New World! Yes! yes! here is a vision real—and in the midst of fragrance, and flowers, and sunshine, and with those we love for comrades, and those we love awaiting us, we are entering the land, the glorious land of sunsets! Ah! Clarence—I wonder not at that tear—

“Bill! slue round your 'are side there and we're off,” interrupted the captain, addressing his mate. Bill, of course, performed that curious manœuvre with great nautical skill, and off we were: first one end struggling for

the precedence and then the other, with alternate fins dipping and splashing, till the ark reached the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongehala ; and then one grand circular movement accomplished that forced the lordly cabin to the rear, away, away we floated, kitchen in the van down on the current of the noble, beauteous, glorious Ohio !

Farewell ! Pittsburgh, last city of the east ! Long may the din and the smoke of thy honest enterprise be heard and seen by the voyager far down the flood ! Farewell ! —the earth-born clouds are veiling thee even now ! There ! I see thee again !—Oh ! the flash of that tall spire sending back the sunbeam, like gleams of lightning from a thunder cloud ;—it gleams again—we change our course—and all is dark !—Pittsburgh ! Farewell.

* * * * *

“ Ladies and gentlemen ” said the Colonel, after we were fairly under weigh, “ suppose we proceed to arrange our domestic establishment, each agreeing to perform his part either assumed by himself, or imposed on him by vote— (*he, his, him* were used in the sense of *homo*—and were so understood by the ladies although unacquainted with Latin and lectures)—and so suppose we have a regular assembly—

“ I move Col. Wilmar take the chair,”—said Mr. Brown. And this being seconded by Mrs. Carlton, the Colonel took the chair the best way he could ; and that was only metaphorically by moving off a little from the common members and leaning against a berth. Miss Wilmar was next elected Secretary, and accommodated with a trunk for a seat, and using her lap as a table, she prepared to record in her pocket book the resolutions of the household house.

Mr. Brown then was nominated as cook ; but as he insisted that he could cook “ never a bit of a male but

only roast potatoes," and we had unluckily no potatoes stored, the important office was after due deliberation bestowed on the chairman himself. This was, indeed, very humbly declined by the Colonel, who left the chair (calling thither for the time Mr. Clarence,) to exhibit in a very handsome speech his unworthiness; yet it was at last unanimously decided in his favour, and mainly on the argument of Mr. Carlton, that the Colonel had doubtless learned cooking in his campaigns and when hunting. From some inaccuracy in wording the resolutions, however, the business after all only amounted to the cook's having to carry the victuals to and from the kitchen—lift the culinary articles about—and poke the fire at the order of the ladies.

Next came a resolution that the ladies should prepare the cookables—i. e. stuff the chickens with filling—beat eggs for puddings, and the like. Then it was ordered that Clarence, Brown and Carlton should in turn set the table—clean plates, &c,—or in a word—be scullions. The dignity of history forbids me to conceal, that spite of all our scouring, and wiping and washing, the cleaned articles retained an unctuous touch, and looked so streaked, that at meals the ladies deemed a polish extra necessary. But *non possumus onnia*, you know, reader—i. e. *we cannot all clean dishes*, as the Latins say.

There were also other resolutions, such as, that the gentlemen rise betimes and make their beds before the appearance of the ladies; that two by two they should take the skiff and go to market, i. e. buy at the cabins on the banks whatever they had for sale that was eatable, viz. milk, butter, cheese, eggs, chickens, ducks, venison hams cured, and fresh venison, &c. &c. The stores laid in at Pittsburgh were smoked meats, sausages, flour, corn-meal, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, spices, sweatmeats, some fruits, and many other things unknown to Noah. We had also our own plates, knives, lead spoons, and a superb

Dutch-looking set of Pittsburgh Liverpool ware for tea and breakfast service. For a "consideration" the captain allowed us the use of his big pot, skillet, and Dutch oven; we had our own coffee-pot and other tins.

From our nicnacies we often supplied the captain's table with a desert; and finally, when about six hundred miles down the river, these extemporaneous sailors received the \$16 paid for our passage, they became residuary heirs to all our unbroken crockery and hardware, and to the remnant of our flour and smoked meats. The *goodies* had disappeared two hundred miles higher.

After the adjournment of our assembly, we proceeded to arrange the cabin as described, spending the whole day in "fixing;" an Americanism extended to unfixing, removing, and deranging, as well as to placing and rendering permanent. But at ten o'clock, P.M., the pitchy darkness rendered longer floating hazardous, and we accordingly came, not to anchor, but to a tie, i. e. working the ark to the nearest bank, we tied *her* (an ark *contains*, if it does not *breed*) tied her to a tree, and in the very way formerly done by the pious Æneas and his wandering Trojans. Yet we did not, as those heroes, sleep on the sand or the grass, but retired to our berths or boxes, setting a watch, however, to guard against two dangers of diametrically opposite characters. First, it was necessary to take care that the tie-rope neither got loose nor broke, when we should float off into the perils of a dark river—that is, find *too much* water; and, secondly, we must watch the subsidence of the river, lest she (the ark) be left grounded some two or three feet from her natural element—that is, lest we find *too little* water: a bad fix in English-English as in American-English.

It is very delightful when travellers go to sleep confident in being one hundred miles advanced in their journey by the time they are called to breakfast; but not so with

the party—we went to bed of necessity and slept on system. True, we awoke, and got up, and ate breakfast and dinner, and even tea and supper, and played away the intervals at checkers with white and red corns, and then tried push-pin and tee-totum—and tried to read, and wished for fishing-lines and guns—and walked up the bank and then walked down again, whistling every now and then most devoutly, not *for* wind, but *against* it : but alas ! the wind would not be whistled against,—it continued to blow all day long dead ahead up stream, as if it had never heard us ; and there we were all day, all the evening, and part of the night, in the self-same identical spot where we came to a tie at ten o'clock, P.M., the night before ! And that was deservedly called a pretty considerable of a fix. This happened often enough, however, on other occasions, to practice and improve our patience.

One day, when thus wind-bound about two hundred miles below the first fix, all the common expedients of beguilement being tried and exhausted, Colonel Wilmar proposed marbles—of which he had made a large purchase for his little sons. And at it we went with the zest of boyhood. Happy day ! how the blue-coloured gentry, that haunt the inactive, took wing at the sound of our merry and innocent shouts and laughter ! No human habitation was in sight ; and forests that told their age by centuries stretched their giant-arms over our ring ; and from their venerable depths Echo, for the first time since the creation, called back, in amazement, the words of our game, to her more incomprehensible than the heathenish terms of the native Indians ! Oh ! how she reiterated “man-lay !—clearings !—’fen !—knuckle-down !—toy bone !—go to baste ! (?)—fat !—histings !—comins about !—hit black alley !—knock his nicker !—’tan’t fair !—you cheat !—my first !—cum multis aliis !” These terms are spelled according to nature—indeed, my soul becomes indignant when

I find printed, instead of that spirit-stirring, frank-hearted "Hurraw!" that pitiful, sneaking, soulless, civilized, "Huzza!" Dare any man say *that* sounds like the thing? No more than it looks like it. Freemen! let nice, pretty, mincing, lady-like dandies huzzay by note—do you ever cry out Hurraw! *ex tempore*.

But at length we waked something more substantial than that bodiless noun—Echo; for lo! on a sudden came answers, very near and very distinct, if not very melodious, and from the top of the identical bank beneath which we were playing. We looked up, and there stood two hunters, long silent spectators of the strange game, but who having imbibed the fun of the thing, were now laughing and roaring away as merry as our party!

After the wind had blown out, we weighed anchor, that is, untied ark, and floated away till after midnight, when some clouds so increased the darkness as to prevent our seeing snags, sawyers and planters, and also the ripples indicative of shallows, and we tied again. Perhaps it may be proper here to say a word relative to the above-named impediments in the Western waters.

A *planter* is the trunk of a tree, perpendicular or inclined, with one end fixed or planted immoveable in the bottom of the river, and the other above or below the surface, according to the state of the water. A *snag* is a miniature or youthful planter, or sometimes it is made by an upright branch of a large tree itself imbedded horizontally in the bottom. A *sawyer* is either a long trunk, or more commonly an entire tree, so fixed that its top plays up and down with the current and the wind, and is therefore periodically perilous to the navigator. *Ripples* are often indices of an ascending sawyer, and also of shoals, as one approaches islands wholly or partially submerged. Large and heavy rafts frequently go against and over most of the smaller obstacles with impunity, but arks like ours would have been

staved ; so our night floating especially was never free from jeopardy.

I shall not inflict our whole log-book on the reader and his friends :—how often we tied and untied—wont ashore after butter and eggs and the cum multis—nor how it was once my lot to be with Mr. Brown in the skiff when he could not, owing to his extreme longitude, trim boat, and how the vixen of a boat threatened to upset, and I had to pull both oars till, weary and long after dark, we overtook our ark, where fears began to be entertained about us. No, no,—why should we trespass on patience with the account of our cookery ; our batter cakes, eggs and ham, biscuit and loaf, johnny cakes, steaks, filled chickens, plum puddings, and the curious dish of what-nots ? And yet it was really marvellous that our endless varieties could all be turned out of four utensils : viz. a tea-kettle and a dutch oven, and a big pot, and a little skillet. Mrs. Goodfellow did well enough with all her fixtures—but it was reserved for our ladies to cook, what most cooks and confectioners knew nothing about—the multum in parvo. Let me, then, in place of the whole log, introduce a new friend.

In the third day of the descent we began to overhaul an ark, a size (?) less than ours ; but this ark, instead of getting out of the way, was evidently striving to get into it ; and so, arrived within speaking distance, we were hailed from the strange float with a proposition to link arks. Longing for something new, and apprised that combined arks floated better than single ones, our assent was instantly given, and then our arks were soon amicably united and floating side by side. And what would you imagine the neighbour ark contained ? A solitary male Yankee ! Ay, and such a merry, facetious, fearless, handy, 'cute specimen of the genus as, I *guess*, was never encountered.

This wonderful biped had left the land of deacons, hard cider, and other steady habits, in imitation of Jack in the

good old-fashioned story-book—to seek his fortune ; and now, after trying his luck in twenty different places, and in as many different and even opposite ways, behold ! here was *Do-tell-I-want-to-know*, lord of a whole ark, a solitary Noah, floating to a new world at the far end of a flood, if not beyond one ! He had cast off at Pittsburgh some hours before ourselves, and had sung, whistled, rowed and caten his way alone, till we overtook him, when he had hailed us in a very jocose and half singing style, and then brought up his ark with a laugh and a tune. “ He was tired,” he said, “ of his company, and had ought to get into better society,—and seeing we were in a tarnation tearing hurry, he had ought to tow us down to what-d’-ye-call-the place?—and as he didn’t intend taking advantage of our weakness, he wouldn’t ask any thing for his help—except his boarding and a dollar a day.”

What-say, however, was very far from vulgarity, and towards ladies, very respectful ; still, he was a choice specimen of the universal nation, and Mr. Brown looked on him with astonishment for his peculiarities, but with respect for his independence and enterprise. Our hero’s name was, oddly enough, Smith. And as he was always called among us by his surname, I forget whether he told that his Christian name was Thankful or Preserved—his cognomen, however, was destined to be a proper noun, for our Yankee was, par excellence, the Smith.

Notwithstanding his demand for boarding, we could not induce him to eat with us, anxious as we were to pay, if not for towing services, yet for fun. True, he could apply “ soft sawder ” very judiciously, and indeed, even sometimes out-general Mr. Brown : who, to tell the truth, could “ do the nate thing with the blarney ” himself. I shall make no attempt to record their quirks, and quizzes, and repartees, and puns—good things of the sort, like soda-water, had better be taken at the fountain. What became

of Smith when we parted at Limestone, I never learned. But never do I hear of a Smith pre-eminent in handicraft, from simple clock-making all the way up to patent nutmeg making; or in the give-and-take line, from limited auctioneering to enlarged, and liberal, and locomotive peddling of notions; or in modern literature, from magazine writing clean up to magnetisms and lyceums, that Noah Smith of the little ark comes not in remembrance. Verily, if not really metamorphosed, as I sometimes guess, into Sam Slick or Jonathan his brother, he certainly is, if living—a very Slick Feller.

The twin arks, as our sailors became bolder and more skilful or rash, were allowed at last, the wind permitting, to float all night. One night Smith, then our Palinurus, suddenly beat to quarters, by drumming his heels against the partition and ringing his skillet with the only weapon he carried,—an oyster knife worn usually in his bosom like a dirk, and with its handle exposed. At the same time, as accompaniment, he whistled “Yankee doodle” in superb style, and then exchanged his whistling to the singing of this extemporaneous lyric :—

“Get up, good sirs, get up I say,
And rouse ye, all ye sleepers;
See! down upon us comes a thing
To make us use our peepers.
Yankee doodle, &c.

“Yet what it is, I cannot tell—
But 'tis as big as thunder;
Ah! if it hits our loving arks,
We'll soon be split asunder.
Yankee doodle,” &c.

Roused we were, yet, misled by the manner of our pilot, not as fast as the case really demanded: for just then the ladies looking from their little window up the river, cried out in great alarm, “Col. Wilmar!—Mr. Carlton!—make

haste !—something is coming down like an island broke loose !—it is almost on us !” Of course the fins were soon manned, and flapped and splashed with very commendable activity, and just in time to escape the end of an immense raft now sweeping past and within a very few inches of Smith’s side ; while four or five men on the raft were labouring away at their sweeping oars, showing that our escape was due to their exertions, and not our own. Smith, however, who had, it seems, made his calculation, as soon as he perceived the raft likely to pass very near, now leaped upon it with a rope in his hand ; and with the permission of the men, and indeed with their assistance too, held on till he gained the far end of the great float, when, our arks made fast behind it, we began to go a-head in earnest.

Safe now from all attacks in the rear—for nothing could outfloat us—and bidding defiance to planter, snag, and sawyer, we boxed ourselves up for the remainder of the night and enjoyed a profound sleep, awaking in due season to the full reality of our improved condition. And here, writing in the very noon of gas and steam, I do deliberately say, after all my experience of cars and boats, that for a private party of the proper sort nothing is so delightful, so exhilarating, so truly bewitching to travel in, as twin-arks towed along by an almost endless raft. To say nothing of our state room for ladies, parlour for company, kitchen for cookery, and Smith’s whole ark extra for dining and sitting—there was our grand promenade deck on the raft, —a deck, full three hundred feet long and fifty broad ! What cared we for bursting boilers ?—what for snag and sawyer ? And if any serious injury happened to one of the trio, or even two, the third unharmed afforded retreat and shelter. In comfort, convenience, and freedom, two arks and a long raft carry away the palm.

Indeed, our flotilla was truly poetic and romantic. And

never before, certainly never since, was there or has there been such a season ; it was an old-fashioned April, and of the most delicious sort. Spring her very self was enticed by it from her southern retreats, and came to meet and conduct us to her beauteous domains. How bright and warm and soft the sunlight of that season ! encouraging flower and leaf to unfold their modest glories to the genial rays ! Did a bank of clouds rest on the horizon ? That was no portent of storm : it was only that a single cloud might be detached to sprinkle river and hill with “the sunshiny shower that won’t last an hour !” Oh, the joy ! then, to watch the contest between the rainbow-tinted drops and misty sunshine,—the contest for victory ! And how the fish leaped out to catch a pure crystal drop before it fell and mingled with the flood of turbid waters ! And the birds ! —they plunged into the shower of liquid light, bathing their plumage of gold and scarlet and purple, till it seemed burnished still brighter in such a bath !

But the sunsets, and the twilight ! The witchery then entranced the very soul ! All of poetry, and of shadowy forms, and of sinless elysium,—all of magic in musings and dreams—all was embodied there ! The etherial floated on the river’s bosom, while its now unruffled waters floated our rude vessels. It dwelt in the dark mirror, where shadows of cliff and forest pointed to a depth down, down away, far beyond the sounding-line. It was melting in the blazing river, whence farewell rays were reflected as the sun hid behind some tall and precipitous headland. Ay ! we heard the unearthly in the whispers of eddying waters sporting around us ; and in the sweet and thrilling evening songs of happy birds ! We saw it, till the soul was phrenzied, as gliding past one island, another in front arose to intercept, and we were seemingly shut within a fairy lake, never to find an egress ! And here when the breath of day was done, and the songs of the birds hushed, and Wil-

mar or Clarence was seated on the raft and with a flute—oh! the pure, sweet, plaintive, joyous, wild, ravishing cries of the echoes!

If one would hear the “magic flute,” it must be as then and there. The Muses haunted then the forest-clad banks and cliffs; and startled and pleased with the melody of a strange instrument, they caught its strains—and called to one another, imitating its tones, till they died away in the distance. Years after I passed up and down that same river in steamboats—but in vain did I look for the visions and listen for the strains of the by-gone evenings. Alas! April had such showers no more! The noise and fierce and fiery spirit of the steamers had driven away the gentle birds and heavenly echoes—and with an oppressed and melancholy heart I heard, returning from the banks, only the angry roar of deserted and sullen and indignant forests!

The seventh day was at its close, when we deemed ourselves so near Limestone, (the modern Maysville,) that it was determined to send the colonel and the author in the skiff to that place, in order to have arrangements made before the arrival of the grand flotilla;—for there the raft was to be broken up and scattered, and so was our party. Accordingly, before day-break on the eighth morning, we set off with the skiff, agreeing to row and steer alternately, each a mile, as near as could be guessed at: and this agreeable alternation was called—spelling one another. At the end of nine spells, we discovered on a bank, just about “sunup,” a full grown male Buckeye, a little in advance of his cabin, watching our progress—we hailed:

“Hallow!—how far to Limestone?”

“Ten miles.”

Ten miles!—we had thought it now about a mile—but the recitation in rowing was not yet ended; and so we went to spelling it ten times more. We were, of course, perfect by the time we did reach Limestone; at all events, I was

so pleased with my improvement, that from that hour I have never touched an oar! In about an hour after the colonel and Mr. Carlton arrived at port, the raft, its caboose in the centre, and our arks in its rear, hove in sight; and we hurried to the landing with separate conveyances hired for our separate journeys.

* * * *

Reader! which way will *you* go? With the gallant colonel and the lovely Miss Wilmar, and the faithful Mr. Clarence to Lexington? or will you stay with Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith at Limestone? or will you *not* accompany Mr. and Mrs. Carlton to the New Purchase? Perhaps you prefer to shake hands with all:—*we*, however, of the party found that no easy task. Many were our pretences for lingering—till at last all pretences exhausted—with emotion, ay, with tears that *would* come, hands were grasped—good wishes exchanged—and we uttered with tremulous voices—Farewell!

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEARCHING.

“In medias res——”

“Floundering into mud holes——”

“Who *could* have dreamed, my dear,” said Mrs. C. to her husband, “these forests so picturesque when seen from the Ohio, concealed such roads?”

Mr. C. made no reply; although the phenomenon was certainly very remarkable;—in fact, his idea about the Muses was passing in review—and he thought, maybe after all, it was something else that had echoed the flute notes. The lady’s query, however, and the gentleman’s silence occurred about thirty miles due north of the Ohio River, in a

very new State of the far west. They were seated in a two-horse Yankee cart,—a kind of mongrel dearborne—amid what was now called their “plunder”—with a hired driver on the front seat, and intending to find, if possible, a certain spot in a very uncertain part of the New Purchase—about one hundred and twenty honest miles in the interior, and beyond Shining River. This was the second day of practice in the elementary lessons of forest travelling; in which, however, they had been sufficiently fortunate as to get a taste of “buttermilk land,”—“spouty land,”—and to learn the nature of “mash land”—“rooty and snaggy land”—of mud holes, ordinary and extraordinary—of quick sands—and “corduroys” woven single and double twill—and even fords with and without bottom.

The autumn is decidedly preferable for travelling on the virgin soil of native forests. One may go then mostly by land and find the roads fewer and shorter; but in the early spring, branches—(small creeks)—are brim full, and they hold a great deal; concealed fountains bubble up in a thousand places where none were supposed to lurk; creeks turn to rivers, and rivers to lakes, and lakes to bigger ones; and as if this was too little water, out come the mole rivers that have burrowed all this time under the earth, and which, when so unexpectedly found are styled out there—“lost rivers!” And every district of a dozen miles square has a lost river. Travelling by land becomes of course travelling by water, or by both: viz., mud and water. Nor is it possible if one would avoid drowning or suffocation to keep the law and follow the blazed road; but he takes first to the right and then to the left, often making both losing tacks; and all this, not to find a road but a place where there is no road,—untouched mud thick enough to bear, or that has at least some bottom.

Genuine Hoosiers, Corn-crackers, et id omne genus—(viz. all that sort of geniuses)—lose comparatively little time

in this species of navigation ; for such know instinctively where it is proper to quit the submerged road of the legislature, and where they are likely to fulfil the proverb "out of the frying pan into the fire." And so we, at last, in utter despair of finding a royal road to the New Purchase, did enter souse into the most-ill-looking, dark-coloured morasses, enlivened by steams of purer mud crossing at right angles, and usually much deeper than we cared to discover.

The first night we had stayed at a "public ;" yet while the tavern was of brick, candour forces me to record that affairs so much resembled the hardware and crockery in their streaked and greasy state after Messrs. Brown & Co. had cleaned them, that we were rejoiced—prematurely however—when morning allowed us half-refreshed to resume our land tacking. But more than once afterwards did we sigh even for the comforts of the Brick Tavern, with its splendid sign of the sun rising and setting between two partitions of paint intended for hills ; and which sun looked so much like spreading rays, that a friend soberly asked us afterwards—"If we didn't put up the first night at the sign of the Fan?"

It was now after sunset on our second day, that we inquired with much anxiety at a miserable cabin, how far it was to the next tavern, and were answered—"A smart bit yet—maybe more nor three miles by the blaze—but the most powerfulest road !" Since early morning we had, with incessant driving, done nearly twenty miles ; if then we had, in a bad road, done by daylight about one and a half miles per hour, how were we likely to do three miles in the dark, and over what a native styled—the "most powerfulest road?" Hence, as the lady of the cabin seemed kind, and more than once expressed compassion for "my womin body"—(so she called Mrs. C.) and as she "allowed" we had better stop where we were, with a sudden and very respectful remembrance of the Rising or Setting Fan

Tavern, we agreed to halt. And so!—at long last—we were going really and actually to pass a night in a veritable, rite-dite, cabin!—in a vast forest too!—and far enough from all the incumbrances of eastern civilization!

“And did you not thrill Mr. Carlton?”

“I rather think, dear reader,—I did;—at least I felt some sort of a shiver; especially as the gloom of the frightful shades increased; and the deafening clangour of innumerable rude frogs in the mires and on the trees arose; and the whirl and hum and buzz of strange, savage insects and reptiles, and of winged and unwinged bugs, began and increased and grew still louder; and vapours damp, chilly and foetid ascended and came down; and the only field in sight was a few yards of “clearing,” stuck with trunks of “deadened” trees and great stumps blackened with the fires! And I think the thrill, or whatever it was, grew more and more intense on turning towards the onward road, and finding a suspicion in my mind that it only led to the endless repetition of the agreeable night scene around us—ah! ha!—maybe to—and then came retrospective visions of friends in the *far* East now—till—“what?”—I hardly know what—till something, however, like a wish came, that it were as easy to float *up* the Ohio as down. Heyho!

Nor was the cabin a fac-simile of those built in dreams and novels and magazines. Mine were of bark, and as neat as a little girl’s baby house! This had, indeed, bark enough about, but still not put up right. It was in truth a barbarous rectangle of unhewed and unbarked logs, and bound together by a gigantic dove-tailing called notching. The roof was thick ricketty shingles, called clapboards; which when *clapped* on were held down by longitudinal poles kept apart by shorter pieces placed between them perpendicularly. The interstices of the log-wall were “chinked”—the “chinking” being large chips and small slabs dipping like strata of rocks in geology; and then on

the chinking was the "daubing"—viz. a quant. suff. of yellow clay ferociously splashed in soft by the hand of the architect, and then left to harden at its leisure. Rain and frost had here, however, caused mud daubing to disappear; so that from without could be clearly discerned through the wall, the light of fire and candle, and from within, the light of sun, moon and stars—a very fair and harmless tit for tat.

The chimney was outside the cabin and a short distance from it. This article was built, as chaps, in raining weather, make on the kitchen hearth stick houses of light wood,—it consisted of layers of little logs reposing on one another at their corners and topped off when high enough with flag stones:—it was, moreover, daubed, and so admirably as to look like a mud stack! That, however, was, as I afterwards found inartistical—the daubing of chimneys correctly being a very *nice* task, although just as dirty as even political daubing.

The inside cabin was one room below and one loft above—to which, however, was no visible ascent.—I think the folks climbed up at the corner. The room contained principally beds, the other furniture being a table, "stick chairs," and some stools with from two to three legs apiece. Crockery and calabashes shared the mantel with two dangerous looking rifles and their powder horns. The iron ware shifted for itself about the fire place, where awkward feet feeling for the fire or to escape it, pushed kettle against pot and skillet against dutch oven.

What French cook committed suicide because something was not done "to a turn?" Ample poetic justice may be done to his wicked ghost by some smart writer, in chaining him with an iambic or two to the jamb of that cabin hearth—there for ever to be a witness of its cookery. Here came first the pettish outcries of two matron hens dangled along to a hasty execution; then notes of preparation sung out by the tea-kettle; then was jerked into position

the dutch oven straddling with three short legs over the burning coals ; and lastly the skillet began sputtering forth its boiling lard, or grease of some description. The instruments ready, the hostess aided by a little barefooted daughter, and whose white hair was whisked at the top of the head with a string and horn comb, the hostess put into the oven, balls of wet corn meal, and then slapped on the lid red hot and covered with coals, with a look and motion equal to this sentence—"Get out of that, till you're done." Then the two fowls, but a moment since kicking and screeching at being killed, were doused into the skillet into hot oil, where they moved around dismembered, as if indignant now at being fried.

We travellers shifted quarters repeatedly during these solemn operations, sometimes to get less heat, sometimes more, and sometimes to escape the fumes direct ; but usually, to get out of the way. That, however, being impracticable, we at length sat extempore, and were kicked and jostled accordingly. In the meanwhile our landlady, in whom was much curiosity, a little reverence, and a misty idea that her guests were great folks, and towards whom as aristocrats it was republican to feel enmity, our landlady maintained at intervals a very lively talk, as for example :

"From Loo'ville, I allow !"

"No—from Philadelphia."

A sudden pause—a turn to look at us more narrowly, while she still affectionately patted some wet meal into shape for the oven.

"Well!—now!—I wonder!—hem!—Come to enter land, 'spose—powerful bottom on the Shining—heavy timber, though. He's your old man, mam?"

Mrs. C. assented. The hostess then stooped to deposit the perfect ball, and continued :

"Our wooden country's mighty rough, I allow, for some

folks—right hard to git gals here, mam—folks has to be their own niggurs, mam—what mought your name be ? ”

Mrs. C. told the lady, and then in a timid and piteous sort of tone inquired if girls could not be hired by the year ? To this the landlady replied at first with a stare—then with a smile—and then added :

“ Well ! sort a allow not—most time, mam, you’ll have to work your own ash-hopper ”—(viz. a lie-cask, or, rather, an inverted pyramidical box to contain ashes, resembling a hopper in a mill)—“ Nan ”—(name of little flax head)—“ Nan, sort a turn them thare chickins.”

And thus the cabin lady kept on doing up her small stock of English into Hoosierisms and other figures ; now, with the question direct—now, the question implied ; then, with a soliloquy—then, an apostrophe : and all the time cleaning and cutting up chickens, making pones, and working and wriggling among pots, skillets and people’s limbs (?) and feet, with an adroitness and grace gained by practice only ; and all this, without upsetting any thing, scalding any body, or even spilling any food—excepting, maybe, a little grease, flour and salt. Nor did she lose time by dropping down curtsy fashion to inspect the progress of things baked or fried : but she bent over as if she had hinges in the hips, according to nature doubtless, but contrary to the Lady’s Book ; although the necessary backward motion to balance the head projected beyond the base, did render garments short by nature still shorter, as grammarians would say, by position.

Corn-bread takes its own time to bake ; and therefore it was late when the good woman, having placed the “ chicken fixins ” on a large dinner-plate, and poured over them the last drop of unabsorbed and unevaporated oil, set all on the table, and then, giving her heated and perspiring face a last wipe with the corner of her tow-linen apron, and also giving

her thumb and finger a rub on the same cleanser, she sung out the ordinary summons :

“ Well ! come, sit up.”

This sit-up we instantly performed—as well, at least, as we could—while she stood up to pour out the tea, complimenting all the time its quality, saying—“ ’Tisn’t nun of your spice-wood or yarb stuff, but the rele gineine *store* tea.” Nanny remained near the dutch oven to keep us supplied with red-hot pones, or corn-balls—and hard enough by the way, to do execution from cannon. The teacups used, held a scant pint ; and to do exact justice to each cup, the mistress held the teapot in one hand and the water-pot in the other, pouring from both at once till the cup was brim-full of the mixture :—an admirable system of impartiality, and if the pots have spouts of equal diameters, the very way to make precisely “ half and half.” But sorry am I to say, that on the present occasion, the water-pot had the best and easiest delivery.

“ And *could* you eat, Mr. Carlton ? ”

How could we avoid it, Mr. Nice ? Besides, we were most vulgarly hungry. And the consequence was, that, at the arrival of the woodman and his two sons, other corn-bread was baked, and, for want of chicken, bacon was fried.

“ But how *did* you do about retiring ? ”

We men-folks, my dear Miss, went out to see what sort of weather we were likely to have ; and on coming in again, the ladies were very modestly covered up in bed—and then we—got into bed—in the usual way. I have no doubt Mr. Carlton managed a little awkwardly : but I fear the reader will discover, that in his attempts at doing as Rome does, and so forth, Mr. Carlton departed finally from the native sweetness and simplicity of eastern and fashionable life ; still we seemed to leave rather an unfavourable impression at the cabin, since, just before our setting out in the morning, the landlady told the driver privately—“ Well ! I allow

the stranger and his woman-body thinks themselves mighty big-bugs—but maybe they aint got more silver than Squire Snoddy across Big Bean creek ; and *his* wife don't think nuthin on slinging round like her gal—but never mind, maybe Mrs. Callten or Crawltn, or somethin or nuther, will larn how too."

CHAPTER X.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."

"REALLY, Mr. Carlton, unless you tell us whither you are travelling we will proceed no further."

And really I could not blame you, friends, since, had it not been for very shame and impracticability, we ourselves, on the third morning, would have imitated Sawney of apple-orchard memory, and "crawled back again." But I am on the very point of telling as distinctly as possible about our destination—and as you have got thus far, and have *paid** (?) for the book, you may as well finish it.

We are proceeding as *slowly* as we can in search of the Glenville Settlement, a place somewhere in the New Purchase. Among other persons we hope to find there, my wife's mother, my wife's aunt, my wife's uncle, and her sisters and her brother, John Glenville. One of my purposes is to become Mr. Glenville's partner in certain land speculations, and with him to establish a store and also a tannery. Of the New Purchase itself we will speak at large when we reach that famous country—famous in itself out there—and to become so elsewhere when its history is published. As to Glenville Settlement itself, lofty opinions of its ele-

* Persons that *borrow* this work, and all who *rent* it of some second rate book-establishment at a fippenny-bit a volume, will of course read it through.

gancies began to fall, and misgivings began to be felt, that its houses would be found no better than they ought to be : and in these we were not disappointed, as the reader may in time discover.

The third night of the Searching now approached ; and we had come to a very miserable hut, a ferry-house, on the top of a high bluff, and fully a quarter of a mile from the creek below. An ill-natured young girl was apparently the sole occupant ; and she, for some reason, refused to ferry us over the water, stating, indeed, that the creek could *as yet* be forded, but giving us no satisfactory directions how to find or keep the ford. Judge our feelings, then, on getting to the bank, to find a black, sullen and swollen river, twenty yards wide—a scow tied at the end of the road—and that road seeming to enter upon the ford, if, indeed, any ford was there ! I stepped into the boat and, with its “ setting-pole,” felt for the ford ; and happily succeeded in finding the bottom when the pole was let down a little beyond six feet !

No house, except the ferry-hut on the bluff above, was on this side the water for many a long and weary mile back ; and beyond the water was a low, marshy and, at present, a truly terrific beech-wood, and, from its nature, known to be necessarily uninhabited : so that, unless we could help ourselves, nobody else was likely to help. With great difficulty, therefore, and no small danger from our want of skill and hands enough, we “ set ” ourselves over in the scow : and when safely landed in the mud beyond, we at first determined to let the boat go adrift as a small punishment to the villany of the ferry people ; but reflecting that possibly some benighted persons might suffer by this vengeance, we tied the scow—(but of course on the wrong side the river)—and splattered on. In half a mile, strange enough, we met a large party of women and children, to whom we told what had happened and what had been done with the scow : on which they cordially thanked us, it being necessary for them to cross

the river, and in return assured us of a better road not very far forward, and which led to "a preacher's" house, where we should find a comfortable home and a welcome for the night.

What the oasis of *dry* deserts is, all know; but the oasis of waste woods and waters is—a clearing with its dry land and sunlit opening. Such was now before us, not indeed sunlit,—for the sun was long since set—such was before us; and in the midst of a very extensive clearing was not a cabin, but a veritable two-story house of hewn and squared timbers, with a shingle roof, and smoke curling gracefully upward from its stone chimney! Yes, and there were corn-cribs, and smoke-house, and barn and out-houses of all sorts: and removed some distance from all, was the venerable cabin in a decline,—the rude shell of the family in its former chrysalis state!

But our reception!—it was a balm and a cordial. We found, not indeed the parade and elegant variety of the East, but neat apartments, refreshing fire after the chill damps of the forest, a parlour separate from the kitchen, and bedrooms separate from both and from one another. There, too, if memory serves right, were six pretty, innocent girls—(no sons belonged to the family)—coarsely but properly dressed; and who were all modest and respectful to their elders and superiors—a very rare thing in the New Purchases, and, since the reign of Intellect, a rarer thing than formerly in most Old Purchase countries. The mere diffusion of "knowledges," without *discipline* of mind in their attainment, is not so favourable to virtue and good manners as Lyceum men think. Our six little girls were mainly educated on Bible principles—living fortunately in that dark age when every body's education was not managed by legislatures and taxes. The law administered by irreligious or infidel statesmen, or by selfish and sullen demagogues, is *always* opposed to the Gospel.

No pains were spared by the whole family in our entertainment : and all was done from benevolence, as if we were children and relatives. The Rev. William Parsons and his lady, our hosts, had never been in the East, or in any other school of the Humanities ; and yet with exceptions of some prejudices, rather *in favour*, however, of the West than *against* the East, this gentleman and lady both beautifully exemplified the innate power of Christian principles to make men not only kind and generous, but courteous and polite.

In my dreams no oasis of this kind had appeared—yet none is so truly lovely as that where religion makes the desert and the wilderness blossom as the rose. I have been much in the company of clergy and laity both, and in many parts of the Union, and my settled belief in consequence is, that the true ministers of the Gospel, in spite of supposed characteristical faults and defects, and prejudices, are, as a class, decidedly the very best and noblest of men.

We discovered that Mr. Parsons, like most *located* and *permanent* pastors of a wooden country, received almost literally nothing for ecclesiastical services. Nay, Mrs. Parsons incidentally remarked to Mrs. C. that for seven entire years she had never seen together ten dollars either in notes or silver ! Hence, although suspecting he would refuse, and fearing that the offer might even distress him, I could not but sincerely wish Mr. P. would accept pay for our entertainment : and the offer was at last made in the least awkward way possible. But in vain was every argument employed by me, that decorum would allow, to induce his acceptance—he utterly refused, only saying :—“ My dear young friend, pay it to some preacher of the Gospel, and in the same way and spirit the present service is rendered to you.” And here, in justice to ourselves, we must be permitted to record that we did most gladly,

and on many more occasions than one, repay our debt to Mr. Parsons in the way enjoined.

Formerly it was indeed rare, that any one in the Far West, however poor, a ferryman or a tavern keeper, would ask or take if offered, a cent for his services from any man known as a preacher. True, the immunity existed in a few places under a belief that preachers ought not to expect or receive the smallest salary; and sometimes a preacher was actually questioned on that point, and treated according to his answer: but still in the primitive times, especially of the New Purchase, the vast majority of woodsmen would have indignantly scouted the thought of demanding pay from a preacher, and that whether he received a *small* stipend for his own services, or as was the common case, nothing. Once a clerical friend of the author's travelled nearly one thousand miles in woods and prairies, and brought back in his *inexpressibles*-pocket, the identical *pecunia* carried with him for expenses—viz. Fifty-Cents! That, on leaving home, he had supposed would be enough;—it proved too much!

During my Western sojourn, I was powerfully impressed with the importance and necessity of forming a new Society; nor has the notion been abandoned since leaving that country. I have been indeed always deterred from making the attempt, from its internal difficulty, from its entire novelty, and a deep settled conviction of its great unpopularity the moment it is announced. Indeed, I fear the thing is wholly impracticable in an age when all kinds of public instruction is gratuitous—and it is deemed enough to be honoured with a hearing in public, and to hear the criticisms of audiences that all know all things, and even something to boot, as well and maybe a little better than the literati themselves; but so much would my scheme, if adopted, do to alleviate the great distresses, anxieties and privations of many very worthy clergymen, that I will

venture to give a hint of the plan, even though I may be deemed a visionary. The Society I propose is to bear this title :—

“The-make-congregations-PAY-what-they-voluntarily-PROMISE-Society.” For which I shall only now name one reason—viz. that most clergymen *do* perform all they ever promise—and often a very great deal more. If the Society is now ever formed by others, I must here once for all, however, positively decline the honour of being one of the travelling agents—I can stand some storms, but not all.

Certain wits sneer here, and reversing the Indian's remark, say “poor preach—poor pay;” and please themselves with drawing contrasts between the Western and the Eastern styles of preaching. But take away libraries from our preachers, take away the sympathy and the *applause*; make such work, not with small and very often incompetent stipends as is the case pretty generally here, but with *no* salary whatever; make them work, chop wood, plough, ride day after day, and night after night in dim, perilous, endless wilds; bid them preach in the open air or between two cabins, or in an open barn, or even bar-room, without notes or preparation, and all this weary, sick, jaded; smoke and suffocate them in a cold, cheerless day, with a fire not *within* but *without* the house, to which the congregation repair during the sermon in committees both for heat and gossip—do all this and we shall hear no more of the contrast. And yet within those grand old woods you shall often hear bursts of eloquence—stirring appeals—strains of lofty poetry—ay, the thunderings of resistless speech, that would move and entrance through all their length and breadth the cushioned seats of our bedizened churches! True, as a whole, even such discourses may not do to print. What then? Is a sermon the best adapted to be spoken, *always* the best to be printed? Does not the patent steam press squeeze the very life and soul out of most sermons? Granted that the *notes* of a preacher

may be printed as the *notes* of a musician—still that preacher himself must be present to make his notes speak forth the latent sense—and if he find not the sense and spirit there he expected—to put them there at the impulse of the moment. The very Reverend Lord Bishop Baltimore——

“Mr. Carlton!—we are impatient to continue the search for Glenville.”

Oh! yes—true—true!—advance we then to a new chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

Cum subito è sylvis, macie confecta suprema
 Ignoti nova forma viri, miserandaque cultu.
 Respicimus : dira illuvies, immissaque barba,
 Consertum tegmen spinis.

ON the morning of the fourth day, about ten o'clock, A. M., we emerged from the forest upon a clearing one mile in length, and a half a mile in breadth : and nearly in its centre stood Woodville, the capital of the New Purchase—a village just hewed and hacked out of the woods, fresh, rough and green. And this identical town, reader, is, we are informed, somewhere about twenty miles from Glenville—unless in the contraction of the roads in dry seasons, when the distance is variously estimated at from sixteen to nineteen miles. And as we have a letter of introduction to Dr. Sylvan of the capital, and shall remain here an hour, it seems the very time to describe Woodville, in and about which, as the centre of our orbit, we moved for nearly eight years.

Woodville was now almost three years old ; large, however, for its age, and dirty as an undisciplined, neglected

urchin of the same years, and rough as a motherless cub. It was the destined seat of a University : hence when Mind whose remarkable tramp was now *being* —(hem!)—heard, halted here in its march some years after, in the shape of sundry learned and great men, we were all righted up, licked into shape and clarified. But to day, never were strange animals so stared at, walked around and remarked upon near at hand by the brave, and peeped at by the modest and timid, from chinks and openings, as were we, tame and civilized bipeds, Mr. and Mrs. C., by our fellow-creatures of Woodville. Why, we could not then conjecture—unless because Mr. C. wore a coat and was shaved—or because Mrs. C. had on no cap, and a cap there was worn by all wives old and young—a sign in fact of the conjugal relation—and so it was “suspicioned” if Mrs. C. was not my wife, she ought to be. N. B. The caps most in vogue then were made of dark, coarse, knotted twine, like a cabbage net—and were worn expressly as the wives themselves said—“to save slicking up every day, and to hide dirt !”

But here comes Dr. Sylvan, and we must introduce him. First, however, be it understood that Woodville even then, had two classes, the superior and the inferior ; the former *shaved* once a week, the latter once in *two* weeks, or thereabouts. At our first meeting, which was accidental, I was at a loss where to class my friend ; and had we not already acquired some art in decyphering character by studying the countenance and the mien, and not by looking at the dress, or rather the want of it, we should have fallen into a great mistake about this true Christian and gentleman.

Shoes he wore, it is true—but one a coarse cow-hide laced boot, the other a calf-skin Jefferson, or some other presidential name. And this latter was well blacked, though not shiney ; but the cow-hide had been two stiff, stubborn and greasy, to receive its portion. Above the

Jefferson was a stockingless ankle—presumptive, and even *à fortiori* evidence that the ankle in the boot was in a natural condition. Coat he wore none ; but he had on a Kentucky-jean vest, open to its lowest button, and allowing the display of a reddish-yellow flannel shirt bosom, his arms being encased in sleeves of thick cotton something, and all unembroidered. As a rare extravagance, and which placed him in the aristocratic class of democrats, the Doctor *wore*, not *carried*, a pocket-handkerchief ; and he wore it circumambient,—the cotton bandana going over one shoulder, and under the opposite arm, and then both ends met and were tied just above his *os femoris*. This luxury, however, was used only as “a sweat rag,” and not as “a nose-cloth,”—delicate names applied appropriately to a handkerchief, as it was employed to wipe off perspiration or to blow the nose. As to the Doctor’s nose, it was, in its necessities, most cruelly pinched and twisted between his finger and thumb ; and these were then wiped on the rag just mentioned—on the plan of the man that topped the candle with his fingers, and then deposited the burnt wick in the snuffers. The operation was certainly performed with great skill, yet it seemed unnatural at the time ; and it was not till I had seen the governor himself in a stump speech, and the judge on the bench, perform the same instinctively and involuntarily, that I came to regard the affair as natural, and to conclude that, after all, handkerchiefs were nothing more than civil conveniences.

Such was the leaden casket—the outer man ; but reader, within was a rare jewel. With a little fixing, this gentleman would easily have adorned and delighted the best company in the best places. He was a brave soldier, an able statesman, and a skilful physician ; and if not learned, he was extensively and even profoundly read in his favourite studies, medicine and politics. His person, disfigured even by his dress, was uncommonly fine, his coun-

tenance prepossessing, and his conversation easy, pleasant, and instructive. In the legislative assemblies he was highly respected, and often his influence there was unbounded; and happily that influence was usually well directed. The Doctor, in short, would have graced the halls at Washington. As a husband and a father, no man was ever more affectionate; and as a physician, none more kind, tender, and anxious—indeed he not only prescribed for a patient, but, as far as possible, nursed him. A little more *moral* courage would have made Dr. Sylvan a still more valuable friend. It was strange, however, that so brave a man in the field, should have been occasionally cowed in the presence of political foes—but so it was; and this was the only material blemish in a man otherwise good, noble, and generous.

Other citizens may be introduced hereafter; at present, we shall speak of Woodville itself. This was, as has been stated, the capital of the New Purchase—the name of a tract of land very lately bought from the Indians, or the Abor'rejines, as the Ohio statesman had just then named them, in his celebrated speech in the legislature:—"Yes, Mr. Speaker, yes sir," said he, "I'd a powerful sight sooner go into retiracy among the red, wild, Abor'rejines of our wooden country, nor consent to that bill." The territory lay between the north and south Shining Rivers—called sometimes the Shinings, sometimes the Shineys, from the purity of the waters and the brightness of the sands—and it contained fine land, well timbered and rolling. The white population was very sparse, and mainly very poor persons, very illiterate, and very prejudiced, with all the virtues and vices belonging to woodsmen. Among them were very few, indeed scarcely any, persons born east of the mountains; and our community was a pure Western one—men of the remote West being by far the majority of the settlers.

As a tribe, the Indians had themselves "gone into retiracy," away beyond the great father of waters ; yet many lingered in their favourite hunting-grounds and around the graves of warriors and chieftains ; and we often met them in the lonely parts of the wilderness, seemingly dejected ; and now and then they came gliding like sad spectres into Woodville. The town itself stood on the site of their own wigwam village. Here they spent hour after hour, with unerring arrows splitting apples and knocking off six-pences some fifty or eighty yards distant ; and once when taunted for want of skill, on assurance of immunity, they gratified and surprised us by sending two arrows against the ball of the court-house steeple, full seventy feet high, and with force enough to leave two holes in its gilt sides—and these, the Doctor writes me, remain to this day.

The grand building *then* was this very court-house. Its order of architecture I never ascertained—it was, however, most certainly a pile. The material was brick of a fever-colour ; the building being kept under and down by the steeple just named, which topped off with its gilded ball and spire, straddled the roof, determined to keep the ascendancy. The vane was an uncommonly wise one, utterly refusing, like earthly weathercocks and demagogues, to turn about by every wind ; and yet when in the humour it whirled about just as it pleased, and without any wind—emblem of our hunters and woodsmen, who seemed to like the vane for its very inconsistency and independence. From the road or street a double door opened immediately into the court-room. This was paved all over with brick, to cool the bare feet in summer, and in winter to bear the incessant stamping of feet shod with bull-skin boots armed to the centre of the sole with enormous heels, and with the sole and all fortified with rows of shingle nails :—four such feet were equal to one rough-shod horse. The *pave*

was, of course, dust sometimes, sometimes mortar. Each side the door and within the room were stairs. These were deflected from a perpendicular just enough to rest at the top, like a ladder to a new building in a city ; so that we climbed, ladder-like, to our second story, where several rooms were found well finished and convenient for their uses—the sole excellency in the structure.

West from this citadel of justice was the guardian of liberty—the jail ; the close vicinity of the two reminding one forcibly of a doctor's shop adjoining a grave-yard. This keep, in its construction, was in imitation of a conjuror's series of box within box ; for first was an exterior brick house, and then within it another house of hewed logs. No wall, however, surrounded the prison ; hence, from its only cell prisoners used, through a little grated window open to the public square, to converse unrestrained with their friends or attorneys. The consequence uniformly was a very magical trick, the exact reverse of what happened with the wizard boxes : for while the piece of silver conjured from your fingers would most miraculously be found in the very last of the indwelling series, the condemned thief or murderer safely caged in our interior cell, at the very moment the officers wished him to come and be hung, or some such exaltation, lo ! and behold ! then and there—the criminal was not ! And at every renewal of this curious trick, which was two or three times a year, we were as much amazed as ever !

Getting out was still a little troublesome, more so at least than not getting in ; and so a rowdy school-master of the Purchase, against whom were charges of assault and battery, used this preventive. He had given bail for his appearance, but the day before the trial the following was inserted in our Woodville paper—the “Great Western Republican Democrat :”—

“Melancholy.—The body corporate of Mr. Patrick Erin,

school-master of Harman's Bottom, was found lodged in some brush below the log across Shelmire's Creek. It is known he left town yesterday in a state of intoxicated inebriety, and with a jug of the creature, so that as he tried to cross in the great fresh he slipped off and was drowned."

Accounts, indictments, charges, and so on, were all quashed—and then the day after Mr. Patrick Erin, that was lately drowned, or somebody exactly like him, was reeling about the court-yard, pretty well corned, to the amazement of us all, judge, grand jury, and citizens. The scamp had written the "Melancholy" for the paper himself,—and for that time escaped all prosecutions.

Churches at the era of the Searching, if by a church be meant according to certain syllogisms in school logic, "a building of stone," did not grace our capital. But if by church we understand "a congregation," then churches were about as plenty as private houses. We numbered five hundred citizens, and these all belonged to some one or more of our Ten Religious Sects—hence almost every house-keeper had a "meeting" of his own and in his own dwelling. I fear we were in all things too superstitious, and that some of us worshipped an unknown God. Indeed most that was done at most of our meetings, was to revile others and glorify ourselves. Judge, however, reader, of the nature of our fanaticism by an instance or two that occurred when I resided afterwards in Woodville. I had a neighbour who conducted *private* prayer, not by entering his closet and shutting the door, but by opening his doors and windows, and praying so awfully loud, that we could distinctly hear and see him too, from our house distant from his a full half-furlong! But again, some extra saints, wishing to worship on a high place, used to resort to the top of the court-house steeple! A peculiar grumble repeatedly heard thence several evenings in suc-

cession, just after sunset, induced several profane persons to clamber up to ascertain the cause—and there, sure enough, were the steeple saints away up towards heaven, at their devotions!—pity they ever came down to earth again—they fell away from grace afterwards, and died, I fear, and made no sign!

Household churches are sometimes very unfavourable to devotion and elocution, especially if children belong to the establishment. If such, indeed, are of the class *mammilla*, they *may* be nursed into order: but no apples, cookies, maple-sugar, little tin cups and hardware mugs of milk or spring water, can keep quiescent those that are independent of the milky way. True, they are at last captured, after eluding a dozen hands, and laughing at nods, frowns, and twisted faces, and are then hurried out, kicking away at the air and knocking off a sun-bonnet or two near the door-way—but then the “screamer!”—and this followed by the clamour between the belligerents outside—*she* administering a *slapping* dose of the wise man's prescription, and *it* exclaiming, indignant and outrageous at the medicine!

In one house where we often went to meeting, the owner annoyed in the week by customers leaving an inner door open, posted up within the room and on that door the following, and in large letters:

“If you *please*, shut the door, and if you *don't* please—shut it any how!”

The preacher did not seem greatly disturbed at the first glance—but alas!—*my* weak thoughts wandered away to the apostolic churches somewhere, and fancied the surprise of clergy and laity, if by any modern miracle, this ingenious caution had, late on Saturday night, taken the place of certain golden inscriptions!

The universal address on entering a house, after a premonitory rap or kick at the door, was—“Well! who keeps house?” It was a kind of visiting *appogiatura* to smooth

the abruptness of ingress. Once in a domestic meeting, we were listening devoutly to the preacher, when a neighbour came, for the first time indeed, but by express invitation, to *our* meeting; and after tying his horse, putting the stirrups over the saddle and pulling down his tow-linen trowsers, he advanced to the house and startled both minister and people by administering a smart prefatory rap to the door cheek, and drawling out in a slow, but very loud tone, the usual formula—"W-e-ll—who—keeps—house?"—when he squeezed in among us and took a seat as innocent as a babe. Query for casuists—Is it *always* sinful to laugh in meeting?

One more, dear reader, from our string of onions, and we suspend at present the ecclesiastical history. A hostess who had a church in her house, found her dinner often delayed by the length of the services, and therefore insisted that a friend of mine, who was the preacher, should shorten the exercises, which occasioned the following colloquy:

"Sister Nancy, we must not starve our souls."

"Well, I allow we'll starve our bodies then!"

"By no means, sister, is that necessary—"

"Well—how in creation is a body to have dinner if a body aint time cook it?"

"Why, sister, as soon as you hear amen to the sermon—clap on the pot!"

Sister Nancy ever after obeyed, and so the pork, cabbage, and all that constitute a regular Sunday mess, were bubbling away in the prophet's pot about the time the final hymns, prayers, exhortations, and other appendices to the regular worship were ended:—a beautiful verification of the remark, that "some things can be *done* as well as others." and, as may be added, at the very same time too.

As to our private edifices, the description of one will aid an ordinary imagination to picture the rest. And we select

Dr. Sylvan's; he being of the magnates, and his house being builded by special order.

This domicile was of burnt clay, rough as a nutmeg grater, and of no decided brick shape or colour—each apparently having being patted into form, and freckled in the drying. It was a story and a fraction high, and fastened at one end to a wing containing the shop. Here was kept “the doctor-stuff,” and also the skeleton of Red Fire, an Indian chief, about whom the reader may expect a story in due time. Heretoo was the doctor's rifle and all his hunter's apparel: for, once or twice a year, our “Medicine” put on his leather breeches, his leggins, his moccasins, his hunting shirt, and fur cap, and with that long and ponderous rifle on his shoulder, shot-pouch and powder-horn at his hip, and tomahawk and knife in the belt, off went he to the uninhabited part of the wilds. There he continued alone for days and even weeks—killing deer, and turkeys, and bears, &c., and camping out; stoutly and conscientiously maintaining all was for the good of his health, while it supplied him at a small expense with fresh meat. My heart always warmed towards this genuine and noble woodsman thus apparelled! oh! the measureless gulf between this *Man* and the *Thing* with curled hair, kid gloves, and anointed head!—the curious, bipedalic civet-cat of the East. I plead guilty, reader, to a spirit of Nimrod and Ramrodism—ay! again could I at times, shutting my eyes to the bitter past; again could I exchange my now solitary native land for the cabin and the woods! [Alas! the doctor's age would now forbid our occasional hunts together—and Ned Stanley and Domore —

“Go on with the doctor's house, Mr. Carlton.”

Well, on the first floor were two rooms, and connected with a Lilliputian half-story kitchen forming an L—as near as possible. Between house proper and kitchen was the dining-room, a magnificent hall eight feet *wide* by six feet *long*, with a door on each side opening into—vacancy;

—threats to put steps to the doors made two or three times a year with great spirit being never executed. Indeed, at last, Mrs. Sylvan herself declared to Mr. Carlton, that “there was no use in steps, any way, as the children were mighty spry, and the grown folks had got used to it.” And to tell the truth, the little bodies did climb up and down like lamp-lighters; and I certainly never heard of more than half a dozen accidents to grown folks, owing to those stepless doors all the while of our sojourn in the Purchase. Nor was the space for eating any inconvenience in a country where families rarely all sat at the same time to the table, but came to their feed in squads.

The two rooms named contained each several beds, couches by night, and settees by day. Indeed, even when the doctor’s lady—(an accident that occurred maybe once in two years)—was confined by a slight illness to her bed in the day-time, citizens of all sexes on visits of friendship or business, might be seen very gravely and decorously seated on the side and foot of madame’s bedstead, knitting or talking——

“Oh! fyee!”

Ladies, it was unavoidable; and not more surprising than when French ladies admit exquisites of the worthier gender to aid at their toilette. How much of the person may be exposed in stage dancing and French toilettes, we have never been well-bred enough to ascertain; but in Mrs. Sylvan’s levee nothing, I do know, could be discerned, save the tip of the nose and the frill of the cap.

From the rooms doors apiece opened into the street; and as these were very rarely ever shut, summer or winter, the whole house may be said to have been out of doors. In fact, as the chimneys were awfully given to smoking, it was usually as comfortless within the rooms as without. But in each of the small rooms a large space was cut off in one corner for a staircase; each stairway leading to

separate dormitories in the fractional story—the dormitories being kept apart, as well as could be done, by laths and plaster. Often wondering at this dissocial wall upstairs, I once inquired of Mrs. Sylvan what it was for, who answered,

“Oh! sir, I had it done *on purpose*——”

“On purpose!—it wasn’t accidental, then?”

“Law! bless you, no!—it was to keep the boys and girls apart.”

Now where, pray, had modesty in the far east ever built for her two staircases and a plastered wall, and to the discomfort of a whole family? Yet, vain care! The boys had perforated the partition with peep-holes; but these were kept plugged by the girls on their side with tow, so that their own consent was necessary to the use of said apertures. Still I was told the syringes from the shop were often used on both sides the wall, to give illustrations and lessons in hydraulics, little perhaps to edification, but very much to the fun of both squirters and squirted: proof that even among hoosiers and all other wild men, “love laughs at locksmiths.”

South of Woodville, (distance according to the weather,) and in the very edge of the forest, were, at this time, two unfinished brick buildings, destined for the use of the future University. As we passed to-day in our vehicle, the smaller house was crammed with somebody’s hay and flax; while the larger was pouring forth a flock of sheep—a very curious form for a college to issue its parchments—which innoxious graduates paused a moment to stare, possibly at a future trustee, and then away they bounded, a torrent of wild wool, to the shelter of the woods.

The larger edifice was called Big College. Its site was a beautiful eminence; but it was no more fit for a college than any other moderately large two-story double house. The other edifice was for the “master,” and called, very

appropriately, Little College; being a snivelling, inconvenient thing, like those in Pewterplatter-alley, ranged each side a gutter,—the whole fragrance and prospect! We shall resume this subject, saying only now that a most sumptuous area had been already marred by the ignorance and paltry cupidity of planners and builders; and among other irremediable evils, not a grove of forest trees had been left standing in the campus.

Excellent lands adjacent to the college site had been given by the Federal Government, for its foundation; the judicious sale of which, and also of other fine lands elsewhere seated, it was thought would create a fund of nearly 200,000 dollars: but, until that easy-natured and rather soft-pated old gentleman, Uncle Sam, shall, at the time of his gifts, prescribe plans and times of commencing colleges, and make restrictions to obtain for some twenty-five or thirty years after the opening of the institutions, and himself appoint a portion of the trustees, (non-residents even of the State,) for at least ten years after things are properly organized, then must we naturally expect waste and stupid and ridiculous applications and uses of the people's money. May be, after all, sectarianism is not so bad for colleges.

Hark!—the rattle of our carriage; so we must hastily wind up with saying, that east of Woodville was a wilderness, and uninhabited for forty miles; south, cabins were sprinkled, on an average, one to the league; south-west, the same; but north and north-west, settlements and clearings were more abundant.

CHAPTER XII.

*"Horresco refrens, immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt."*

OUR driver finding the roads worse than his expectation, now contrary to the solemn league and covenant between us, refused to proceed another step towards Glenville without additional pay. While the controversy was tending upward in pitch and intensity, (for a very liberal price had been already paid,) Dr. Sylvan said,

"Come, driver, don't leave the strangers this way. I consider the price Mr. Carlton has already paid you to be very fair, and that you are bound to go on with him to Glenville—but here—(action to word)—here I'll pay you a dollar, rather than this lady should not see her mother to-night." Of course Mr. C. never allowed that dollar to be paid—yet such was the generous spirit of the man! Alas! that politics should ever have made him lost to some friends! and for what? ay! *for what?*—the good of the people! Ay! yes—and times come, when politicians sacrifice first their friends and then cut their own throats, for that *ignis fatuus*, and are laughed at!

* * * * *

It was noon, and the roads less bad, and sometimes almost good, we were, for awhile, in hopes of seeing our friends in a few hours. The day, too, was pleasant; and on the dry ridges being free from great perils, we began to enjoy the wildness of the primitive world. And what grander than the column-like trees ascending, many twenty, many thirty, and some even forty feet, with scarce a branch to destroy the symmetry! Unable, from their number, to send out lateral branches, like stalks of grain they had all grown straight up, hastening, as in a race, each

to out-top its neighbour, till their high heads afforded a shelter to squirrels, far beyond the sprinkling of a shot-gun, and almost beyond the reach of the rifle! The timber in the Purchase was only trunk and top! Yet where a hurricane had passed, and, by destroying a part, allowed room for the others to grow, there plainly could be seen how such could "toss *giant* branches"—branches in amplitude and strength greater than the trunks, or rather slim bodies of puny trees in modern groves and parks!

But here comes our *first* snake story. In answer to some query about snakes, our landlord at Woodville had replied that "there was a smart sprinkle of rattlesnake on Red Run, and that it was a powerful nice day to sun themselves." We were now drawing near to the dragon district, and began to experience that vibratory sensation belonging to snake terror, when lo! a crackling and rustling of leaves and sticks on our left—and there, sure enough, was a living snake! It was not, indeed, a rattlesnake, but a very fierce, large, and partly erect, black one, with a skin as shiney as if just polished with patent blacking, a mouth wide open and astonishingly active tongue! Several feet of head and neck were visible, but how many of body and tail were concealed can never be told except by Algebra; for when with curiosity still stronger than fear, the driver and myself got out for a nearer inspection, not only did her ladyship increase her vengeful hissing but she was joined in that unpleasant music by some half dozen concealed performers; and then our new and yet *long* acquaintance, instead of vanishing, as had been supposed on our nearer approach, darted head foremost at us, and believe me reader, in the true western style, like "greased lightning." Had a boa made that attack, our retreat could not have been more abrupt and speedy—we pitched and tumbled into our wagon—and on looking round, our queen snake was leisurely retiring, attended by more of her subjects than we

even dared to shake a stick at. Some of these were apparently infant black snakes ; for the protection of which we then conjectured the dam (?) snake had endeavoured to intimidate us—in which attempt she had very reasonable success.

Every noise now by bird or squirrel seemed serpentish ; and every perfume of wild flower or blossom, was like cucumbers, the odour of which resembles the fragrance of a rattlesnake ; and every crooked dark stick in the leaves or twisting vines was a formidable reptile. At length, however, we had exhausted our snake stories, conquered our apprehensions, and gliding into other topics, had reached a point in the forest where was to be sought the path leading off to Glenville.

Reader, do not, when we speak of roads and paths, figure a lane between fences ; such trammel on the liberty of travellers, and the freedom of cattle would be intolerable. No, a road authorised by law is achieved by levelling the trees between given points, and thus making an avenue in the woods from twenty to thirty feet wide : the small stumps being often removed, but all *a size* larger left, only (*theoretically*) dressed down so as to permit wagons to pass over without striking the axle—if they can. This delicate performance of wagons is called—straddling, and is done by rough ones without fear ; other vehicles utterly refuse to straddle. As to saplings, such are cut off by one or more oblique blows, some six or eight inches from the ground, the remaining stumps thus conveniently sharpened, and thence tending to impale whoever may be pitched on to them from horse or carriage.

On one side usually, some times on both, of large stumps was a hole from one to two feet deep. Where the stumps followed in a serrated series, the wheels, but only of straddling wagons, performed the most exhilarating seesaw, with the most astonishing alternations of plunge,

creak, and splash, till the uproar of a single team would fill a circle completely of half a mile radius! Indeed, nothing so enlivened the wilderness! When vehicles refused to straddle, driving became a work of the most laborious skill in the perpetual windings among holes and stumps that was then necessary; or when that was too perilous, it became a matter of taste and fancy to choose among the dozen extemporaneous roads inviting from the right and left. Hercules himself would have been puzzled to select sometimes, where all offered equal inducements, or equal hindrances. These auxiliary ways have themselves other helps, and these even other subsidiaries, so that a person not a woodsman, after an agreeable ride of some hours discovers often that a very long lane has no turn, but a very unexpected end, and leads exactly—no where.

We, of course were chock full of instructions and with all our windings and turnings still kept our eye steadily on the—blazes. The blaze is a longitudinal cut on trees at convenient intervals made by cutting off the bark with an axe or hatchet: three blazes in a perpendicular line on the same tree indicating a legislative road, the single blaze, a settlement or neighbourhood road. Hence, if desirous to escape smoky blazes, we willingly kept on through this sort; although unlike the smoky blazes, this sort is of use only in the day time.

Well,—(to come back)—we began to look through the legal blazes to espy a corner tree cut and notched in a peculiar way, at which turning off, we should discover a single blaze leading to Glenville—when—could it be possible!—up that very tree was coiling an enormous and frightful serpent!

“Obstupuri! steteruntque comæ! et vox faucibus hæsit!”—in spite of which all of us spoke out, and Mrs. Carlton really screamed. Of course we halted; and it being seen that cutting across was prevented by a ravine, it was at last concluded that Mr. C. be a committee to reconnoitre, while

the others should remain in the dearborne—a retreat from snakes equal to covering up in bed or shutting one's eyes in danger. Accordingly, on went capital I with a slow and cautious step, an eye to the rear as well as to the fore, and flourishing in my hands a very long pole to intimidate his snakeship before it came to blows, or running away on one or both sides—but the scaly rascal budged neither head nor tail, and yet seemed to swell larger and larger, as we, i. e. I and the pole advanced—till, strange! now his very form was changing yet remaining—when all at once inspired with a seeming phrenzy, I threw away my pole and dashing headlong on the serpent I seized him by the tail—

“Oh!—Mr. Carlton!”—

Precisely as my own wife cried out at first; but as I maintained the hold and the enormous reptile still remained *inflexibly* bent around the tree, on came at last our friends, wagon and all; and soon all capable of laughing, were joined in the merriment on finding our frightful enemy subsiding into the mere form of a snake very ingeniously wrought with a hatchet into the corner tree and blackened with charcoal! That indeed was “notching in a peculiar way,” as Dr. Sylvan had said; and true enough as he said also, “we should be sure enough to see it.”

I may as well add here that some years after as I rode in company with a lady near this very spot, and I had just ended the story for her entertainment, we both were no little startled to see a veritable serpent enacting that same part on a different tree indeed, and *propria personâ*—i. e. in his own skin. How he could adhere almost perpendicularly to the smooth bark of a large beech I know not—yet there and thus the reptile was about eight feet from the ground and ten below any branch! On passing I administered him a smart switch on the tail with my riding whip: a compliment he returned by detaching his head from the bark, and fiercely hissing forth his acknowledgments. Our

amusements, you perceive, reader, are masculine in a country of men : and yet we play in civilized places with very sleek and cunning snakes—ay, that hiss and bite too !

The Glenville road was a mere path marked by a single blaze, which we very pertinaciously followed although it *lighted* us along a very circuitous route. In theory, the shortest line between two points is the straight line ; it is not so in practice out there : at least it is not prudent to be so mathematically correct in the neighbourhood paths of a New Purchase. More than once especially when going by the moss and the sun, and even with experienced woodsmen, the mathematical travelling has occasioned our being lost for hours, sometimes for days. Hence our backwoods axiom—"the longest is the shortest."

Notice here, a neighbourhood road does not imply necessarily much proximity of neighbours. I have travelled all day long upon a neighbourhood or settlement road and seen neither neighbours nor neighbours' cabins. Such road leads sometimes not to a settlement *in actû*—(i. e. under the axe)—but to a settlement *in posse*—(i. e. among the *possums*)—viz. a paper settlement—a speculator's settlement. And even along an inhabited path, "*neighbour*" in the Purchase was to be interpreted scripturally, and I rejoice to say, was extended to comprise the Samaritans. Indeed, *out there*, we were very kind to neighbours—whenver we could find them : circumstances there created a kindness and a hospitality *wholly* unknown *in here*.

And now we reached the two story log house at the entrance of the bottom of "Big Shiney," and where was to be encountered "the most powerful *slashy* land." That the said slashy land was no better than it should be, may be inferred from the fact, that it occupied us from half past three P. M. until seven o'clock precisely in the evening to do three miles—a speed less considerably than that of birds and even than that of steam cars.

The river was still swollen and turbulent from recent

rains, and although within its banks, it had barely retired from its overflowings. And now a glorious sunset was there, far away in the grand solitudes, where century after century the god of day had gone down while his last beams were pouring the rich mellow haze of evening over the distant homes of the East! Gay birds were warbling farewell songs with distinct and thrilling articulation, while some darting from bank to bank seemed rays of sunlight winged and glancing over the waters—such was their plumage! And squirrels without fear raced and sported on hoary and patriarchal trees so inclined towards the river, that from opposite banks they united their umbrageous tops in green and flowery arches above its bosom! It did seem as if for once we had surprised nature's self in her wild, unpruned, rich, varied, luxurious negligence; and were beholding the sun, not coming from his chamber a strong man rejoicing to run a race, but a glorious bridegroom retiring to the bridal chamber of his spouse!

On the far bank was a small wigwam hut, and below in the water was tied a clumsy scow; but who was to ferry us over was not instantly apparent, our shoutings simple and compound being answered only by Echo, senior and junior. At last rose in answer the voice of an invisible wood-nymph, and that was followed shortly by the appearance among the bushes of the hamadryad in the shape of an athletic woman with a red head; who girding up her loins—(*arglicè*, pinning up her petticoat)—stepped barefooted and bareheaded into the boat, her little boy at the moment casting loose the grape vine rope—its fastening. She then poled, or “set up stream” about 100 yards, and afterwards, by a large oar on a pivot at an end of the scow, she kept the boat nearly at right angles with the banks until the current brought the ferrywoman as diagonally correct to where we stood, as if all had been in a fashionable school on a black board.

Alas! all this was nearly as unromantic as mathematics

themselves; for our heroine was not at all like the lady of the lake or any other lady made to paddle a skiff in poetry or painting. She worked a scow to admiration, better truly than the most poetic creature could have done—but then an ugly shapeless clumsy scow! and a hearty, red-headed woman in bare legs and Elssler petticoats!—what had such to do with the sunset and the birds? Poetry, therefore, being sufficiently cooled down, we embarked; and while the good hearted, and honest woman insisted she needed no aid, both Mr. C. and the driver helped to navigate her boat. It seemed, then, our ferrywoman had never heard *our* shouts, telling us we had not “larn’d to holler;” and that having accidentally caught sight of our wagon, she “know’d we wanted over and so had hollored naterally.” And the way *she* could lift up the voice made crag and cliff and forest far and wide speak with a dozen tongues! Ay, reader, and we ourselves finally learned to sing out “Ô-o-o-o-ver!” till the rebellowing of the woods brought the ferry person to the scow, even if at work in the clearing hundreds of yards behind his cabin. This wondrous art cannot be taught on paper; nor by question and answer, like other equally valuable matters now a days: but buy this book, and then we will add when you visit us, this important lesson in Wildwood Elocution, gratis.

But happy we! the ferrywoman could tell us all about the Glenville settlement! and then, unhappy we!—in her directions, which were sufficiently ample, she, like many other instructors, took for granted that we knew well the elements and data of which we were profoundly ignorant:—said she, “Well, I allow you can’t scarcely miss the path to the tan house—little Jim here’s bin thare many a time—and ’cos the nabers go thare all round the settle-mints. Howsoever keep rite strate along the bottim till you come to the bio—(bayou)—then sort a turn to the left, but not quite—’cos the path goes to the rite like—but you

can't cross thare now—well, strate on is Sam Little's clerein, till you come to the Ingin grave—and after that the path's a sort a blind—but then it ain't more nor a mile to ole man Sturgisses, and he lives rite fornence the tan house over the run."

Of course, reader, the above and most other directions and speeches in this book like the above, are the filtered condensation of our own translation: the full vernacular you could not understand and perhaps might not relish. But interrogation only rendered our labyrinthical direction more implicated; and so, not wishing to seem less sagacious than little Jim, off we splashed for the bayou, and here we succeeded so well in "a sort-er turn to the left but not quite," that we soon lost sight of all roads, paths, and blazes; and then we, hearing the sound of an axe still more to the left, travelled that direction by ear, through a wondrous wilderness of spice-wood, papaw, and twenty unknown bushes, briars, and weeds, till we *fell* suddenly into a clearing, supposed to be our neighbour's, Sam Little's.

Happily it proved to be Squire Brushwood's. For Sam Little's, it seems, was nothing save a clearing destitute of any cabin; while Brushwood's was adorned with a double cabin and all sorts of out-houses: and but for the lucky loss of our blaze, we should here be recording a night in the woods, to us then as deplorable as the prophet's lodging, thus poetically lamented in some ancient version:

"Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly,
Without fire or candle!
And nothing had he all the time
But cold fish g—ts to handle!"

Whereas, now we were comfortably shedded and had more corn-bread and bacon than we could devour. And instead of being alone, our wife had, in addition to us and the driver, a guard in her bed-room, or rather around her very

bed, a guard of four other men—the squire, the squire's two sons, and a journeyman chopper, whose axe had invited and guided us to the clearing; add women and girls too numerous to mention—so that Mrs. Carlton never felt the least lonesome the livelong night.

How getting to bed was managed could not be told, as Mrs. C. made an extemporary screen by hanging something—"what"—oh! a utility on a rope or grape vine stretched near our quarters: only no one went out to see about the weather, and from first to last a very animated talk went on in voices of opposite genders, and even amid the creaking of rickety bedsteads and after the dying of the fire light. Great adroitness is acquired by women-bodies especially in going to repose amidst company. For instance, we were at Major Billy Westland's, in Woodville, once in company with several male magnates, when the major's lady withdrew from our circle at the fire, as for some domestic duty; but on my accidentally looking around, three minutes after, lo! there was a night-cap peering above the "kiver-lid," and Mrs. Major Billy Westland's head in it!

Men-folks oversleeping themselves often find, on opening their eyes, the girls fixing the table for breakfast; and then they contrive to put on their indispensables under the cover and in bed. Hence, on one memorable occasion, when we were at a wedding, our groom having overslept the early morn, made this *covert* arrangement with his inexpressibles, and then most courageously thrust out among us his invested limbs. But woful ingenuity!—just then was entering at the opposite door, our groom's brother, a gawkey young gentleman, with a green gosling countenance, who seeing first the pantalooned limbs, suddenly exclaimed in utter amazement at such conduct:—

"Hey! if our Jess didn't sleep in his breeches!"

* * * * *

Reader!—good night! we are sleepy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FINDING.

"Ilionea petit dextra laevaque——"

"A shaking with both hands——"

YEARS had passed since Mrs. C. parted with her nearest relatives, and among these her mother. We were naturally in haste then to leave Brushwood in the morning, Glenville being only two miles distant. What was thought of us at Brushwood could now be only conjectured; but we learned afterwards, that the screen made by Mrs. C. was deemed "powerful proud doings of stuck-up folks." And sorry am I to say that in the Purchase, as in some other places, such opinion is formed and similarly expressed about *extra* cleanliness, decency, modesty, learning, and the like: if these things exceed your neighbour's, they subject you to suspicion, often to dislike, and not infrequently to rancorous persecution. Perhaps the thoughts about you in a New Purchase are boldly uttered, yet still, in an Old Purchase, scorn, envy, hatred, are felt for your real or supposed excellences, and acted out at the first fair opportunities. However, Mr. Carlton himself got so far rubbed *down* in time as to need considerable rubbing *up* afterwards; for he at last, in the Purchase, earned the appellation of a—"most powerful clever feller, what could lay down ahind an ole-log and hide raw bakin like the best on 'em—as naturally, too, as if brung up to it."

Receiving very *s:raight* directions for a very *crooked* path, we set out for Home! The path was rarely ever travelled by wheels and indeed unblazed; and hence we proceeded partly by instinct and partly by trace of ruts seen

usually by the eye, but often felt after by the feet—one of us always walking before the dearborne, while the other drove. This path I had always great difficulty in finding. And once the whole Glenville community nearly, having to deviate from its direction on account of high waters, were actually lost in the bottom for three long hours! To imprint the affair more deeply we met, too, an accident at that time. Endeavouring then to drive along a slippery and very steep inclination, away suddenly pitched horse and wagon, and away also Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and one young lady, and two little babies, all in an indescribable and mixed succession of somersets, down into the ravine; and yet, strange to tell! no one was hurt, nothing important broken, although when about half way to the bottom of the hill, the vehicle was caught by sapling and bush, the wagon there sticking, wheels uppermost and the horse on his back with the whole four legs turning their shod hoofs into thin air instead of thick earth! What it was, in such a false position, I cannot tell; but so did the two dumb things look, so patient, so resigned, appealing so touchingly with outstretched limbs for help, that it was long before laughter would permit Mr. Glenville and myself to restore wheels and legs to the order of nature. And when restored to a proper standing in society, never surely did horse and wagon move with more unanimity!—never did a horse before so snort, so toss his head, so shake mane and tail, till by practising all parts of his body he was convinced it was only a very curious dream, just passed, and he was truly himself again! Consequently after that I preferred the better path by Sam Little's clearing and the Indian grave. But on the present morning of the Finding, Brushwood had directed us "the short cut" to Glenville Settlement.

The reader will of course conjecture what happened to novices—we lost our way. What with turning aside for

logs un-straddleable, brush impenetrable, briars intolerable, and for holes we cared not to fathom, we made the short path considerably longer than the long one, till all at once on clambering up a steep hill, farther progress was *barred* by a lofty and tortuous fence, *worming* around a clearing! At the unwonted noise of cracking brush and bush in this quarter, soon, however, came forth from a good log-house in the centre, an almost gigantic yet venerable old gentleman, who, to our great surprise, said he was—the Mr. Sturgis—i. e. “ole-man Sturgis—fornence” the tannery in the very suburbs of Glenville! Very near! Reader!

After helping to extricate and get our carriage in front of his settlement, the old man advised, that, instead of now going away round by a very obscure path, we had better proceed right down the hill in the direction of the tan-house: especially as to drive down the hill would, after all, be not much worse, than the way up the hill just come.

Accordingly we prepared to alight in Glenville: not indeed by flying, but by slipping and sliding down on them from our sylvan summit. And this was accomplished as follows:—our historian and his lady advanced *in pedibus*—(Latin is more ancient than French,)—or more vulgarly, on foot, some yards before the wagon; then the author judiciously presented one side towards the bottom of the declivity, and the other towards its top; and then the author’s wife did ditto’s; after which her lower hand in his upper, the happy couple commenced the glide in that picturesque attitude and series of linked cadences, he with his dextral and unimpeded hand retarding the velocity, when becoming perilous, by seizing, at suitable intervals, bushes and saplings, until, without accident, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton had almost alighted on the border of a delightful and pellucid little creek. While above, the driver, on foot too, and holding his horse near the bit of the bridle, and his

wagon, were tearing and crashing and thundering down, the man partly on his knees, and the horse in a sitting posture like a pet-dog at dinner-time, till all seemed like an avalanche of horses and wagons from the clouds—or at least, in western parlance, “a right smart sprinkle” of the articles. At all events, the unwonted uproar and shouts, and voices and merriment, had announced that some wonder was raining down on the settlement—and hence, they rushed from the tannery to see what was descending—lo ! dear reader—we, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, now ended our descent by gliding into the open arms of uncle John Seymour and his nephew John Glenville ! And was not that stumbling upon luck ?

* * * * *

—Did you ever go away off, when travelling was the work of months—away off, a thousand miles, in search of the nearest and dearest kindred—and then, unexpectedly, on a bright and fragrant May morning, find those dear ones in the dark depths of an almost impervious wilderness ? Then did, at that moment, thoughts of the past—happiness—homes—comforts—ay ! of a thousand nameless past things rush like a torrent to your heart—then you know how we—met and rejoiced—and wept ! How we crossed the creek I never knew—all were shaking hands right and left—some asking questions—~~some~~ answering—some sobbing—and how could one see with eyes full of tears ?—But still I do believe we were both *hugged* over !

—But see ! all Glenville is coming—and the daughter is once more upon the bosom of her mother !—yet the voice of weeping are not tears of lamentation—they are tears of joy !

* * * * *

That mornin', thanksgiving prayers went up to heaven from three households united, and hymns of praise resounded amid the wilds : for these families were Chris-

tian—and wherever, in their many wanderings, they halted as pilgrims for a day or a year, there rose the domestic altars.

God is every where !

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST YEAR:

“——locus est et pluribus umbris.”

“——a shady place for several friends.”

WELL ! this is Glenville. Has any body accompanied our fortunes thus far ?—that body may as well see us also “out of the woods.” A sojourn for a few years amid the privations and hardships of the New Purchase will fit you better for a home in the East—in case, we mean, you stay not so long as to be forgotten by the time you go back. And even then—after the first bitter feelings of natural sorrow, of surprise, and perhaps of chagrin—believe me, such a force and independence will have been added to the character, so much self-reliance gendered, as to furnish an almost perpetual and complete substitute in your own resources. One perhaps, after a sojourn of the proper kind in the New Purchase, is rather in danger of too great a contempt for the things of the old : at all events, one, whose spirit is not naturally bad, is very much inclined to feel and say, with the good humour of Bernadotte, when he finds on his return that the world “does not care a fig” for him, “well, tell the world, I do not care a fig for it.”

The man that has *practised* doing with little, and is fully satisfied with it, and for years has been very happy with it, is really superior to the man even of large fortune, and of

many wants. Can *he* be vexed for the want of grand houses, fine furniture, sumptuous food, gay equipage, costly apparel and the like, who, if he despise not such matters, is soberly and philosophically indifferent to them? He has really so schooled himself amid rough huts, rude furniture, coarse food, and homespun clothes, as, in his very heart, to prefer them with their freedom and independence, to the wearisome and silly, and endless anxiety and toil of living for mere show.

On your return, if you have your health, in what can any one, who fancies himself superior, excel you? He knows not as much—he can eat no more—see no more—drink no more—sleep no better—live no longer. Can he drive a gig? you can drive it where he dares not venture. Suppose he *outrides* you—you can *outwalk* him. Does the chap shoot a double-barrelled gun?—so can you, if you would—but you transcend him, oh! far enough with that man's weapon, that in *your* hands deals, at your will, certain death to *one* selected victim, without *scattering* useless wounds at a venture in a little innocent feathered flock.

Stay with us, then, reader; and when you do return, you will certainly enjoy some plain every-day conveniences at home, once undervalued, perhaps despised, but which belong to the tenor of life; you will bear, with good humour, a thousand petty disquietudes of civilized life, that once kept you, and still keep the self-indulged, undisciplined, fashionable vulgar in—"a stew." Yes! you will be cured of a very common and dreadful malady, rendering one miserable in himself and hateful to others—"the fidgets." Nay you will be purged of the "struts and swaggers"—the emptiness of a puffy, self-important inflation, generated by too long an acquaintance among brick and mortar houses, and medicated wooden pavements. In a word, if you become not quite as great a man as you formerly designed to be—(and as city and town folks all at one time intend)—you

will unquestionably, if disposed to learn by a few years residence in a bran New Purchase, become a better and a happier man.

Come, then, I will introduce our settlement. And first, this term is applied to a place where one or more families having bought lands at the government price from Uncle Samuel, have actually *located* on it; and, not to a place bought merely for speculation, or merely trespassed upon by any of that nondescript and original race—the squatters. Indeed, to these a settlement is so odious, that they either pay for land and turn into settlers, or, as is the more frequent, they become indignant at the legal invasion of their domain, and hastily—absquatulate; that is, translated—they go and *squat* in another place. And such is the effect of *settlements* often in here, up north, down east, and so on, where well looking and fine dressed gentlemen become so offended at the impertinence of neighbours, that they too absquatulate: and perhaps better so, as a civilized squatter would rarely make a good neighbour, either *in* or *upon* a settlement.

Out there, a settlement usually takes its name from the person that first “enters the land,” i. e. buys a tract at the land office. Often it takes the name from the family first actually settling, or owning the largest number of acres; and very frequently from the person that establishes a ferry, a smithery, a mill, a tannery, and, above all, a Store. Hence, whilst our brother-in-law was no patriarch in looks or age, owned no boundless territory, and was, in stature, “the least in his father’s house,” yet because he tanned hides—for shoes we mean—and intended soon to sell tape by the yard, and buy pork by the cwt.—we were The Glenville Settlement. And this colony had, within its territories, as many as three human habitations; two occupied by actual settlers, and one by a very special sort of a squatter—the Leatherstocking of our tribe.

On an eminence between the others—and, provided you knew how “to holler,” within hearing of both, but owing to intervening trees, not within sight—stood the primitive and patriarchal cabin—the capitol. South-west, distant a quarter of a mile was the cabin of the Reverend Mr. Hilsbury, lately married to one of Mrs. Carlton’s sisters; and directly south of the episcopal residence, was the tannery, to which John Glenville, of Glenville, owed the honour of giving his name to the colony. Due east from the capitol about a furlong, was the squaterie ofuncle Tommy Seymour, our Leatherstocking. So much of his long life had passed in the wild woods, and among the Indians, that he had thoroughly imbibed their feelings and their sentiments, and had adopted some of their habits; and therefore he had not only acquired an utter distaste, but even a sovereign contempt for most usages and trammels of civilization. And Uncle Tommy was also a preacher—hence Glenville was two-thirds sacred and only one secular!

Around, were a few other settlements, Sturgis’—Hackberry’s—Undergrowth’s—Brushwood’s, and some more; all distant from us and one another—some one mile, some ten. The unentered and unsettled tracts between, were our commons, called the Range—used for hunting, swine-feeding, and the like. The range had, however, inhabitants innumerable:—viz. deer, wolves, foxes—blue, gray, and black—squirrels ditto, ground-swine, vulgarly called ground-hogs, and wild turkeys, wild ducks, wild cats, and all the wild what-y’-callums:—opossums too, up, down, in, and under gum trees:—snakes, with and without rattles, of all colours, from copper to green and black, and of all sizes, from ever so little to ever so big. Add—“the neighbours’ hogs,”—so wild and fierce, that when pork-time arrives, they must be hunted and shot, like other independent beasts. Especially is this the case if mast—(nuts and acorns)—is abundant; when swiney becomes

wholly savage, and loses all reverence for corn-cribs and swill-tubs. Ay, gentle reader, our semi-wild boar is a fellow something different in look, and rather worse to encounter, when saucy or angry, than the vile mud-hole wallower of the Atlantic! If one would understand the wild-boar hunts of Cyrus, or the feudal barons—go, get acquainted with the semi-wild fellow of the Purchase. The range is perambulated by cattle horned and unhorned; by cows, belled and un-belled; and by horses, some with yokes and some without:—but notice, yokes are not to prevent jumping *out* of inclosures, but, *into* them. In the range are also wonderful colts with cunning saucy faces, shaggy manes done up with burrs, and with great long tails, so tangled that Penelope herself could never disentangle—creatures almost uncatchable, and if caught nearly untameable.

Nearly south of Glenville was the grand town—our Woodville. And nearly west, some eight or nine miles and a piece, *was* Spiceburgh—at least in dry times; for the town being on the bottom of Shining River was, in hard rains, commonly under water, so that a conscientious man dared not then to affirm without a proviso, where Spiceburgh was, precisely. North-east from us, some fifty long lonesome miles, was the capital of the State—Timberopolis; the seat of the legislature and of mortality. But death in later times there domineered less. Whether the legislature reformed and refrained from uncommon mischief is not so easy to say. Parties are to this hour, I am informed, themselves, divided on that subject—the opposite partizans, however, exactly agreeing in this:—viz. that the *Ins* are a set of ignorant, selfish, truckling, snivelling humbuggers, while the *Outs* are the men to save the state—*mutatis mutandis*.

In different directions, from Glenville were also Mapville, Mapbourgh and Maptown; in all which the difficulty in

seeing the towns was not owing to the houses, but the trees. A skilful woodsman could, indeed, sometimes find a single house—the whole village: but as the citizens were all absent hoeing corn or the like, except one or more dirty bare-legged babies fastened inside, the lucky hunter, except for the name of being in town, might nearly as well be in the country. Unexpectedly, too, would a traveller sometimes come into a town of thirty or forty habitations but without a solitary inhabitant—the cabins all standing cold and empty like snail-abandoned shells! For, know, reader, that genuine agues out there are often so powerful and vindictive as to shake, not only individuals out of their skins, but whole communities out of their towns and villages! In this latter case the folks swarm like bees and re-settle where the legislature appoints a new seat, passing at the time a law that the ague shall shake them out no more.

This, then, is Glenville, its suburbs, its environs, its neighbourhoods, its ranges—all on that grand scale belonging to Nature in the Far West, where we have grand woods, grand prairies, grand caves, grand rivers, grand bears, grand swine—grand every thing! except, maybe, grand rascals, in which we doubtless excel here in the East.

Let us next enter the patriarchal cabin. Here we become acquainted with Uncle John Seymour and his two sisters, widows, Mrs. Glenville and Aunt Kitty Littleton. Here are also encabined John Glenville and Miss Emily Glenville, the youngest of the family. Here too is a young woman for help—in fact “the gal;” and here are to abide Mr. and Mrs. Carlton—

“All in one cabin?”

All in one cabin. But a family you know is the most compressible and yet the most expansive of bodies. Yes! here we two and a half families endured the compression and lost no breath, and even seemed to have a few spare

inches of room! And yet many years after, in a different part of the world, did Mr. Carlton's own single family expand and spread, and without any violent effort whatever, their importance through a mansion containing fourteen apartments, with cellars, and garrets, and kitchens and all—and still fret for the want of room!

"But what led to the formation of your colony, Mr. Carlton?—what induced gentlemen and ladies of your education and endowments to settle in so remote an obscurity?"

Thank you, Sir—the reasons alluded to in the commencement of this history operated in our case as in the cases of a thousand others; but it was mere accident that turned our folks to their location in the New Purchase.

The Seymours at the close of the last war with Great Britain resided in Philadelphia. Like others they risked their capital during the war in the manufactories of that era; and like others, when peace was proclaimed, the Seymours were ruined. John Seymour—familiarily known among us as Uncle John—on his arrival from the South, where, during a residence of many years he had acquired a handsome fortune, found his sisters Mrs. Glenville and Mrs. Littleton, in great distress, their husbands being recently dead; and having not long before his return buried his wife, (who however had borne him no children,) he immediately took under his protection the two widowed ladies, his sisters, together with the four children of Mrs. Glenville. Fearing his means were not sufficient to sustain the burden providentially cast upon him, at least in the way that was desirable, he resolved to remove to Kentucky. Accordingly, the new organized family all removed to the West; with the exception of Miss Eliza Glenville, who was left to complete her education with the excellent and justly celebrated Mr. Jaudon. With this amiable and interesting creature,* Mr. Carlton, who somehow or other

* The young lady.

always had a taste for sweet and beautiful faces, became acquainted—

“Oh! Mr. Carlton!—*do* tell all about this—”

Not now, young ladies, something must be reserved for future works. But after the usual courtships, lovers' quarrels, scenes and walks in the garden—(Pratt's,) versifications, notes on gilt-edged, flame-coloured paper, ornamented with cooing doves and little fat dumpling cupids—in short, after the most approved meltings, misgivings, misapprehensions and so forth, came the customary Miss-taking—and with the consent of friends east and west we were married.

It had been part of the arrangement that Mr. and Mrs. Carlton should join the family in Kentucky, and that we should establish there a Boarding School for Young Ladies; but now came a letter from John Glenville that Uncle John unfortunate, not in selling a very valuable property at a fair price, but in receiving that price in worthless notes of Kentucky banks, (which, like most banks every twenty or thirty years, had failed,) had with his remaining funds, as his only resort, bought a tract of government lands in the New Purchase; and, that, if I could join him with a few hundred dollars in a little tanning, store-keeping, and *honest* speculation, we might gain, if not riches, at least independence. He added that maybe something could be done in the school line.

Sorry so good a man as Uncle John—and the world boasts none nobler—should be the victim of fraud, yet strange! I found mingled with the feeling of distress a secret joy that so plausible an inducement existed for a life in the genuine, far away, almost unfindable backwoods! Less poetic indeed than her husband, yet Mrs. C. earnestly wished to see her relatives; and so off we started, as the reader knows, in Chapter Second, and here we are waking up a little from a curious dream, in Chapter Fourteenth. Some folks dream all the way through to the very last chapter!

Here we found our new relative the Rev. James Hillsbury, who had married Sarah Glenville in Kentucky, and was now a missionary in the Purchase, in order to look up "a few sheep scattered in the wilderness." And to our great amazement here we found too, Uncle Leatherstocking; for about him Glenville in his letter had been silent, willing us to be, as all had been, taken by surprise; because the family on removing to their new world had found the old gentleman comfortably squatted in a little nook of their territories, when he was supposed all the time to be yet among the Indians on Lake Michigan!

At the time of our arrival Uncle John was barely recovered from a very serious hurt received in the early settlement of the colony. In order to prepare a cabin he left the family in Kentucky and went to the Purchase alone; it being arranged that the family under the care of John Glenville should join him as soon as information came that things were ready. But one day Mr. Seymour, being with his guide in the woods, and in the act of mounting a restive horse, the animal scared at the near and sudden leap of a deer, plunged and knocked down Mr. Seymour, causing the fracture of one arm and several ribs. For six dreadful weeks he there lay in consequence, under a shantee of poles and bark actually built over him as he lay unable to be moved, by some neighbours called by the guide. And these set the bones and dressed the wounds, according to Mr. Seymour's directions, as well as they could; and then leaving the sufferer alone most of the day, as was unavoidable, they brought his victuals at irregular intervals, and slept near him by turns at night. On one occasion, however, our wounded friend would have received a very disagreeable visitor, but for the fortunate arrival at the moment of a neighbour woman with his dinner—who exclaimed,

"Grammins! neighbour Seymour, if there ain't a powerful nasty varmint coming to see you!"

The nature of the visitor was soon revealed to Uncle John ; for alarmed at the approach of the woman, the "nasty varmint" close to the patient's head but behind his camp, raising his terrific head, made at the same time the whole woods tremulously vocal with that rattle so peculiar and so startling even to the accustomed ear. But scarcely had Uncle John time for alarm before the fearless woman had stopped the music ; and then dragging his dying snakeship in front of the camp, she first measured his length, more than five and a half feet, and secondly pulled off what she called "a right smart chance of rattles" and gave them to Mr. Seymour. And this memento of his escape, Uncle John one day as he narrated the affair, handed over to me to hang to the sounding post of my fiddle—such being the western secret of converting common violins into cremonas. I tried the experiment of course ; but not being willing to take out a patent, I now offer the said rattles to any ingenious Yankee, (who wishes to try the thing,) for a box of clarified rosin!—the rattles count sixteen and a button ; just sixteen semi, and part of a demisemiquaver to every shake !

As soon as Mr. Seymour could be carried, he was conveyed to Mr. Sturgis' house, and then he wrote for his family ; who hastening on through many inconveniences and perils, all arrived in safety and found Uncle John just able to walk without assistance. But as to the cabin it was as yet unchinked, undaubed, and without its stack chimney ; yet into that deplorable hovel all were forced to remove and complete it at their leisure ! Ay ! folks that knew all about three story brick houses in Philadelphia ! and who had ridden in their own carriages, in the settlements of the Old Purchase ! and promenaded Chesnut-street, some of them haughtily, and proudly, and delicately !

Ye that have paid \$20,000 for a dwelling, what do you think of a dwelling that cost 20,000 cents ?—for that our cabin cost—and experienced woodmen said that was too

much—that Uncle John had been cheated—and that our cabin could have all been finished off for \$10! from the laying of the first stick to the topping of the chimney!!

Our cabin was in truth a cabin of the Rough Order; for reader, the orders of cabin architecture are various like those of the Greek; for instance—the *Scotched Order*. In this, logs are hacked longitudinally and a slice taken from one side, the primitive bark being left on the other sides. The scotching, however, is usually done for pastime by the boys and young women, while the men are cutting or hauling other timbers. The *Hewed Order*—in which logs, like the stones for Solomon's Temple, are dressed on purpose. The *Stick-out-Corner Order*—the logs left to project at the corners; and the reverse of this, the *Cut-off-Corner Order*. I might name too, the *Doubtful* or *Double Order*. In this, two cabins are built together, but until the addition of chimneys, it is doubtful whether the structure is for men or brutes; and also the *Composite Order*—i. e. loggeries with stone or brick chimneys.

But our abode was, from necessity, of the *Rough Order*—its logs being wholly unhewed and unscotched—its corners projecting and hung with horse collars, gears, rough towels, dish cleaners and calabashes! it had moreover a very rude puncheon floor, a clapboard roof, and a clapboard door; while for window a log in the erection had been skipped, and through this longitudinal aperture came light and—also wind, it being occasionally shut at first with a blanket, afterwards with a clapboard shutter. Neither nail nor spike held any part of the cabin together; and even the door was hung not with iron, but with broad hinges of tough bacon skin. These, however, our two dogs, (of whom more hereafter,) soon smelled and finally gnawed clean off; when we pinned on thick half tanned leather, which swagging till the door dragged on the earth, we at last manufactured wooden hinges; and these remained till the dissolu-

tion of our colony. The entire structure was, in theory, twenty feet square, as measured by an axe-handle having set off on itself two feet from the store keeper's yardstick, where the cabin builder bought his handle at Woodville. But I ever believed the yardstick itself must have shrunk in seasoning, because our carpets stretched inside, as will be described in the next Chapter, made the gross length only nineteen feet two inches, and the neat length inside, an average about seventeen feet one inch. As our arrival caused a new arrangement of the interior cabin, we shall start on this subject afresh in

CHAPTER XV.

“—Qui miscuit utile dulci.”

“—Which mixes soap and sugar.”

THRIFTY housewives in cutting little boys' roundabouts and trowsers always contrive out of a scant pattern of pepper and salt stuff, to leave enough for patches; but for the Glenvillians it remained to subdivide two hundred and eighty nine square feet of internal cabin into all the apartments of a commodious mansion. Hence ours became the model cabin in the Purchase.

And first, the puncheoned area was separated into two grand parts, by an honest Scotch carpet hung over a stout pole that ran across with ends rested on the opposite wall plates; the woollen portion having two-thirds of the space on one side and the remaining third on the other.

Secondly, the larger space was then itself subdivided by other carpets and buffalo robes into chambers, each containing one bed and twelve nominal inches to fix and unfix in; while trunks, boxes and the like plunder were stationed under the bed. Articles intended by nature to be hung, frocks,

hats, coats, &c., were pendent from hooks and pegs of wood inserted into the wall. To move or turn round in such a chamber without mischief done or got was difficult; and yet we came at last to the skill of a conjuror that can dance blindfolded among eggs—we could in the day without light and at night in double darkness, get along and without displacing, knocking down, kicking over, or tearing!

The chambers were, one for Uncle John and his nephew; one for the widow ladies and Miss Emily, who, being the pet, nestled at night in a trundle bed, partly under the large one; and one *very* small room for the help, which was separated from the Mistress' chamber by pendulous petticoats. Our apprentices slept in an out-house. These chambers were all south of the grand hall of eighteen inches wide between the suites; on the north, being first *our* room and next it the stranger's—a room into which at a pinch were several times packed three bodies of divinity or clerical dignitaries. Beyond the hospitality chamber was the toilette room, fitted with glasses, combs, hair-brushes, &c., and after our arrival, furnished with the first glass window in all that part of the Purchase. The window was of domestic manufacture, being one fixed sash containing four panes, each eight by ten's, by whose light in warm weather we could not only fix but also read in retirement.

Thirdly, the smaller space, east of the Scotch wall, was subdivided, but like zones and tropics, with mere imaginary lines. Front of the fire-place was the parlour. Into it were ushered visitors, mainly, however, to prevent curiosity or awkwardness from meddling with the corners and their uses; but against which we were forced finally to place a table or two as preventives.

The right hand corner was the ladies' *private* sitting room. It was fitted with clap-board shelves, and on these

were arranged work-bags, boxes, baskets, paint-boxes, machinery for sewing, knitting, &c. The left side and whole corner was the library, or as usually styled—Carlton's study.

Our *artificial* rooms were indeed connected with some anomalies : for instance, under the parlour, was the Potato Hole ! And that held about twenty bushels. The descent into this spacious vault, was accomplished by raising a puncheon and vaulting down on the vegetables ; the ascent, by resting the hands on the edges of the parlour floor and weighing the body up. Again, Carlton's study had in it a species of dresser-closet, invented and constructed by the author himself. It was constructed of clap-boards dressed with a hatchet, and held on some shelves, books in several languages, writings, plates, knives, fiddle, pepper-box, flute, mustard-box, and box of rosin, and so on ; while some modest and light cooking utensils were lodged in the basement story shelves. To conceal the structure was hung over as much of its front as could be covered, an invalid table cloth, very white and very patched.

The kitchen proper had, about ten yards from the mansion house, a whole cabin to itself. Here were all the vulgar pots, kettles, frying-pans, homminy-block, and the like ; here the common cooking, the washing and ironing, and weaving, and—oh ! ever so many—common and uncommon—common things besides. Pickling, preserving, cake-baking, clear-starching, sugar-refining, ruffle-ironing, candy-making, and all such polite affairs were commonly honoured with attention in the parlour.

Like most grandee people brought low and “ flitting ” to the West, our plunder was, like the Vicar's Family Picture, too large for the house. We had also no small quantum of envy and jealousy exciting articles, “ the like of which had never been seen growing among corn,” at least in the Purchase—and such, policy required should be hid. Many

things, therefore, were left packed and deposited in lofts and outhouses. Still some impolitic articles were unpacked, being, however, kept concealed behind the curtain—like sacred mysteries from the eyes and hands of the profane. But an accident soon after our arrival delivered the colony from part of these.

A large, antique, and elegantly japanned waiter had been nicely balanced on a shelf in the toilette chamber; and on this grand affair were tastefully set numerous anti-tee-total glasses, jelly glasses, remains of a gilded French china tea set, and ever so many *Reliquiæ Danaum*—all regarded, I fear, with half repressed elation, as shining remembrancers of departed glory and greatness. Anyhow, more than once on my sudden appearance behind the woolly rampart, there was Mrs. C., ay, and even Aunt Kitty herself, a handling, and a dusting, and a refixing the relics, as devout as if all had been saints' bones—often with smiles of complacency—but sometimes with tears! And, after all, perhaps, that was not so very unreasonable:—friends far away now—yes some no more on earth—dear friends had once surrounded that very waiter—sipped tea from those very cups—and in the fashion of bygone days, had drunk healths from those glasses. Reader! may be you have shed secret tears yourself over such things? We think of friends then, do we not? Mournful shadows of the past are in the vision! But the Genius of the Woods was incensed: and mark the consequences.

One day Mrs. Seymour entered the parlour with a cake of sugar-tree sugar in her hands, and nearly as large and heavy as she could conveniently carry. After our unanimous admiration of its size, and breaking off lumps to taste, the dear old lady disappeared to deposit the saccharine treasure on the great store shelf constructed immediately over the waiter of idols. Now oak pins *are* very strong, tough and tenacious, and of most Job-like endurance—but the crea-

tures will not *bear* every thing ; hence the two enormous pins under the store shelf had repeatedly sighed forth remonstrances, as extra pound after pound of hard soap, sugar, tallow, and jugs of vinegar and molasses, and what nots, were cruelly and inconsiderately added to the already almost insupportable weight. But to-day, when that huge lump of sugar was suddenly added to the grievance, the indignant pins would stick to it no longer : in a moment—without one further premonitory creak, off they both snapped simultaneously—and down came the soap and sugar and tallow—down came the store tea and the true coffee-coffee, and the rye-coffee, and the oca, and the spices in brown paper bags, and the pepper, red and black in exiled tea cups ! Ah ! yes ! alas ! alas ! and down came that japanned waiter and its gilded cups, and conical glasses for wine, and bell-mouthed ones for ices and jellies ! and, moreover, down went the dear old lady of the crimped cap, all rolling, heaped, mixed higgledy-piggledy, into one bushel and a peck of yellow corn meal reposing in a wash tub, and thirty-one and a half pounds of wheat flour in a half-bushel measure, below ! So much can a big lump of unclarified backwoods sugar do ! Ah ! had it been double rectified loaf, in blue paper, of a conical form and neatly bound with hard twisted twines, dividing off circles and parabolas ! But a lump of uncivilized sweetness just turned out of a pot !

Mrs. Seymour, however, was soon extricated amid the almost endless oh's—ah's—who-could-have-thought-it's—and similar exclamations, queries, reproaches and extenuations, pertaining to accidents created by ourselves ; and happily she had sustained no injury whatever, although the outer woman was considerably well sugared, well mealed, well vinegared, and not a little soaped ! But the glory of the brittle ware shone only in pieces—multiplied but not increased ! Not an idol escaped, save a little punch goblet

belonging to the Carlton ancestry, and at the time considerably more than a century old ! and whether the sagacity of age was the cause or not, this ancient relic contrived to roll by itself into an untouched part of the meal tub, where after the pell-mell ended, it was discovered, whole and sound. If any one is incredulous we will show him when he calls, the venerable article yet preserved in cotton !

About the time of the accident just told, the venerable old pier glass, suspended opposite the only door of the cabin was threatened with a very great danger. A neighbour having ended a morning call, that, according to the etiquette of the Purchase, had lasted from a short time after breakfast till past noon, rose to depart with the farewell formula, " Well, I allow I must be a sort a-goin' " and then off he started with great activity in the direction of the door visible but not real. In other words mistaking the open door reflected in the glass for the true door, he began kicking his heavy shod feet towards the mirror ; but as he ducked his head to clear the lintel of the scant door, he naturally encountered a rough looking personage seemingly butting against himself from the apparent door—when round he wheeled, confused indeed, but just in time, (and before we could have arrested him) to avoid stepping into the very bosom of the old reflector.

Such risk was too great for the glass to encounter again, and so it was carefully re-packed and put away 'till we removed some years after to Woodville ; where, as it could be placed so as to imitate neither door nor window, it was brought again into the light and permitted to renew its reflections. Alas ! then, however, a dear face that had been familiar to the old mirror for nearly three-fourths of a century, was seen pictured there no more ! Young and joyous, and pleasant faces, have often since peeped from its bosom ; but never one so mild, so resigned, so radiant even

on earth with beams from the heavenly world, as that venerable and venerated countenance gazing now and with out a medium upon the resplendent and ravishing scenes !

Pulvis et umbra sumus !

CHAPTER XVI.

“Quadrupedante putrem quatit ungula campum.”

“A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !”

J. GLENVILLE and myself, not being able to complete certain arrangements immediately, my first summer and autumn were spent in learning two arts, the one tending to the preservation of hides, the other, to the destruction of hides:—grinding bark, and rifle-shooting. The present chapter is devoted to the former, the subsequent one, to the latter art.

Our bark-house was of the Grecian architecture in its infancy, being almost wholly upright poles as columns, on which reposed, (when the grinding ceased,) the calm moonlight horizontals, kept from falling off by the crotches of the perpendiculars. On the horizontals were laid other poles, and on these the roof, the latter being with due regard itself made of bark. Under this shelter was our store of bark, mostly oak and chestnut, with here and there a pile of beech ; and here, at one end, was our—ay ! what shall it be called ? Ye tanners and curriers, and all ye other hide dressers ! Shall we say our bark-masher—or breaker—or mill—or pounder—or tritterer ? However, I will describe, and you name.

First, was a hexagonal beam. This stood up nearly perpendicular, its iron pivots at each end inserted into iron sockets fastened above and below ; and by means of these pivots the beam could, when required, circulate with entire freedom. Next, into this hexagonal, was fixed at right an-

gles an hexagonal axis, yet free to move at the end inserted; while its other end, passing first the nominal centre of a wheel, (the axis there being wedged in theory immoveable,) it continued beyond the lateral surface of said wheel far enough to admit fixtures for Old Dick—a quadruped presently to be introduced, not fashionably and formally by the tip of a hat and the tip of a finger, but in detail, i. e. from head to tail.

But the wheel!—ah! had we that wheel and dear Old Dick in here to grind bark as a show! It came nearer perpetual motion, that is, when Dick was harnessed, and I had the rake in my hand, nearer than any thing I have ever known since Redheifer's. The article was composed of eight large white-oak blocks; the four interior ones being parallelogramic, the four circumferential, plano-convex; and all bound by long wooden pins driven from the circumference, and by enormous clamps on the lateral surfaces. In this state of *e pluribus unum*, the affair was as near a circle as is the earth to a sphere; and when art so closely resembles nature wheelwrights should be satisfied. But when motion began, the sections and segments not moving unanimously, circles were evolved whose circumferences did not obey the definition, in preserving equal distances from the centre—nor did the centre stick exactly to its own point. Especially were these irregularities visible, if old Dick became fidgetty, or “suspicioned” I was going to rake him—when he would jerk the whole concern with so sudden a vengeance, as not only to displace the central wedges intended to confine the axis in the wheel, but to threaten the dissolution of the whole bark house.

The wheel, (by courtesy,) was fourteen inches thick; and its circumference was pierced with many holes by an inch-and-quarter augur to the depth of eight inches in towards the centre; and these holes were armed with strong pegs or wooden teeth, driven to the entire depth, and left

projecting from the circumference about four inches each:—the whole thus forming as tremendous and effective an engine of torture as the best inquisitors could desire for the extension of the Church. Indeed, if any saint, after his Holiness shall have converted our pagan countries, shall wish with young Doctor Oxford to break ungodly heretics, either *on* or *under* the wheel, for offences against the *State*, ours would be the very dandy. But let no Mr. Dominick think Old Dick could have been either persuaded or goaded to pull the wheel over human beings: hardly could he be frightened or coaxed to pull it over lifeless bark! No! no! godly people must work the wheel themselves, unless they prefer to turn it into a treadmill, or employ steam.

Lastly, the floor. This had the perpendicular, hexagonal rotary shaft first described, as its centre, or thereabouts; whence extended imaginary radii, some five, others nearly six feet, rendering it doubtful if three times the diameter was precisely equal to the circumference. Still the circumference being bounded by a border rising above the floor an average of ten inches, the contents of the area could easily be known by the wheelbarrow loads of ground bark carried thence to the vats—near enough at least for a popular lecture before some institute of *practical* science.

Another *last* word, however, seems necessary here, about our floor. It was of puncheons. Not, my friend, the puncheons of brandy stores, distilleries, or other alcoholic abodes, but back-wood puncheons. And these are a species of Robinson Crusoe board, being planks from three to ten feet long, and from two to five inches thick; and wide as the size of the trees whence they are severally hewed by the means of axe and adze. On such gigantic flooring do primitive Buckeyes, Hoosiers and the like tread and sleep, after the departure of the *red* aboriginals.

But come, Dick, my nonpareil of “hoss beasts,” trot up, for thy history and portrait.

When this remarkable quadruped was foaled is uncertain. No satisfaction on this point could be gained even from his own mouth: not that Dick would utter a deliberate falsehood—that was impossible—but still the answers he gave by his mouth, to different experienced jockeys, made some say he was sixteen, and others twenty-six years old!—I have known some even insist he must be at least thirty! and some even forty! I incline to the opinion, however, that, like certain human bachelors, Dick was of no particular age.

It is agreed by all that he was foaled, however, and in Pennsylvania, among the mountains about the Bear Gap. Here he was brought up to the wagoning business, having served his apprenticeship with the famous teamster, Mr. Conestoga Dutchy. Acting in his tender years as wheel-horse, he was so constantly squeezed between the wagon pushing him forward from his tail, and his master pulling him backward from his head, that his longitudinal growth was very greatly impeded, and it could be said, not that Dick was longer than any other brief horse, but only not quite so short. Happily, what was wanting to the fellow's longitude was added to his latitude; and after all, he had as much weight of character as longer horses, and, like a French bullet, more too in a lump. On emergencies, although Dick was educated as a wheel-horse, he could act in the lead, and well understood the difference between the line jerked and the line pulled—indeed, better, I must confess, than Mr. Carlton himself, who often managed the line wrong, to the great jeopardy of his load; only Dick, out of generosity, would usually go the way the driver meant, but for which in ignorance, he had given the improper signal.

At the earnest recommendation of their mutual friends, Dick was bought as a family horse by Uncle John, when in Northumberland. Accordingly the fellow, after performing wonders on the journey from Philadelphia to the West, in

hawing and geeing, and in pulling right dead ahead up one side a mountain and holding back down the other; and after having ploughed, and harrowed, and thrashed, &c. in Kentucky, came at last with the family to the Purchase, where at our arrival, he was cherished as no unimportant member of the Glenville community.

Here he hauled logs for cabins and fires, bark for the tannery, went to mill both with and without the cart, and sometimes to meeting and sometimes to Woodville. In going to mill without the cart he usually carried one man and two bags, bag No. 1, full of wheat, bag No. 2, full of corn, and this was always the case in freshets, for Dick forded creeks like a sea-horse; although the things on his back might keep dry if they could, his own being under water: as to being floated away—phoo!—preposterous!—Dick could stay a creek like a dam! He could grind bark too; carry raw hides and hides tanned, having no fears either about his own! It was almost like that of a rhinoceros, and would have resisted every process to transmute it into leather, patent or unpatent—and we used both.

But nothing so endeared Dick to his friends as his mental and moral qualities. He was for these worthy of the fairy age; and had he lived in the days of Beauty and the Beast, I do think he would have talked right out as well as the best of the brutes belonging to the era. He was, among other matters, the only horse that had a relish for practical jokes. Let any one leave a nice flitch of fat bacon in the sun till the pot was ready, under the notion too, that greasing a horse's teeth will stop his eating oats, the rascal was sure to smell out and devour it! Let the girl set out a swill for Sukey, and turn away a few moments—you might catch sight of the tip of Dick's ear as he peeped from behind the smoke house till the coast was clear, and the next instant he would be gobbling the mess, lifting his black-brown head to grin at the stupid cow, and with a

keen twinkling eye watching the return of the girl. And when the help came in a whirlwind of wrath not indeed *on* but *with* a broomstick—bah! how he would heel it snorting and showing his teeth equivalent with him to saying—“catch a duck asleep!” Or when Dick was regaling on his own allowance of corn on the ear, in the front of the inclined cart, and swiney ran grunting up for a chance grain or so dropped on the ground, our wag would on a sudden with his teeth seize the unschooled creature just back of the shoulders, and then lifting him up, shake him so as to fill all Glenville with the squealings of terror or pain; making it evident to all untutored beasts that Dick himself had lived when the schoolmaster was abroad.

He was kind to men; but to women he was specially kind. For fun he would carry males double and even treble; but females might be packed from stem to stern and the kind soul would trot away with an evident care. True, he would now and then turn his quizzical head with a make-believe snap at the dangling feet, but it was manifest all was sham from his peculiar grin—(his way of laughing)—when any not acquainted with the trick would scream or jump down. When thus used for sport, no saddle or bridle was needed, the passengers on the forecastle holding by the mane, those on the poop, by the helm, and those amidships sitting, *à la squaw*, with ancles on both sides. The steering was, however, done at the prow by boxing his ears; when he turned at right angles with the slap, and if fun was to be made, which was always indicated to him by a peculiarity in the slapping, he turned so suddenly as to occasion the rise, the fall, and the flourish of petticoats. And indeed this was the grand recreation and sport in the whole affair! and a ride on old Dick was one of the inducements to the young ladies from the neighbourhoods to visit Glenville!

Ay! you may suspend all this on your nose: but, be-

lieve me, in no way is the fear of the East before people's eyes out there ; secondly, folks *will* play ; and thirdly, remember "*de gustibus non*"—i. e. literally translated "some love hog and homminy."

But I must not make too large a picture ; so with the mention of Dick's idiosyncrasy—(for since the birth of Phrenology that disease is quite fashionable)—we shall for the present suffer him to trot away. Like other celebrated persons he had then his antipathies : he never could bear the sight of a dead owl ! and, unless blindfolded, would never carry on his back the carcass of a dead deer ! And this, after carrying barn-hill fowls a dozen at a time tied by the legs and dangling against his sides ! and tanned and raw hides innumerable ! Hence his enemies may suppose it was all affectation—but it was no such thing—it was real and uncontrollable idiosyncrasy—as real as Dr. Reverence's towards a live cat, or Col. Butcher's towards a drawn sword !

Such then was our barkery, our bark, and our bark grinder—and, such was old Dick. But all in motion ! Can one without a black board and diagrams exhibit the cycloids of that uncircular roundity—the wheel ? Can we without brass bands and bad players make audible the skreaking of the ungreased pivots ?—the curious moaning and growling of the axis ?—and the dreadful cracking and crashing of the bark under the miniature Juggernaut ? And who has skill to catch and fix on paper, or canvas, the look and manner of that more than half reasoning horse ?—after resting the full hour I had been in chase of a playful squirrel, starting off at the crack of the rifle, and trying to prove by his manner that he had been going all the time !

If any one is Hogarth enough when he undertakes this work with "picters to match," let him not fail to illustrate old Dick and the Bark Mill.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Omne tulit punctum,"

"Centre every time."

READER, were you ever *fired* with the love of rifle shooting? If so, the confidence now reposed in your honour will not be abused, when told my love for that noble art is unabated: nay, let me whisper in your ear—

"What yet?"

Yes—in the corner of my bed chamber a genuine New Purchase rifle! And all the forest equipments,—otter skin bullet pouch with a tail gracefully pendent—a scalping knife in a sheath adorned with procupine quills—a savage little hatchet—a powder horn, and its loader of deer-horn, tied on with a deer sinew and holding enough to prime a shot gun—a mould running three hundred and twenty-five to the pound—wipers—an iron hook to tote squirrels—and some hundred and fifty patches all strung and fastened to the leather strap of the pouch—ay! and a pair of moccasins and pair of green leggins, and—

"Do you ever yet go a gunning?"

Gunning!—alas! is that degrading appellation to be applied to hunting!—but how should they know? Yes, I do steal off sometimes and try to fancy myself in the woods. But what are these *scrawney* little trees fenced in to prevent cattle from eating them down? Where is a squirrel, or a racoon, or a fox, or a turkey to hide? And where can one lose himself and camp out? No grand and centurial trees here reaching up to heaven and sending roots to the centre of the earth! No hollow caverns in enormous trunks, where wolves and bears may lurk! No vast sheltering expanse of tops where panthers and wild cats may find security! How vain to think of crawling through a thicket of undergrowth to the leaside of

a deer, stepping with moccasined foot—stirring no leaves—cracking no twig—shaking no bushes—till one can get within the magical distance, a hundred yards. Nothing, nothing here, to excite dread, call forth skill, reward toil, and show the independence of the hunter.

True, I make-believe, like little girls, playing baby house; I say to myself, “Now Carlton, ’spose that old log away off there was a bear?—or that tame turkey a wild one?—or that cream-coloured calf a deer—or that sharp eared dog a wolf?” And instinctively I catch myself with my side that way, drawing a bead with one eye into the hind sight and fixing the other on the may-be game, and then, click goes the trigger. Fortunate, the rifle is not cocked. Indeed, these rehearsals are always without a load; if not, farewell to the integrity of the little knot in the old log—and to the gambols of calf and dog—good night to the eyes of farm turkies and dunghill roosters!

In vain do flocks of black-birds and robins, and tom-tits rise!—they might perch on my shoulders: for who but a wretched dandy and shot-gun driveller, with a double-barrelled gun, a whole pound of powder! and four pounds! of shot! will fire at a flock, killing two and wounding twenty? To be sure a curious stranger will sometimes meet us and politely request to see “a rifle *discharged!*” and with an incredulous smile wonder if a man can really hit a solitary single bird with so “*minute*” a ball! And then we cannot but show off, and so we begin with amazing condescension:

“Sir! do you see that little blue bird?”

“Oh! yes! that tiny creature on the next tree.”

“Tut, no!—that to your right, on the post.”

“What! that away there? too far, Sir, too far.”

“Too far!—forty-five yards in a straight line!!”

Reader, we hit at any height or in any direction; but a horizontal or a little below is our preference. The rifle is better balanced, and the light, especially in opposition to

the sun, is thus less dazzling and makes the cleanest bead. Hence I select, if possible, on occasions like the present a bird so placed as to render the affair more like our target firing.

"Now, Sir,"—we continue—"I shall hit that bird."

"If you do, I will eat it."

"Then you will have your supper in a second or two."

And with that I set triggers—toss down my hat—feel for a level with my feet—cock rifle—turn left side to the mark—raise the piece with my thumb on the cock—incline shoulders back with knees bending outward—till the mass of man and gun rest on the base—let fall the rifle a little below object—and then, ceasing to breathe and stopping my pulse, and bringing into the hind sight a silver bead like a pin's head, I rapidly raise that bead till darkened by the feathers under the throat—and the next you see is a gentle flutter of spread wings as if the poor little creature was flying down for a worm or a crumb.

"Ah! Sir, you've only inflicted a severe wound; but really this is wonderful! I could hardly believe in this skill unless I saw it."

"Well, sir, please pick it up; the poor tit is dead enough, and never knew what hurt him." And of course, reader, it must be so, for the bird's head is off.

Such skill was of course not the work of a day. Ounces of powder and pounds of lead were spent in vain first, and many a squirrel, at the crack of the rifle, would remain chattering or eating a nut, imagining somebody was shooting somewhere; until conjecturing by the third or fourth ball peeling bark some two or three feet from him, that the firing was rather in his direction, away he would scud for fear a chance bullet should maybe hit him! But my heart was in the matter in those days. Hence it is no great marvel if in due time my rifle dealt out certain death second to none in the Purchase. What avail then concealment in the top-

most branches ; there was the dark spot of a body or a head amid the green leaves. What ! a retreat behind crotches or into holes ; there was yet the tip of an ear or point of a nose, or twinkle of an eye. Or did a squirrel expand on a small limb till his body above was a mere line of fur on the bark like feathery hair on a caterpillar ? in vain, " the meat" was mine.

A squirrel once so stretched himself as to create a doubt whether a squirrel was above the branch or not ; but firing *secundum artem* down he came, and, as was necessary, dead.

Yet wound external had he none ; he had been killed, as is often the case, although it occurred but once with me, by concussion ; the ball having struck the limb of the tree exactly under his heart.

Let none think we western people follow rifle shooting, however, for mere sport ; that would be nearly as ignoble as shot gun idleness ! The rifle procures, at certain seasons, the only meat we ever taste ; it defends our homes from wild animals and saves our corn fields from squirrels and our hen-roosts from foxes, owls, opossums and other " varmints." With it we kill our beeves and our hogs, and cut off our fowls' heads : do all things in fact, of the sort with it, where others use an axe, or a knife, or that far east savagism, the thumb and finger. The rifle is a woodman's lasso. He carries it everywhere as (a very degrading comparison for the gun, but none other occurs,) a dandy a cane. All, then, who came to our tannery or store came thus armed ; and rarely did a customer go, till his rifle had been tried at a mark, living or dead, and we had listened to achievements it had done and could do again. No wonder, in these circumstances, if I should practice ; especially when it needed but the flash of a rifle pan to set off our in-bred magazine of love and tendencies towards bullet moulds and horn loaders ! No wonder, that, after many failures, even in hitting a tree, Mr. Carlton could be seen in his glory at

last, standing within lines of beholders right and left, and at forty-five yards off-hand planting bullet after bullet into the same augur hole ! Reader ! may you live a thousand years ; but if you *must* die, unless somebody will save your life by splitting an apple on your head—(William Tell size)—at fifty yards off-hand with a rifle ball, send for me—shut your eyes for fear of flinching—and at the crack—go, your life is your own.

Old Dick is one hobby often mounted literally and maybe now too often, metaphorically, the rifle is my other. But with *this* by no means must we *bore* you ; and, therefore, after narrating my famous shots in behalf of the Temperance Society, we shall for the present put the gun on the rack over the fireplace.

Glenville and myself were once, on some mercantile affairs, travelling in an adjoining county, when we came suddenly on a party preparing to shoot at a mark ; and from the energy of words and gestures it was plain enough a prize of unusual importance was proposed. We halted a moment, and found the stake to be a half-barrel of whiskey. If ever, then and there was to be sharp-shooting ; and without question, then and there was present every chap in the settlements that could split a bullet on his knife blade or take the rag off the bush.

“Glenville,” said I, seized with a sudden whim, “lend me fifty cents ; I mean to shoot.”

“Nonsense ! Carlton ; you *can't* win here ; and if you could, what does the president of a temperance society want with a barrel of whiskey ?”

“John, if I can find a gun here anything like my own, I *can* win. And although I have never before won or lost a penny, I shall risk half a dollar now for the fun of the thing, and to have the satisfaction of knocking yonder barrel in the head and letting out the stuff into the branch here.”

After some further discussion Glenville acquiesced, and

we drew near the party ; where dismounting, I made the following speech and proposal :

“ Well, gentlemen, I think I can outshoot any man on the ground, if you will let us come in and any neighbour here will allow me to shoot his gun, in case I can find one to my notion ; and here’s my fifty cents for the chance. But, gentlemen and fellow citizens, I intend to be right out and out like a backwoodsman ; and so you must all know we are cold water men, and don’t believe in whiskey ; and so, in case we win, the barrel is, you know, ours, and then I shall knock the article in the head. But then we are willing to pay either in money or temperance tracts the amount of treat every gentleman will get if anybody else wins.”

To this a fine, hardy looking farmer apparently some sixty years old and evidently the patriarch of the settlement, replied :

“ Well, stranger, come on ; you’re a powerful honest man any how ; and here’s my hand to it ; if you win, which will a sort a tough you though, you may knock the stingo in the head. And stranger, you kin have this here gun of mine, or Long Jake’s thare ; or any one you have a notion on. How do you shoot ? ”

“ Off-hand, neighbour ; any allowance ? ”

“ Yes ; one hundred yards with a rest ; eighty-five yards off-hand.”

“ Agreed.”

“ Agreed.”

Arrangements and conditions, usual in grand contests like that before us, were these :

1st. A place level as possible was selected and cleared of all intervening bushes, twigs, &c. 2d. A large tree was chosen. Against this the target shingles were to be set, and from its roots or rather trunk, were measured off towards the upper end of the cleared level, the two distan-

ces, eighty-five and one hundred yards. A pair of very fine natural dividers were used on this occasion ; viz. a tall young chap's legs, who stepped with an elastic jerk, counting every step a yard ; a profitable measure if one was *buying* broadcloth ; but here the little surpluses on the yards were equally to the advantage of all. 3d. Cross lines at each distance, eighty-five and one hundred yards, were drawn on the measured line ; and on the first the marksman stood who fired off-hand, while on the second the rests were placed or constructed. Rests depended on taste and fancy ; some made their own—some used their comrades'—and some rested the rifle against the side of a tree on the line : and of all the rests this is the best, if one is careful to place the barrel near its muzzle against the tree and not to press hard upon the barrel. Some drive in two forked stakes and place on them a horizontal piece ; and some take a chair, and then seated on the ground, they have the front of the chair towards them and its legs between their feet, resting the whole gun thus upon the seat of the chair. Again, many set a small log or stone before them, and then lying down flat on their bellies, they place the muzzle on the rest and the butt of the gun on the ground near their face ; and then the rifle seems as moveless as if screwed in a vice. In this way Indians and woodsmen often lie in ambuscade for deer at the licks, or enemies in war.

4th. Every man prepared a separate target. This was a poplar shingle, having near its middle a spot blackened with powder or charcoal as a ground ; and on this ground was nailed at its four corners a piece of white paper about an inch square and its centre formed by a diamond hole ; two corners being perpendicularly up and down. From the interior angles of the diamond were scratched with a knife point two diagonals, and at their intersection was the true centre. With a radius of four inches from this centre was then circumscribed a circle : if beyond this circum-

ference any *one* of the allotted shots struck, ay! but a hair's breadth, all other shots, even if in the very centre, were nugatory—the unlucky marksman lost.

5th. Each man had three shots. And provided the three were within the circle, each was to be measured by a line from the centre of the diamond to the near edge of the bullet hole—except a ball grazed the centre, and then the line went to the centre of the hole—and then, the three separate lengths added were estimated as one string or line, the shortest securing the prize. This is called line shooting.

6th. Each one fixed, or had fixed, his target against the tree as he pleased; and then, each man was to fire his three shots in succession, without being hurried or retarded. We occupied on an average to-day every man about fifteen minutes.

More than thirty persons were assembled, out of whom had been selected seven as the best marksmen; but these, induced by the novelty, having good-naturedly admitted me, we were now eight. Of the eight, five preferred to shoot with a rest; but the old Achates, the sapling* woodman that had stepped off the distances, and myself, were to fire off hand. All the rifles were spontaneously offered for the stranger's use. I chose, however, Tall Jake's; for although about a pound too heavy, it sighted like my own, and went as easy on the triggers, and carried one hundred and eighty to the pound—only five more than mine which carried one hundred and seventy-five.

Auditors and spectators now formed the double lines, standing, stooping, and lying in very picturesque attitudes, some fifteen feet each side the range of the firing, and that away down towards the target tree even, behind which several chaps as usual, planted themselves to an-

* Tall Jake.

nounce at each crack the result of the shot. All this seems perilous ; and yet accidents rarely happen. In all my sojourn in the Purchase we had but two. The first happened to a fine young fellow, who impatient at some delay, peeped out it is supposed, to ascertain the cause, when at the instant the rifle was fired, and its ball glancing entered his head and he fell dead in his tracks. The next happened to an elderly man, who was stationed behind a large tree awaiting the report, and who at the flash of the gun, fell from behind with one piercing cry of agony, bleeding and dying :—the trunk was hollow and in and opposite the place where our neighbour stood in apparent safety, was a mere shell, through which the ball had gone and entered his heart !

Well, the firing at length began. I have no distinct recollection of every shot. Now and then, a central ball was announced, and that followed by two others a full inch or may be an inch and an eighth even from the centre ; and once, where two successive balls were within the diamond, the third, by some mischance of the rest depended on, struck on the very edge of the grand circle. Balls, too, were sometimes planted in three different corners of the paper—very good separate shots—yet proving want of steady and artistical sighting, or even a little experimenting with the edges of the hind sight ; which was owing doubtless to drawing the bead to the edge and not the bottom.

A smart young fellow having made two very fair shots, boasted so grandly about his new rifle, that a grave, middle-aged hunter offered to bet a pound of lead, that if the young chap would allow him after the gun was rested for the shot, to rub his hand from the lock to the muzzle, he would so bewitch the rifle that she should miss the big tree. This was all agreed to ; and then, such as knew how to bewitch rifles rapidly retreated to our rear, and such as did not, were

beckoned and called till they came. All ready, the young man on the ground, and his rifle on its rest, our conjuror ran his hand slowly along the barrel, pausing an instant at the muzzle, and uttering an incantation, and then going behind the marksman, he bade him fire when he liked. This he did; and marvellous enough it was—the ball not only missed the shingle, but struck no where in the tree! Great was the astonishment and mortification of the youth; but as we magnanimously allowed him a shot extra and without witchcraft, his countenance brightened and especially when his ball now spoiled the inner edge of his diamond.

Perhaps you are curious, and wish to learn how to bewitch a rifle? I will tell on one condition:—all the spectators when a rifle is bewitched must be made to come to the rear of the firing party. Here is the recipe: let the rifle-doctor conceal in his hand a bullet small enough for the purpose, and on rubbing as far as the muzzle, let him as adroitly as possible deposit said bullet just within the said muzzle—safely betting any number of pounds of lead, that whatever else the marksman may hit, he cannot hit his shingle. N. B. See that the rifle to be bewitched has no triggers set, and is not on cock, otherwise two tartars of a very unpleasant character may be caught by the rifle-doctor instead of one.

One man only took to his belly, (the technical term was to fire on his belly,) but as his log-rest turned a little at the third shot, the unerring bullet, following the guidance of the barrel, stuck itself plump outside the circumference named, and thus nullifying one true central ball, and one in the lower interior point or angle of his diamond. Another man was still more unfortunate. After two most excellent shots, his gun hanging fire at the third, he bawled out, "No shot!" which being a notification before the shot could be examined and reported, entitled him to another trial; but alas! the ball thus tabooed had grazed the centre! Again

his gun hung fire ; but now he did not *veto* ; and his bullet was found sticking in the tree an honest foot above the top even of his shingle !

And now we, who fired off-hand, and thereby professed to be "crack" shots—(yet most marksmen make a *noise* there)—we began to make ready. We higgled a little as to who should lead off ; not to show politeness as well bred folks in entering rooms and carriages, but because all were, the least bit however, cowed, and each wished to see what his neighbour could do first. When that kind of spirit comes crawling over a body in rifle-shooting, it must be banished in an instant. The effect in oratory may be a very good speech—(unless you stump)—but in our art, it is always a very bad shot. Our noble art demands calmness and the most imperturbable self-possession ; and that, at the beginning, the middle, the ending of the exercises. And so I said :—

"Well, gentlemen, if you want to see where to plant your balls, I'm the one, I think, to show you"—

"Why no, stranger"—replied the old Achates—"I allow that aint fair nither, to let you lead off. We're all neighbour-like here, and 'tis only right you should see what we kin do fust. I sort a suppose maybe it will save you the trouble of shootin anyhow. So come, Long Jake, crack away and I'll foller—and arter, you, stranger, may shoot or not jist as you like best."

"Agreed, grandaddie," responded Long Jake, "so here goes." And then Jake, after returning from the old beech, where he had put up his target, took his rifle, left a moment leaning against a tree, and with firmness and grace stepped on the line. Two things and only two gave me hopes, viz : he shut his left eye and held on the diamond without rising or falling perpendicularly to it : but then he held that rifle as if it were the true horizon—and then—

click—snap—but no report. Lucky snap for me !* I knew it must have been a central ball ; but still better for me—Jake was embarrassed a little. Shaking out the damp powder he primed afresh, and again began his aim. Now, however, a very slight vibration seemed to glimmer on his barrel, and when he did fire, I was not disappointed nor greatly displeased at the cry from the fellows that leaped from behind the target tree—“rite hand corner, grazin the dimind !” Again Jake loaded, raised his piece, and fired at first sight, and the cry now came—“centre !” This increased my neighbour’s confidence, and happily lessened his carefulness ; for sighting, as he himself afterwards confessed, “ a leetle bit coarseish like,” the cry now was—“ line shot, scant quarter ’bove centre !”

“ Come, grandaddie,” said Jake to the old gentleman as he walked up to the line from adjusting his shingle, “ you must do a little better nor that, or maybe we’ll lose our stingo, for I know by the way this stranger here handles my rifle, he’s naturally a hard chap to beat.”

This speech was occasioned by my handling the gun, taking aim, setting triggers, &c., in order to get better acquainted with the piece ; and which experiments resulted in a secret and hearty wish for my own gun.

“ Well Jake, I allow yours kin be beat a bit,” replied our veteran taking his position on the line. At a glance towards his “ toot en sembell,” Mr. Carlton too, allowed he had met his match—and, perhaps even with his own gun. How grand the calmness—as if in no battle ! How alive muscle and feature—as if in the midst of enemies ! There he is dropping his bead—ay, his eyes both wide

*I am sorry to say it, but nobody in rifle-shooting is an Emmonite, or even a Hopkinsian ; he wishes his neighbour to make good shots—but not too good. And where perfect first-rate marksmen contend, an accident only can give any of them the victory.

awake, and he raises the piece till that bead dims on the lower point of his diamond—a flash—and from the tree—“centre!” He was soon again ready, and at his second flash, came the cry—“upper edge, fust hole!”—and that cry was answered along the gradually narrowing and crowded lines, by the whole company—“hurraw for grandaddie—hurraw-aw!” His third shot, brought from the tree—“lee-e-tle tor’ds rite corner of dimind—jeest grazed centre!”—and was answered by—“grandadde forever, hurraw-aw-aw!”

“Carlton,” maliciously whispered Glenville, “the stingo is safe—anti-temperance beats!”

I felt honour demanded, however, a trial; and so requesting Glenville to fix as I should direct my target, I stood on the line of firing, sighting several times with open pan and no priming; until the mark exactly suited, when I cried out “stand clear!” And now, supposing Jake’s rifle sighted like my own, and threw its ball a little above its bead, (as indeed is best,) I drew up as usual, with rapidity, and let fly just as the bead caught the lower tip of my diamond, the report instantly returned being—“inside lower pint of dimind, scant quarter, b’low centre!”

“Blame close, stranger,” said the old hero, “but I allow you’ll have to mend it to beat me.”

“Praise from *you*, my old friend, is *worth* something—I’ll try my best to satisfy you.”

Jake’s rifle was now understood: she sent balls exactly where she aimed, and not as mine, and most good rifles, an eighth of an inch above. Making, therefore, my front sight a hair thicker and fuller in the hind sight, and coming full on the lower angle of my diamond—“Centre!”—was echoed from the tree and along the lines—“hurraw-aw! for the stranger!”

“You’re most powerful good at it,” said the old gentleman, “but my line’s a leetle the shortest yet.”

"Well, my good old friend, here goes to make yours a little the longest"—and away, along between the unflinching lines of excited spectators, whistled my third and last ball, bringing back the cry—"lee-e-tle b'low the centre—broke in first hole!" But, while all rushed to the examination and measurements, confined to our two shingles, no exultation burst forth, it being doubtful, or, as the hunters said, "a sort of dubus whether the stingo was grandadde's, or the stranger's." In a few moments, however, and by the most honourable and exact measurements, it was decided that the old Achates had "the shortest string by near about half the brenth of his bullit!" And then such uproar rose of mingled hurrahs,—screams,—shrieks,—yells,—and outcries! an uproar none but true honest-hearted far westers, unadulterated by foreign or domestic scum, ever did or can make.

The hurricane over, the victor mounting a log made the following speech:—

"Well, naburs, it's my sentimental opinyin this stranger's acted up, clean up, to the notch, and is most powerful clever. And I think if he 'd a fired his own gun as how he mought a come out even, and made up the leetle matter of diff'runce atween us—and that would be near about shootin a little bit the closest of any other chap, young or old; in these 'are diggins—and so, says I, let's have three cheers for the stranger, and three more for his friend."

Oh! dear reader! *could* you have heard the old, dark woods ring then!—I struggled hard, you may be sure; but what was the use, the tears would come!

We both made replies to the compliment; and in concluding, for I mounted the log last, I touched on the wish we really had to do good, and that nothing was better for hardy, brave, and noble woodsmen than temperance.

"Well, strangers, both on you," replied that very grand old man, "you shan't be disapinted. You depended on our honour—and so, says I, if these 'are naburs here aint no

objection, let them that want to, first take a suck of stingo for a treat, and then, says I, lets all load up and crack away at the cask, and I'll have fust shot."

"Agreed! agreed! hurraw for grandadde Tomsin!—hurraw for the strangers!—hurraw for the temperince society!—load up, boys, load up!—nobody wants a suck—crack away, grandadde—crack away, we're all ready!" And crack went old Brave's rifle—crack, long Jake's—crack the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus—and crack every rifle in the company: and there rolled the wounded half-barrel, pouring its own death-dealing contents through its perforated heads and sides, till soon the stingo was all absorbed in the moist earth of the forest.

Glenville and I now "gathered hossis and put out," highly pleased with the events: and a few weeks after we were still more pleased, at hearing that all the company at the prize shooting that day had become members of the temperance society. If, therefore, any old fashioned temperance society, (such as it was before fanaticism ruled it,) wishes champions to shoot, provided "grandadde Tomsin" will be one, I know where can be found another.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."—
(Obsolete—since the use of patent threshing machines.)

FROM the time of our arrival in and at Glenville, (it being both a big and a little place,) we commenced forming acquaintance with our neighbours. And this business was promoted by the many "little and big meetings" held by Mr. Hilsbury in all directions, over and above the regular monthly ones in Glenville, and on three successive Sabbaths in old man Welden's settlement—for every body, man,

woman and child, was found at meeting. Nor does it interfere with attendance, if it be rainy or shiney, or mighty cloudy, or powerful skyey; but in all weathers and seasons, and from all quarters of the woods, along roads, traces, paths, or short cuts, come horses to the preaching; some with single riders of any sex, bursting, at a gallop, into view, through underwood thickets of spicewood and papaw, or clearing log after log, in a kind of hop, skip and jump gait. Many horses indeed have two riders, a mode of horsemanship called in the Purchase "riding twice." And some horses come with folks riding even twice and a half, or may be thrice: for instance, with a man and his wife, the latter holding in her lap a two year old child, although the child is very often carried by the father; or with three girls; or with one beau, having two sun-bonnetted damsels behind. Dick always figured on such occasions with a cargo on his back that doubtless made a lively impression on his feelings of past times, and of the loads he had in his earlier days seen crammed into a Conestogo wagon: and never, in fact, did he look so like a family horse as on Sundays, when he usually carried so much of our family on his back.

In fording swollen waters, if the water came up no higher than the saddle skirts, and if depending articles (legs and so on) could be crooked up or neatly packed on the mane, in plunged all, whether riding once, twice, or morefold: nay, it was contended that the more riders the better; the heavier weight preventing the horse from being floated or losing his foothold in a strong current. But if it was certain that the creek was "swimming high," then the riders crossed on a log, the horse swimming by its side and the bridle being held by the rider. Afterwards the furniture (saddle and so on) was transported over the natural bridge.

Arrived at meeting "the critters" (*alias* the horses, or "hoss beasts") are *hung* to a swinging branch of some tree; for such, yielding to the inquietude of the horses, prevents

the snapping of reins, and yet affords ample space for the curvilinear play of the hind quarters. Nor are the horses at all *backward* in using their ecclesiastical privileges; especially if we are favoured with "a powerful smart preacher," that is, a fellow with a very glib tongue, who preaches by inspiration, and has the wonderful power of saying nothing, or something worse, over and over again, for hours. Then the hung animals, impatient maybe, begin and carry on extra dancings, rump-rangings, branch-shakings, and other exercises. They champ bits!—snap their teeth at neighbouring horses!—kick, as quadrupeds should, in quadruple time!—and stamp, squeak, and squeal! In fact, they make as much noise and behave as foolishly as if they held a *fanatical* meeting themselves!

Often too, among the horses, are a few knowing old codgers, (and Dick, I am sorry to say, cultivated their acquaintance,) who have slipped their own bridles, and are now misspending the time in eating off the bridle reins of quiet animals, or in kicking and biting, with most provoking sang-froid, fastened horses, already furious and indignant. Most horses when liberated usually start home at full speed, inconsiderately leaving folks that rode once or twice to meeting, to walk away in single or double file, or to get a lift from a neighbour. Dick, however, never ran home: he preferred, like luke-warm Christians, Sunday visiting; and so went to see his neighbours in settlements directly opposite the way to Glenville. Yet I must say he never made the least objection to be caught and bridled again—provided you could *find* him.

Let none understand me to say that religious meetings in the wooden world are not by very many attended from serious and devout motives: yet there, as elsewhere, many attend such meetings from secular motives, and some from very improper ones. Numbers go to see their neighbours

or to hear the news, and not a few to electioneer. A very frequent cause is to "advertise strays."

Dignity is given to *our* pulpit gazetteering by confining the business to the clergy; but in the Purchase, lay members, and even "a worldling" give out notices: and that, not by reading the advertisement in the reverential manner of the civilized churches, but extemporaneously and orally. Sometimes the affair assumes the form of the question implied, as thus:—

"Neighbour Bushwhack, livin down the lower end of Sugar Holler, would like to hear if any body in this here settlement has heern or seed a stray critter of hissin, as his hoss-beast, a three year old black geldin, come next spring, with a switch tail, but a kind a eat off by his other colt, slipt his bridle on Hick'ry Ridge last big meetin, and he aint heern or seen nothin of him sense."

To which indirect query one or more neighbours rising up will answer in this style;—

"Well, I allow the critter didn't come over here, as he'd been heern on or seed by some of us—but if any body hears or sees sich a stray, we'll put him up, and let neighbour Bushwhack know of it."

Perhaps a notice thus given and answered in a city church would do as much to discountenance Sabbath advertising, as the rebukes of the religious press. Try it.

A big meeting is often held in the woods in our delicious autumns. And nothing is more welcome to our young people hard at work till then, and needing a holiday, than such a gathering. Then is the grand sparking time, and young men go expressly as they say, to find "a most powerful heap of gals!" Nor is this curious heap of sun-bonnets and calico frocks adverse to a little extra attention; and hence, compound parties steal away at intervals to the springs, where they contrive *accidentally* to have a little

meeting of their own, whose merry and loud notes return as strange echoes to the voice of psalmody and prayer.

A small meeting extra, is often held at night in a friend's cabin. Then it sometimes happens, by reason of a storm or very long sermon, or both, that the folks conclude to stay all night; and then if the author's memory is faithful, we used to see what was called "a leetle fun." Nothing immoral or gross ever takes place; but certainly we had something more lively than praying and singing.

It was, therefore, with some surprise we used to read reports from *new* missionaries, in which "the large numbers that came in all weathers and from great distances to attend protracted meetings, and who seemed unable to tear themselves away from the exercises, &c. &c," was considered as conclusive evidence that we New Purchase people had uncommon anxieties to hear the truth. Now, the result of all our experience, and we had a pretty rich one, is and was—that unregenerate hearts are pretty much out there as in here—that men born of log cabins and stick chimneys, and men born of silks and broadcloths, are all equally "born of the flesh" and "are flesh." Maybe the German population about central Pennsylvania are exceptions, as a certain learned young Doctor of Divinity seems to think; but then, they are the sole exceptions.

The occasion offers to say a few words about the missionaries themselves. But while we profess to be very good-natured and social, we are not, reader, so charitable as to extend our term beyond pretty well educated, talented and evangelical missionaries. We made Glenville headquarters for missionaries and we ever found uneducated preachers and even small talented gentlemen, an inconvenience and an evil more than a blessing; and as to the *un-evangelical sort*, learned or unlearned, they were a nuisance and a pest.

As a body, then, the true missionaries in the New Pur-

chase were very excellent men ; eminent in self-denial, in ardent zeal, in endless labours, in disinterestedness. They were considered Domestic Missionaries ; but they endured as much as their brethren in the foreign field, and that without the incidental excitement and support derived from the eclat of a mission : especially when the wood's preacher comes to depend for his entire sustenance on two or more weak settlements, the aid of the missionary society being declined or withdrawn. For a year or two an approximate salary may be paid, a few shillings in cash and the balance in "trade." Still, educated men need a few other articles beyond pork, corn, tow-linen, leather, &c.—a few books for instance. And they are forced to go a few journeys ; wish to educate their children ; pay doctor's fees, and the like. Nor is it, maybe, an unpardonable sin to aspire after furniture one degree above rough cabin apparatus. Hence the missionary must have a little hard cash ; and hard enough for them, poor fellows, it is by the time they handle it.

The outposts, therefore, must be either wholly abandoned to profoundly ignorant, vain, empty, conceited, self-confident, and snarling fanatical preachers ; or proper preachers *must* do some things that are *secular*. And if the New Purchases are abandoned, then must they be cursed out there with *inspired* clergy, such we have heard thus reciting *their* apostolic creed :—

" Yes, bless the Lord, I are a poor, humble man—and I doesn't know a single letter in the A B C's, and couldn't read a chapter in the Bible no how you could fix it, bless the Lord !—I jist preach like old Peter and Poll, by the Sperit. Yes, we don't ax pay in cash nor trade nither for the Gospel, and arn't no hirelins like them high-flow'd college-larned sheepskins—but as the Lord freely give us, we freely give our fellow critturs."

Hence a few of the true preachers betake themselves to teaching as the least uncanonical avocation. And all would

gladly do this, if scholars were plenty enough ; and, if after all the extra labour in teaching, pay came not also in the shape of fat-flitch, cord-wood, eggs, and butter. Most true preachers and pastors are, therefore, *compelled* to enter some land ; and then after long and arduous toils they contrive to barter some produce at the settlement store for sugar, tea, coffee and paper. But to jingle a few silver dollars, the parson must sell a cow, or calf, or even a horse !

The proverb, " half a loaf better than no bread," applies here ; for if proper ministers out West do not, in very many places, in a great measure maintain themselves, settlements now half-served by those noble men would not and could not be served at all. True, the folks out there might have *husks* from fanatical fellows ; but Christ's sheep ought to have pastors and proper food—they are not hogs to be fed by the Devil's swine-herds.

Very nice and classic essays used to find their way sometimes to Glenville, which were full of very proper rhetorical words against secular clergy, and commanding them to reform and give themselves wholly to the work of God and the ministry : essays no doubt well intended, but written, we apprehend, by inexperienced young gentlemen, just married, and seated in the parsonage in the midst of a well furnished library. Sometimes, too, such essays were penned by learned gentlemen, with sons and daughters at good boarding schools ; and the writers, maybe, received so much hard silver per page, especially if a prize essay ; and our far east censors not only had the pleasure of pelting our poor frogs, but found it profitable too. In such essays the *Proton Pseudos* was, " *all* pastors and preachers *must* give up secular employments—their schools—their farms—their merchandise—their trades—and imitate the Apostles, &c." In extraordinary times men are sustained by the providence of God in extraordinary ways, and purse, scrip, and books in the Apostles' time were not needed ; and few then had

the care and expense of a family, except Pope Peter !—and he, unlike some Unholinesses, was wicked enough to prefer a Wife to a Harlot !

And even in those days Paul, whilst aiding to erect a spiritual tabernacle, supported himself at secular tent-making ! It is not improbable that Luke, the beloved and benevolent physician, prescribed and took fees in emergencies. May, then, modern ministers in no cases do secular things, without being subjected to unkind suspicions, and not rarely denounced as merchants, farmers, speculators, and even jockies ? Nay, many thus stigmatized are among the best of men ; and that, however warned by hasty young clerks and clergy to look out for the doom of unfaithful stewards ! and bid to expect, after a life of toil for the gospel and after bestowing the spiritual without reaping the carnal, bid to look out for banishment into the outer darkness !! Ah ! ye hasty censors ! God will never forget labours of love in that far West or elsewhere ; even if a preacher, to put bread into the mouths, and garments on the bodies of his family, do work secularly with his own hands !

It is even granted by hasty writers, too, that the penuriousness and dishonesty of congregations may *drive* the minister to secular labour ; and that surely is ample and sufficient apology, one would think, for the minister's irreverent conduct. Why then this perpetual cannonade against the Clergy ? Does it never occur, that the niggardly Mr. Miser, the close-fisted Mr. Grip, the narrow-minded Miss Snarl, and the dishonest Mr. and Mrs. Finepromise, may, at the grand assize, have to appear as defendants and show cause why the preacher *was* driven to be secular ? Strange ! passing strange, if a hunted, defrauded, broken-spirited man, who, because he wishes yet to preach, maintains himself, should, in addition to all his sufferings, be decried and rebuked as faithless and money-loving !—as needing reform !—as passing to a severe doom and vengeance in the

life to come ! Oh ! you that in one sense, at least, are "at ease in Zion," and have, therefore, so much time to buffet, go, visit a New Purchase !—and then write—

"Mr. Carlton !—keep cool."

Well then, I will go on to say that meetings in the Purchase were not always dry affairs. Once, this very autumn, a two days' meeting was to come off on Saturday and Sunday in the Welden settlement. At the close of the first day, while Glenville and Carlton were "settin the toone for them," a heavy shower began suddenly to fall ; and as we clerks could not get out to secure our saddles they became well soaked. Many, indeed, hurried out to secure their own accoutrements and those of the "wimmin folks's," but they forgot the clerks' and the rector's : hence after service we found seats cool and refreshing as a wet sponge. We had been invited to spend the night at a chieftain's* in the settlement : and as we were without umbrellas or cloaks, and the rain kept mizzling away, we had a very agreeable ride of it, receiving too, from overhanging branches and thick bushes frequent "baby-sprinklings" until the whole amounted to "believer's baptism"—a thorough immersion.

However, we were neither salt nor sugar. On we splattered and splashed, laughing and talking, while our saddle-seats added to the noise very hearty and peculiar notes or sounds, which may be called—*soggings* ; and we comforted one another with mutual promises of a dry house and a drying fire. But—ah ! me !—our dear good landlady, and expressly to honour her guests, had determined to have "things fixed !"—and a wet fix it was. First and foremost, the puncheon-floor had undergone a deluge of scrubbing, effected by pouring over it forty great calabashes of water, or one great calabash forty times emptied ! Then the floor

* White, of course.

had been violently assaulted with stiff hickory brooms, till its dirt was raked and floated away to form an alluvion in the cellar below ; but much of the flood having eluded the swabbing process that followed, there remained many Lilliputian lakes of muddy water in the cavities and gulleys of the puncheons. Secondly, chairs, tables, benches, and even bedsteads had undergone Pharisaical ablutions : and although things *did* dry in process of time, yet, as the good woman remarked, " Things were a leetle dampish, to be sure ! " Indeed, chairs and benches on which persons of a sanguine temperament sat, exhibited, on their rising, a decided Mosaic of dark and light shades. Thirdly, when we washed before supper and dinner in one, we were offered a *wet* towel to *dry* on ! the lady apologizing for the anomaly by saying, " Thar'd been sich a rite down smart chance of rain that their wash wouldn't dry." Of course this apology accounted for the *undried* table-cloth at the meal ; where, by the way, we recognized, in the midst of other good things, and full of milk, the republican bowl that a few moments before had enacted the part of wash-basin. In anticipation of its complex and yet desultory character, we of Glenville, instead of dipping at the time our hands into the bowl had poured from it the water over the hands. All the guests, we must say, were not so considerate.

But a most sumptuous fire was roaring away for our comfort ; and, be satisfied, in no sense was it cold comfort. And soon all, and at a very respectable distance, were steaming away, and, in the midst of haze and vapour, snuffing the savoury odours of ham fried in lard—of venison and wild-turkey in ditto—and of chickens in cream and butter ! Generally, meats of every sort in the Purchase were fried, and that so perfectly as to be not only done, but actually *done up* ; till the pieces curled at the edges, and the taste of one kind of flesh could not be distinguished from another, like—like—oh ! like the carcasses of one

horse and two cows burnt to death in the conflagration of Mr. Forgethisname's* livery stables in the Northern Liberties. And yet a cookery of squirrels or chickens, *à la Kaintuc*, in cream, butter, and dusted flour, excels any fry in the world.

By bed-time affairs had become dryish. Still, much vapour hung in our atmosphere; and towards the arctic regions of the cabin, matters were puddly. However, ten of the company were accommodated in the beds, and as many others,—indeed, I do not know where: yet we all retired; when a spirited and general confabulation was maintained till most of the trebles, tenors, and basses grew, some flat and others muttering, and there was a subsidence into a colloquy between two. At last, one of these returning a mumbling kind of response, Mr. Holdon, despairing to extract any more talk, cried out, “Well! good night:” which signal was followed by a farewell crackling of bedsteads, and an audible rustling of “kivers;” and then all lately so active and chatty, was turned into sleeping and snoring. Bah!—tell me not about the sleep of innocence! nothing comes up to the sleep of a backwoodsman; and as to his snoring, beat it if you can!

Well, I dreamed a dream. Methought old Dick was harnessed to our bedstead, and was pulling us through showery bushes and nettles, and that I had the tooth-ache, and so uncomfortable all seemed that I determined, as is the case in some dreams, to wake myself. Happy resolution! for whilst Dick had vanished, and we were safe enough in the cabin, yet the interpretation of the dream was present:—a gentle stream was trickling from above through a hole in the clapboard roof, the *jeau d' esprit* having already saturated my rag-pillow, and more than a foot of the adjoining covers!—and, what was very remarkable!—I *had* the tooth-ache!!

* Said accident happened once upon a time, when we was a boy.

“ Indeed ! ”

Yes ! indeed. I whipped out of bed ; quietly worked the bedstead from under the unelectric water spout ; doubled my end of the bolster in place of the pillow removed ; got once more into bed, and began to lull the grumbling tooth by holding my mouth shut and breathing through the nose, and occasionally counting slowly and deliberately as high as a hundred. And in this laudable work I had at last succeeded, and was sinking away into dryer dreams, when I was suddenly aroused to my last and severest “ trial by water ” by a rude shake from Glenville, who also thus addressed me :—

“ Carlton !—are you going to sleep all day ?—get up if you don’t want your boots full of water— ”

“ My boots !—my boots ! !—man alive ! don’t let them get any wetter—I shall never get them on—never ! ”

“ Up then—or Tom Hilton will clean yours as he has mine—he’ll dip them in the rain-trough. ”

Fortunately all were up and out but myself—and yet it would have been the same if Queen Victoria had been there—my boots were not to be trifled with, even when dry ;—what ! if provoked by such a ducking ! I thought, therefore, of neither man, woman, nor child—I thought only of my boots—and I leaped out of bed without regard to the ordinary precautions—and slipping on the limbs of the indispensable—(anglicè, jerking on my breeches)—and holding up and buttoning as I moved, I rushed to the door ! and in the very nick of time to witness the catastrophe ! Yes ! there on the muddy earth stood, sad and sullen, boot the first, clean and soaked as a scrubbed puncheon ! and there descended into the rain-trough boot the second, up to the strap-stiches ! !

“ Tom ! Tom !—why didn’t you let my boots alone ?—you’ve fixed me now—I shan’t get them on to-day ! ”

“ Well, sir, I was only a sort a cleanin them—they was

most powerful muddy like—hope no harm done, Mr Carlin ?”

“ Well, ‘Tom, thank you—but I am afraid we have tight work now—please let’s have the articles, any how.”

And our fear, reader, was not unfounded. Never, since the origin of boots, and the abolition of sandals, was there such a tugging at straps ! It did seem as if, at last, the grand philosophical achievement would be effected, and with a *little* harder pull we should, boots and all, be raised clean up from the puncheons !—nearly equal to lifting one’s self over a fence ! And oh ! what soaping of heels !—what numerous and contradictory suggestions and advices from commiserating and laughing friends !—*tears* in all eyes ! Oh ! the rubbing of insteps !—the contortions of the *os* sublime ! And then, withal, when a boot had reached a certain point, the creature could be neither pulled on nor pulled off ! But there limped Mr. Carlton, his two limbs glued, somewhere about the junction of ankle and foot, in two remorseless leathers ; a very “odd fellow,” indeed, hobbling with four feet, two of his own treading downward, and two of the boots treading sideways—and all with vain hopes of stretching, and thus coaxing further on or off the half-tanned conveniences !

At last it seemed necessary to cut the articles, as all ordinary and extraordinary attempts to move them up or down had failed, when, at the crisis, in came a Goliath-like woodsman, who, understanding the fix, declared ; “ if them ‘are straps thare would a sort a hold, he allow’d he’d pull on Mr. Carlin’s boots.” We agreed to a new trial. Accordingly, Mr. Goliath placed himself behind the patient, with his own back to the wall, and then working two fingers apiece into each strap—(all he could get in)—he *did* pull the boots on, sure enough ! Ay ! and that he would have done if both of Mr. Carlton’s legs had been in the same boot, instead of one leg per boot !

King William was of opinion that thumbkins was logic enough to make him confess to a lie—what, if he had tried the logic of my boots! If the iron boot is any more forcible—I cannot stand it at all—I should scream out my belief in the Pope or the Devil, or any other dogma of the particular catholic church! The holy church will of course canonize a man who has already discovered two efficacious ways to make Christians—our bark-wheel—and now our boots!

Ap^{propos}! de botte, this reminds me of the Kentuckian saved from the massacre, at the Blue Licks, by a pair of wet buckskin breeches. He was pursued by two Indians, and on reaching the river, was forced to plunge in and swim over. Emerging, he soon discovered that to run with his former speed, his buckskins must be left for booty: hence, he halted an instant to unskin himself, whilst his nimble foes had now reached the opposite bank of the stream. But now the wet unmentionables, half-way off, became obstinately adhesive, and could be drawn neither up nor down—and the enemy coming nearer and nearer.

“Poor fellow!—what a dreadful situation!”

Very; and so he made up his mind, like a gallant man, to die—in his breeches. And yet, being a Presbyterian, his predestined time had not come: for, to his amazement, his red friends, on arriving, burst into loud laughter, and, instead of knocking him on the head, they only spanked him on the antipodes and took him prisoner; and the Kentuckian, being ransomed, got home to tell his adventure—and was one of the very few brave gentlemen that survived the battle of the Blue Licks.

“Yes—but, Mr. Carlton, what has this deliverance to do with the Pope or the Devil?”

“Oh! nothing—it was owing to the Indians:—other torturers do not let off folks so easily. But talking of one thing, you know, makes us think of another.”

However, after the second edition of wet towels, wet

table-cloths, and other dampers, we all went to church—or, by courtesy, the dissenters' conventicle—where seats and floor were also dampish: yet none of these little affairs killed us then, and even now, most of the Glenvillians live and talk, occasionally, of “Carlton's Wet Time.”

During the present summer and fall, others of our colony had little adventures. For instance, John Glenville, in moving a piece of bark to throw under the wheel, was bitten in the wrist by a copper-head coiled under the bark; but, by a timely application of proper remedies, he escaped very serious injury. Uncle Leatherstocking also came something nearer being killed than Sir Roger's ancestor, that had a narrow escape from being slain in a battle by arriving on the field the very day after the fight: for our uncle, stooping to examine a fine cabbage in his patch, discovered a rattlesnake ready to salute him, and yet time enough to leap back and avoid the favour. And then a young woman coming from Welden, by herself, to return a call due to Glenville Settlement, just as she had reached the outskirts of our territory, was gratified by the sight, a little way from her, of a lady panther, affectionately sporting with two rampant pantherines—each as big as a pair of domestic tom-cats.

“La!—and did she not scream?”

Scream!—Miss Peggy Whatmore scream! Fortunate for the quadrupeds, Peggy was within reach of no rifle! No, no! to use her own language, she only “a sort a skued round towards ole-man Ashmoresis—and did'nt say nuthin to them, as they didn't seem like wantin to say nuthin to her—yet it was a leetle skary as they was powerful nasty lookin varmints.”

A missionary, also, coming to fulfil an appointment among us, saw in the edge of our clearing “three barr”—i. e., three bears; there being, in western phrase, “a powerful sprinkle” of such shaggy coats in our borough. At this information, all our domestic and neighbourhood forces be-

ing mustered, we succeeded in overtaking and killing the growling trio : and in due time, the largest skin, properly prepared at our tannery, was presented to the missionary ; who ever after, till the day of his death, used it as a bruin-saddle cover.

Perhaps we may here say, that at night, on many occasions, were around invisible serrenaders, that gave exact imitations of wolves howling, foxes barking, and owls screaming, hooting and screeching, with interruptions now and then from sudden cries and growls so strange that we could not say what bird or beast precisely was designed or represented. The whole, however, riveted the conviction that we were no longer dreaming about the woods, but were actually living there ; and, to be candid, I had never in visions seen a single serpent, and could not have guessed the wild beasts would turn out so very wild. But to all things I got used, except snakes. To the very last of my sojourn in the Purchase, I was slow to crawl through dark thickets ; and never did step over or off a log, till satisfied no serpent was there to be tramped upon : and, that it was necessary so to ponder our ways, may be believed by the incident with which we now end the chapter.

One night Mr. and Mrs. C. were on a visit at Mr. Hillsbury's ; and, though pressed to remain till morning, and warned of the danger in walking in the dark at that season of the year, we decided on returning to uncle John's. The path between the cabins was only a few inches wide, and running through high grass and tall weeds, was nearly invisible in the day : yet having travelled it some half dozen times daily, I was familiar with every stone, stick and root, lying in or across the path ; and any thing new there would be sure to arrest my attention. Furnished with a light in a small glass lantern, we proceeded homeward, myself in front and my wife following, till at the end of about two hundred yards, an unexpected root presented itself, running

seemingly from the nearest beach: but as the root ought not to be there, before taking the next step I stooped to examine, holding the light down towards the root—which turned not into, but was in reality nothing more nor less than the head and neck of an enormous rattlesnake!

Perhaps a novice, as I then was in backwood life, may be pardoned for feeling a momentary sickness when the glare of the serpent's eye fell on mine, as the rays of the lamp disclosed and struck on his! The distance between us was only eighteen inches; another step, therefore, would have carried me over or upon the reptile: in the former case I should have been safe, in the latter, one, or both Mrs. C. and myself would have been wounded, perhaps killed! And no sooner had I said—It is a *snake!* than Mrs. C. too alarmed to reflect, instantly from behind clasped me, holding down both my arms; and thus allowing me neither to advance, nor retreat, nor stir, she at the same time began a series of most piercing shrieks, to which as nothing better could be done, Mr. C. added loud cries of "Hullo-ow! down there!—hullo-ow!!"

Of course, this uproar brought them all up from down there, and a clerical visitor among the rest—Bishop Shrub of Timberopolis. In the meantime the snake had retreated or passed on; and as there was too great risk in poking after him amid the weeds and grass at night, and the central cabin was the farther away, our whole party returned, and all spent the night at the parsonage.

CHAPTER XIX.

———"Ab ovo
Usque ad mala——"
"From the caskle to the cluckle."

I WAS sitting one day, towards the end of September, with Bishop Hilsbury, when, through his modest little mash were seen two young men riding up; who tying their horses, after a short consultation, advanced to the door. On this the Bishop whispering—"a wedding without doubt," hastened to receive his visitors, who yet administered the usual rap to the door, and entered with the universal salam—"Well! who keeps house?"

Evidently the parson had been supposed alone; and my presence seemed to disperse the courage mustered by the youngsters, and they stumbled into seats in manifest distress. But we soon engaged them in conversation on land, timber, corn, swine, muddy roads, dry ridges, high waters, and all sylvan topics: and on all and each, our friends rung the changes of all the powerfuls, big and little; and all the chances and sprinkles, the smarts and right smarts and right down smarts, till they were talked, not out of countenance, but into it; nay, till they had more than a dozen times (while the clatter lasted) seemingly collected brass sufficient for their special affair to be introduced at the next pause. Yet alas! with the calm, returned the sheepishness; and there sat our rustics red as boiled lobsters, not at any thing said, but at what was to be said, and grinning a smileless kind of contortion at each other, equal to asking—"Won't you begin?" Then they gnawed their spice wood riding whips—wriggled on their seats—crossing leg after leg, as if the legs were all equally opposed to

being undermost, till convinced nothing by way of expose was coming this gap, off all set afresh on the circle of the old topics thus :—

“Immense forests here, sir!”

“Yes—most powerful ’mense heap of woods. Allow woods is most considerable cut off in them ’are settlements you come from, Mr. Carltin? They say you’ve no barr nor turkey out thare, in Filledelfy?”

“No: no bears on four legs. But still we’ve a smart sprinkle of dandy out our way”—

“Huh! haw!—them’s the fellers with hair on their faces and what goes gallin all the time—powerful heap a fun in that, Mr. Hilsbury, though.”

Here the speaker stopt short; for what he had said about our hairy creatures was out of no disrespect for the animals, but only to lighten his own load; but then he had found it still too heavy, and broke down at the lift. Retreat, however, now did not offer, and so suddenly rising and winking to the parson, they both went together into the yard, leaving myself and the other young man in the cabin. When outside, the groom—for he it was, thus commenced :

“Well—hem—Mr. Hilsbury—hem!”

“Yes—Joseph—I think I understand—don’t I?”

“Well—allow, maybe you do.”

“I was down in the Welden settlement; and I heard something about our losing neighbour Ashford’s Susan.”

“He! he!—yes!—well I am a sort a goin to git married—and Susan’s the very gal. Well now, Mr. Hilsbury, Billy Welden’s come along for groomsman and he’s got the invite—I’ll just call him out and git it.”

Billy accordingly was now summoned, and taking off his new fur hat, he extracted the “invite” from the lining and handed it over to the preacher. As the Bishop allowed me to see the document as a specimen of New Purchase literature, I took the following exact and literal copy :

"Rev. Mr. Hilsbury asqr.,—you are pertiklurly invited to atend the house of mr. Abrim Ashford asq. to injine upon i the yoke of konjegal mattrimunny with his dater miss Susan Ashford as was—thersday mornin next 10 aklok before dinner a. m.

mr. Joseph Redden

your humbell sarv't,

mr. William Welden, groomsman."

"p. s. dont say nuthin about this 'ere weddin that's to be—as its to be sekrit—and to morrer Billy Welden's goin to ride round and give the invites—and all your settlemint's to be axed."

The reader will err if he thinks this the *worst* specimen of our New Purchase authorship. It was, in fact, the best our literati, near Glenville at least, could furnish, (and like Andrew's and Stoddard's Grammar,) it was a joint production; it was done by Joseph Redden and William Welden, both aided by the schoolmaster of the Welden settlement. And it was got up with great care and done in the very best round hand. Few persons around us at this time, could even read, much less write; and the ladies of Glenville were regarded with wonder as soon as it was known that they could not only read and write, but even "sifer, and cast 'counts!" We men of Glenville had from the first been deemed "powerful smart," and the above note had been got up and performed expressly to show us that other folks had learning too, and could do a thing up to Gunter.

Next day Mr. Welden appeared in the edge of the woods, being too much in a hurry to dismount and let down the bars, and according to etiquette in such cases, he exclaimed, "Hullo! the house!" Upon this, Mr. Seymour proceeded to the fence, and on his return to the house announced that we all had the anticipated invite.

And now as it is sometime before we go to the wedding, we may properly in the interval introduce the bride elect and her family. Abraham Ashford, the father, was the patriarch of the Ashford settlement, which joined Glenville on the north-west. After a life of some years in a cabin of the roughest order, the family had, within the past year, removed into a good two story log-house of the hewed order; and hence, he himself being a very tall man and having sons tending rapidly upward to his summit level, and having a two story house, neighbour Ashford is to be regarded as an eminent man. He had, too, scraped a spelling acquaintance with easy reading, and that made him affect the company of the Glenvillians—not so much I fear to increase his knowledge as to display it. For instance, once on bringing his stock of ginseng to our tannery, where we bought the article on speculation, Mr. Ashford on laying it on a dry hide thus began :

“ Well, Johnny, my buck, what do you allow sang’s (ginseng) done with out thare in Chi-ne ?”

“ Oh ! probably the Chinese smoke it, or chew it !”

“ Well, that’s your idee ; but I knows better nor that comes to, according to my idee.”

“ What is your opinion ?”

“ Well, I’ll tell you. A sailor-man was once out here in sang’time a buying up—long afore you come out—and he’d been in all them parts about Chi-ne in a ship or the like—and he told me all about what them fellers done with it.”

“ Indeed !”

“ Yes—and he told me as how they biled the sang up, and put it in to clarify their chany tea cups and sassers.”

Neighbour Ashford was, moreover, a philosopher ; but as his views may perhaps expose him to a visit from the Inquisition, I shall give no greater insight into his physical

creeds, than by a narration of our talk on the shape of the earth.

"Mr. Ashford," said Glenville, one day I was present, "I wish you would let Carlton here understand your idea about the shape of the earth; he's just from college and don't think as you do."

"Well, Johnay, my buck, I'm willing to talk with Mr. Carlton, or any larn'd man; and I've no idee this here world of ours is round. Them's my sentiments, Mr. Carlton."

"I do not quite agree with you there, Mr. Ashford; I have been taught that our earth is an oblate spheroid!"

"Oh! I don't know nuther consarnin high-flow'd diksionary shapes; all my idee is the world's not ublate, nor no sort of round, and I kin prove it straight as a rifle."

"I only meant to say I was taught to think the world was a sort of roundish; but I'm ready to give up if you can prove as you say."

"Well, I'm powerful glad to see, Mr. Carlton, you aint proud for all your high larnin—and so I'll jist tell you how I kin to find it out.* You see, sir, I was one day a ploughing with them two brown mares, to put in corn, and as we ploughed along, I gets into a solelo'que on this diffikilt pint, and so sez I to myself, sez I, what's the use in filloserfers a sayin our world's round. Don't my ole-woman's dry apples git off the plank and then role rite down, smack down the pitch of the ruf? 'Cos why? Why 'cos it aint flat. And so I argesied the pint agin this way; sez I, kin a feller go spang up the round of a big punkun? And then I steps the mares; and sez, wouldn't this here plough and them 'are heas-beasts role down like the dry apples if this here world was round like a big punkun—

* Speech only translated and contracted and improved.

and aint it more powerful harder to go up and stick on a big round thng nor a little one? And then I jist minded—and I slapped agin my head so, (action to word,) and I hollows out aloud, so that the mares started to go—but I cries “woh! won’t you!”—and they stops agin—and I kept on a hollowin—“I’ve got it!—I’ve got it!”—and slaps rite off to make tracks home—and when I gets in, sez I to the ole womun, “Molly,” sez I, “hand us the ole book—I’ve got it!” “Got what, Abram?”—sez she. “Why hand us the ole book, I tell you,” sez I. (During the progress of his lecture,* Mr. Ashford had taken up our family bible; and now with his finger resting on the third verse of Genesis, he did, on a sudden for me, what he had previously done for his wife.) And so she hands me the ole book, and I lays it out afore her jist so, (opening and spreading the book before me,) “thare sir, thare, read that thare varse—its proved from the Bible, sir—thare read that are!” viz:—“And the earth was without FORM! sir.”

Here we held down our head as close to the page as possible, as if absorbed in thought and inspecting the words most closely, till with an unsteady voice we could reply:—

“I confess, Mr. Ashford, I never *did* see the passage in that light before; and it only proves that plain men, if left to themselves, will often discover what learned folks never can; but what shape is the earth do you say?”

“Do *I* say!—why does’nt the ole book itself say the earth aint *no shape at all*?—its got no form—its nuthin but a grate stretched along place like a powerful big prararee without any ind—yes, sir, and as flat as a pancake.”

“True, Mr. Ashford, and the Bible says also the earth is VOID!—empty, sir, and hollow as a nut shell!”

For a moment Mr. Ashford was staggered at so unex-

* Could not some Lyceum send for Mr. Ashford?

pected an addition to his theory ; he seemed alarmed at the utter emptiness of a shapeless earth ! Yet at the very next log-rolling, he proclaimed both Glenville and Carlton to be converts to his " idee," adding in the latter gentleman's praise, " he wan't nere so stuck up a feller as folks said." 'And so, reader, we are Amorphorites ; with more belief, however, in the emptiness of the world, than in its want of shapes.

As to the sun, Mr. Ashford had a very peculiar and original theory ; " I am," said he, " sentimentally of opinion that the sun, after all, is nothing but a great shine !" Like many other forest patriarchs, our neighbour often did his own preaching ; being in advance of this age, when we all do our own doctoring, write our own poetry, tales, essays, and every man is his own lawyer ; and of course in theology, like people in an enlightened era, he had his own notions. Hence, in one discourse about the good Samaritan, he took occasion to illuminate us as to its " Speretil meaning ;" and among other things said, " some folks think that the two pennies left the Jerickoo man, was nuthin but cash pennies—but my friends, there's a speretil and bettersome idee :—one penny is the law, and tother's the gospel."

The Ashford's were, however, remarkable for nice house-keeping, and for cleanliness of person. They all were, too, thrifty and ingenious. Unable in the early times of their settlement to obtain hemp or flax, they gathered a peculiar species of nettle, (called there nettleweed,) which they succeeded in dressing like flax, and in weaving it into cloth. By some accident, they had been then destitute of food for several days, and during that time they had lived on squirrels and elm-bark. But the rose of our wilderness was Susan Ashford, the intended bride. Ignorant, indeed, she was of all things out of the woods ; but she was of good natural capacity, merry disposition, lofty notions, and withal a

very pretty and modest maiden. From the first, she took a strong liking for the Glenville people ; and was evidently glad to find friends able and willing to teach her many important matters of which she frankly and voluntarily would confess her ignorance. And as far as her mother would permit, Susan by degrees conformed their own domestic economy and fixtures to ours, defending us whenever her mother would object and intimate that the " Glenville folks were, maybe, a leetle prouder nor they should be."

Susan had, of course, many offers ; yet as she told Emily Glenville, her confidante—" she'd no idee of marrying any rough body without no more manners than a barr ; and for her part she'd have somebody that know'd how to dress up on Sundays in store cloth and yaller buttins, a sort a gentleman like."

Now Susan did not really think that dress made the man ; she did only think, and properly think, that no decent young fellow would on proper occasions boorishly neglect his dress, and especially when he came a courting.

One answering externally became a suitor. He was morally, however, unworthy Susan ; and her escape was owing to his personal dirtiness—with which a curious accident made her acquainted. She caught sight of his naked feet, as he in a moment of forgetfulness took off his shoes and stockings in her presence ; upon which she declared next day to Emily Glenville, " that she never would have sich a dirty feller, if he did wear store cloth and yaller buttins." This fellow, a pretty well educated Scotchman, had courted some by letters, which the Ashfords not fully comprehending had now and then brought to Emily to be deciphered, especially the letter in which the suitor said, " he had a *predilection* for his mistress !" On this occasion, Susan remarked, "there was sich a powerful heap of diksenery words, she could'nt quite see the drift on

em. Happily the above accident saved our protégé from a disastrous union with an atheist and a distiller.

But now Joseph Redden was accepted ; a very honest, industrious, and upright young man ; and who not only dressed up to Susan's rule, but more than that, he kept, about twenty-five miles distant, a small store himself, and sold store cloth and yellow buttons to others. And thus Susan, and all her old friends, and we her new ones, were well satisfied. Having no occasion to mention our young folks after the wedding, we think the reader will be glad to know, that when we re-emigrated from the west, Mr. and Mrs. Redden were living in comfortable circumstances, respected and beloved.

In due time the wedding-day came. Mr. Hilsbury, however, had not yet got home from a distant missionary tour, and we of Glenville were forced to set out without the bishop ; in hopes indeed, he would be yet in time at Mr. Ashford's. Between our settlement and his, the distance was little more than two miles ; and for want of conveyances enough for all, it was concluded in a general assembly of our colony the day before, that the ladies and helps of the borough, should ride to the wedding, and the gentlemen walk. And so we took up the line of procession thus :—

1. Uncle John and Tommy in the van. Their business was to keep the true course through the woods, clear away brush and let down fences.

2. Mrs. Glenville and Aunt Kitty riding twice on Kate, the celebrated grey mare—queen of horses (*genus*.)

3. The Rev. Mistress Hilsbury on a borrowed nag ; the lady with an infant in her arms, and a little girl for nurse behind.

4. Mrs. Carlton, Miss Emily and Aunt Nancy on our spotted mare, called Freckled Ginney.

5. Last of the cavalry, Old Dick, with all the help of the colony—i. e. three gals riding thrice.

6. Glenville and Carlton closed the rear. Our business was to put up fences, see the ladies get along in safety, and, above all, to keep Dick from lagging. For like grave personages familiar with Chesterfield, Dick was rarely in a hurry; on the contrary he usually stepped with a very solemn swing, as conscious men's eyes were upon him and of his weight in society. And yet after a very long sermon he would sometimes hasten home with an irreverent impatience; and always on rounding a certain sink hole, whence could be caught a glimpse of the stable, our hero, and without consulting the friends who were kindly *backing* him, would suddenly pitch into a gait compounded of every pace and shuffle ever learned in his youth or since taken up extemporaneously.

Once Dick had been loaned to the Bishop's wife; and on our return from church—all persuasives from the lady's heel and Mr. Carlton's toe—all stripes from beech rods and leather whip—all cherrups and get-ups and even old-rascal's-you—all snapping of bridle reins to bring to his recollection Conestogo whip-crackings—all, all were in vain!—Dick only grinned or gave a double flourish with his tail, crawling along and dragging leg after leg, till they seemed always in motion and yet always stock-still! But unexpectedly to us he reached the favourite sink hole; when, giving a sudden sneeze and slapping my beast in the face with his tail, away he darted into the nondescript gait named—but very much as if the caco-demons dislodged from the swine had somehow got possession of his carcass. The dry leaves of autumn were then plenty, and the fellow got them into such a lively, excited and noisy state, that we riders, only ten feet apart, could hear nothing said by one another: hence, after useless efforts to be heard in answer to the lady's voice coming to me in a high screech-

key, I kept only at last rising in my stirrups, opening the mouth very wide and supporting the jaw with one hand, so that with a distorted face I seemed in the agony and effort of loud and earnest delivery—but yet uttered not a word. And in this interesting attitude we sustained an instructive conversation, till the lady guessing at the pantomime, we both added a chorus of cachination to the rattling harmony of shuffling horse-heels, and came in a tempestuous whirlwind of careering leaves to the last—bars ; where Dick stopped and the hurricane subsided.

“Nonsense ! Mr. Carlton—”

Granted, my dear Mr. Graves : but are we back-woods’ people to have *no* fun ? And if we are to have any, how shall we have it unless we *create* it ? You have concerts, and balls, and popular lectures till they become unpopular—and jest books—Lady’s Book—Gentleman’s Book—Boy’s Book—and organs in churches, and candy shops and oysters and what not ? And we are to mope to death in the woods—hey ? Believe me, we learn out there to make our own sports and contrive to extract something pleasant from the empty roar of autumnal leaves shuffled and kicked into harmless tempest by old Dick’s horse-heels. And further, dear Mr. Strutell, all this requires more ingenuity, and even a calmer conscience, than every body has : an ill-natured, an ignorant, a conceited, a wicked person will be very miserable in the solitudes of a New Purchase.

“But you started for the wedding.”

We did ; but we had two miles and more to go—and here is the place—and we shall resume the narrative.

The wedding party were all assembled and expecting our arrival. And now Mr. Ashford came to meet us, expressing his regret at the failure of Mr. Hilsbury to be present ; but as several other preachers were present, he suggested that it would now be best to proceed with the

ceremony. In this we coincided, and so preparation was made for it, the Rev. Diptin Menniwater being selected in place of Bishop Hilsbury.

And soon then we were all paraded in the large room, in which the company was compactly rowed along upon benches, as noiseless and solemn as in "meetin : " and hence we men of Glenville went squeezing around, and among, and into, shaking hands with all that could be got at, and nodding and smiling and winking at such as could not be felt and handled, till places were found if not to sit in, yet to stand in, and where we waited in laudable patience for the *descent* of the bridal party to destroy the oppressive and dead calm that succeeded. The solemn stillness was indeed, now and then broken by some lagger who administered the usual slap to the door and uttered the visiting formula already named—but that was only an interruption like pitching a pebble into a smooth deep lake. At very long last Mrs. Ashford going to foot of the steps—a compound of ladder and stairs—called to those in the upper room :—

" Well ! if any body up there's got a sort of notion to get married to-day, I allow there's no time to lose, no how."

This was answered with a species of giggle-sniggering by parties in both stories ; and in the midst commenced above a shuffle movement, as if something might be expected below pretty quick. And soon was placed in descending order, first, a pair of shiney new calf-skin boots with thin soles ; then, secondly, only a step higher, a pair of bran new morocco slippers, with ancles in white stockings ; and then, thirdly, at suitable intervals, second pairs of shiney dittos and moroccos and ancles. These omens were instantly succeeded by coat tails hooked on men's arms, and white frocks held aloof from soiled stairs—(all which matters were plain enough to us behind the stair way, it having no flooring or back for the convenience of sweeping and scrubbing)—till the principal actors had all descended bodily,

and stood among us *propiâ personâ*—i. e. as large as life. Whether from ignorance or etiquette, the groom and his attendant, instead of being leaned upon, rested their own arms on those of the two ladies, the bride and her maid—as if each man had *hooked* a woman and was determined to hold her fast for a wife after the trouble of catching.

The Rev. Mr. Menniwater, a piteous looking personage, humble as a drowned rat, was now seen to emerge from behind one of the back benches, whither he had slunk away, to nurse his courage for the grand duty ; but unable to come near the parties at the foot of the stair-ladder, he remained where he was and began to *cry* out his part as if engaged in out-door preaching, only with unusual rapidity, lest his speech should be forgotten before it could all be delivered—thus :—

“ Well—are you goin for to take—Sir—that womin—Sir—a holdin by the hand—Sir—for a lawful—covenint wife, Sir ? ”

To this question direct the groom and groomsman both returned nods ; although the real man added an audible—“ Yes I am,” giving, too, a visible pinch to Susan’s arm ; equivalent to an exhortation and admonition that it was next her turn.

“ Well—are you goin for to *hape*—hem !—Ma’am !—that thare man—Ma’am !—a holdin on your arm—for to be your lawful covenint—man—hem !—husband, Ma’am ? ”

Here both ladies made a courtesy, (kurtshee,) but Susan added the affirmative ; upon which the parson repeated the following closing form :—

“ Well, I say then by authority of this here license from the clark of our court, as how you’re both now—man and woman—that is—hem !—as how both of you are married, young folks, and no body’s no right to keep you asunder.” Upon which, greatly terrified, our preacher instantly demanded something to drink ; not that he needed any thing

from thirst, but from embarrassment, and to cover his retreat. And this request was, at the very word, answered by a potation or grog, of whiskey, water and maple sugar. Indeed, in those days out there, we have been in church, when, at the amen to the benediction, forth came Deacon Giles, with a wash-basin-bowl full of whiskey and some water, sweetened as above and flavoured with nutmeg; and of this sipped first the man of God—for form's sake:—and after that it was all swallowed by the congregation, in mouthfuls sufficient to elevate the mind, if dejected by the sermon.

But the Rev. D. Menniwater's call for drink, was the signal that the matrimonial meeting was out; and the kissing of the bride was set going by the ladies of Glenville, who, (for mere example's sake, however,) were followed by the gentlemen of Glenville. And two of these gentlemen, I think, extended their salutation to the bride'smaid, which was so encouraging to the groomsman, and other shy chaps, that they with one consent began to salute the brides that were to be: so that affairs were soon as completely uproarious and screechery as in a fashionable, highbred evening party, with one good piano and some three dozen vocalists, professors and amateurs of singing and talking. At last the girls put out, followed by the beaux, and none were left in the room but we old folks, (married people,) and the young couple. And then came on all the old, racy and original jokes and sayings on such occasions, with some new ones in regard to the "man and woman," made by Mr. M.; whose inveterate habit of "old manning," &c. had forced him to substitute man and woman for husband and wife, in concluding the ceremony. One very smart neighbour body so persisted in calling the whole no ceremony at all, that poor Susan was half persuaded she was hardly married; and had we of Glenville fomented the af-

fair, and Mr. Hilsbury been present, Susan, I do think; would have had the marriage ceremony over again.

It was now noon, and dinner—the grand affair—was not to be till near 3 o'clock, P. M.—although every body, man, woman, boy, girl, help, domestic, hired and volunteer, hands and legs, were all ferment in hastening this catastrophe of our drama: and truly drama it was, if action and motion pertain to its essence. Here a boy was ferociously cutting wood—there one toting wood: here a man and two women getting a fire in full blast out of doors—there two men and one girl blowing up one within: and then rushed by a whirlwind of petticoats, with one featherless turkey, or two featherless hens, affectionately hugged along to dutch ovens and skillets! Some carried and fixed tables, pushing and kicking and jamming at them till they consented to stay fixed, and not to coggle! Some fixed rattling plates, clattering knives, and ringing bowls on stout table covers; which were at the same moment jerked by others, till they “came a sorter strate!” And there was Mr. Ashford, Jun. with his rifle, decapitating extra fowls, the company proving much larger than had been expected! For on these hearty and solemn occasions every body is welcome, who comes as an *umbra* to a neighbour, or acts as his own shadow and shade; and every body is stuffed with as much as he will hold; so that all sorts of feathered creatures suffer for the wedding dinner, and in great numbers, it being long before a wholesome backwoodsman ever cries, “Ohe! jam satis!” about the same as the classic reader knows as crying out, “Well! I’ve a belly full!”

The whole clearing evidently enjoyed a saturnalia. Wagons and carts and sleds rested from rolling and screeching; gears of leather and gears of elm-bark hung crooked and unstretched on fences and projections of cabin outhouses; and ploughs lay peaceful, with polished shares gleaming in sunshine. The animals manifestly enjoyed the affair; hens

of maternal character clucked mid late broods, and some wallowed in dust; geese hissed; ducks quacked; and dogs, in all quarters, ran, barked, and wagged their very tails for gladness; while shaggy horses peeped in wonder over bars, or hung tenderly about the barn and corn cribs.

Adjacent the house was a yard; and this being swept daily with wooden brooms and tramped, had become denuded of grass, and hard and clean as a puncheon floor. Here* we now walked, ran, jumped, joked, told tales, made brags and bets—tickled folk's ears with timothy heads—quizzed chaps about marrying—chased girls going to the spring for water, or to the milk house, and ever so many funny things beside. And, what was wonderful! the girls went every five minutes to the spring or milk house; and came too through the front yard, when, if they had thought, the way out of the back door was much shorter and more direct! And then such a sprinkling of water from little calabashes and tin cups and ox horns! And such a hanging of dish-cloths and milk-strainers on the "yaller buttins" of the hinder man! And the laughing!—and the rifle-shooting!—in a word, we, (author now included,) were most decidedly, and most vulgarly happy, joyous, and chock full of fun and frolic.

Of course all this was too much for Old Dick to stand and look at all day: hence, contriving to ease off his bridle and then to work over the fence, or may be under it, there, sure enough, in the midst of our sacred enclosure, suddenly stood his impudence, and as if we were his "seller critturs!" He was no stranger, however, to the company, and his self-introduction was hailed with more than three cheers; it being well known he would contribute his share to the entertainment. Accordingly, like a favourite dog, he was fed

* We, here belongs to the company, not the author.

with bits of bread, both corn and wheat, and with slices of fat pork and pieces of fresh beef; which latter he would only chew awhile, like tobacco, and then eject. He was then smoothed and slapped and called names—then pulled by the tail—pinched on the ears—made to grin—and then jumped on and jumped over; till at last girls were packed and stowed upon him, and nothing was visible of the favourite but four horse-legs, moving under frocks, and a tail wagging and flourishing happily among chintz and morocco—the whole a most grotesque feminine centaur! But when we packed the fellow with men and boys, he would either shake or bite them off; and if these failed he would suddenly lie down, and then the compound rollings were uncommonly entertaining.

Three chaps now mounted Dick, and fully resolved to make him ford the creek, here about ten yards wide and some two feet deep. By dint of coaxing and kicking, and pulling and pushing, by the riders and the company, Dick was got into the water, when he splashed on voluntarily to the middle—but farther than that, not an inch. No—there he halted, and stood fixed as a river-horse that had grown up on the spot! And vain all entreaties, cuffings, kickings! vain all combined hallooings! vain all pelting with clods and stones—all latherings with long bean poles!—he was wholly unbudgable! At last, however, he did move; and so did his riders, who hastily slipped off into water more than knee deep, preferring that to a roll in the creek—Dick having exhibited the premonitory symptom of performing that ceremony; and then they, amid no small uproar of laughter from the whole assembled “weddeners,” waded to the bank. “But Dick, what did he?” Ay, sure enough—why he speedily betook himself to the farther side, where he wandered about and eat twigs and bushes, till he was caught for our return. Reader, was all this instinct or reason?

After this we told adventures. Among others, one hard featured old worthy gave the following account about his "ole womin's tarrifying a barr," anglicé, terrifying a bear.

"When we was fust settled"—said he—"down on Higinsis bottim, thare was no mills in these parts and so we pack'd all our bread stuffs from over thare at Wood'll about once a month or thare-about, me going one day and coming back agin next day and my ole womin a stayin in the cabin till I gits back. The Injins was mostly gone, but straglin ones kept comin on and off, but tho' they was harmless like, folks was a little dubus and didn't want thare company; and my ole womin she always shot the door at night, and a sort a draw'd the bedstid agin it. Well, so one night I was away for meal and she bethought as how she'd render off her fat; and so she ons with the grate pot—that one you're old womin neighbour Ashford borrhord last year to bile sugar in—and she puts in her fat and begins a heatin it; when what does she hear all at once on a sudden but a powerful trampin round the cabin! "Maybe," says she to herself, "its some poor Injin wants in"—when all at once the trampin stopt and somethin begins a scratchin up outside the chimbly, and she spies through a crack, and if it want a powerful barr that was arter the fat! And she know'd the varmint wasn't going to rest till he klim down the inside of the chimbly; and then she'd nave to put out and maybe lose all her fat! Well, my ole womin was to be sure, a leetle skur'd—but she didn't lose her presentiment of mind—she only let the fellow back down as near as was convenient—and then she jerks a handful of dry grass out of our tick, and set fire to the whole on the fat! "And she says, 'twas most powerful laffy to hear the barr go up chimbly again—and how he was still heern a growlin and makin tracts for the timbers! And that's the way she tarrified the barr and a sort a scorched his brichis."

"That makes me, granddaddy,"—said a young Hecules—"think how near I was to bein skur'd last week, with a wild cat over on Acorn Ridge. I was out huntin turkey, but had no luck, and didn't see the fust one till I comes toward's Inglissis—and thare I heerd a feller goblin. So I crawls into the brush near a beech and begins a goblin, and he begins a anserrin and a comin up—but jist then I hears somethin a nuther in the beech above—but I was afeard to move my head lest the turkey ketch sight of me—and so I gives another gobble, and then hears him a coming up rite smart, and I was only waitin to git sight of him—when what should I hear but a sudden shakin rite over my head—and so I looks out of the tail of my eye so—(turning his eye for illustration)—and I'll be dogg'd if thare warnt a wild cat jist goin to spring, as I'd gobbled him up like a gineine cock myself. So, you see I give up the turkey and killed the varmint—and that's his skin, granddaddy, you see tother day at our house."

This reminded Uncle John of an adventure of his own somewhat similar, and he went on thus:

"One day when hunting in Georgia I got into a pine thicket, where I sat down on a log to rest. Happening to look in a certain direction—for nothing of the sort was expected—I saw a fine buck coming slowly towards the thicket, either not seeing me or to reconnoitre. I had put off my shoes to cool my feet, but now without thinking about it, I rose to my feet ready to fire as soon as the deer should be near enough: but as I stood about this way—(way exhibited, the legs apart)—I felt something very cold glide upon one of my bare feet, and on glancing my eye that way, what was it but a rattlesnake crawling from under the log across my foot! I had providentially presence of mind to remain immovable as a rock—till the snake had actually crawled his whole length over my foot; and when fairly

beyond I suddenly jumped away, and then killed him :—but of course I lost my buck.”

“Brother John”—said uncle Tommy—“that makes me think of my being lost twenty years ago—but dinner, I reckon, is most ready——”

“Oh ! no, uncle Tommy”—said Mr. Ashford—“we’ve time for that ’venture of yours.”

This was enough for our Uncle Leatherstocking ; for no man so delighted in telling adventures. Indeed, few men ever encountered more ; and still fewer could orally relate them so well. He was not an educated man, or even a good English scholar ; still he had read much and conversed much with intelligent persons : and so he was fluent in natural English, and could aptly coin words and pronunciations to suit new ideas and circumstances. I shall try and preserve his manner and spirit : but to enjoy his stories, one should sit in his lonely cabin of a winter’s night away in the howling wilderness, and see his countenance and action, and hear his tones.

“Prehaps”—said uncle Tommy—“you know my wife’s father had considerable land on the Blue Fox River in Ohio ; so as we two wanted a leetle more elbow room, I says one day to Nancy, “Nancy,” says I, “I dad ’spose we put out and live there. Game’s mighty plenty there, and there’s fine water and plenty a fish, and plenty a wood ; and we kin lay in stores enough at Squattertown to last more nor six months on a streech.” And sure enough, as I’m a livin man, off we sets and puts up a cabin in the centre of the track, and that give us room for the present : for the nearest white settlement warnt nearer nor four mile, and Squattertown, the county seat, was nigh on to twelve mile off. The Ingins, poor critturs, kim a huntin over our track, albeit, there was no reglar town of theirs nearer nor twenty miles : but they never did us harm—no, not a *hair*—(little bit)—and Nancy got so used to their red

skins that she never minded them. There's bad Ingins that will steal and maybe *massurkree* : but most when they find a rale sinserity-hearted white, would a blame sight sooner sculp themselves than him. And I do believe me and Nancy was beliked by them : and many's the ven'sin and turkey they fotch'd as a sort of present, and maybe a kind of pay for breadstuffs and salt Nancy used to give them. Sartin, indeed, a white would now and then be killed : but when all the sarcumstansis was illusterated, it was ginerally found the white was agressur, and was kotch'd doing something agin their laws—and me and Nancy had a secret conscience that the white desarved his fate :—and sometimes I felt like takin sides with the red skins myself, and shootin down the whiskey devils that made them drunk—but I'll not enter on that now.

“ Well, I hunted and fish'd about whole days, the livelong blessed day, while Nancy she'd stay alone a readin Scott's Family Bible : so that she got three times right spang through it, from kiver to kiver—the whole three volumes, notes, practical observations, marginal references, and all ! And, I dad, if she did'nt read clean through all our church histories, Milnursis, and Mush-heemisis, and history of the Baptisis and Methodisis, and never so many more books beside, for we always toted our books wherever we went. And when I fished I used to larn sarmins by heart out of Christmas Evans, and president Davy's and Mr. Walker's and that was a kind of help in preachin.”

Uncle Tommy usually made the *dead* speak when he preached, and sometimes he would echo Bishop Shrub and Bishop Hilsbury, and other living apostles. And in this he acted wisely, not being competent to the concoction of his own sermons ; and besides, when fully excited he could do Christmas Evans' celebrated almanac sermon nearly as well as Christmas himself : thence among the “ Baptisis,” as he always called them, Uncle Tommy was

greatly venerated, and was heaped up with titles like an English Bishop, being styled : "a mighty smart and most powerful big preacher !" Let not uncle Tommy's pulpit preparation be despised ; even "high larned sheepskins," it is said, do sometimes lay both the living and the dead under heavy contribution, and that, too, when not endowed with our buck-eye-preacher's pathos and unction. We, indeed, of Glenville, always preferred that uncle Tommy should represent Davies and Walker—and even Evans—and not to give his own. But to the story ;

"Well"—continued he—"one morning early in December, I says to Nancy, "Nancy, I dad, says I, I do believe I'll jist take old Bet—(a rifle)—as we are out of meat, and go where I seen the turkies roosting last night : you mind the morning, Nancy, my dear, don't you ?"

"Bless you, Tommy Seymour, I'll never forget it—I was near losing you then, 'Tommy.'"

"Well, Nancy, I'll go on with the story."

This was one of the interlocutories that always varied and interrupted uncle Tommy's narratives, and nothing could excel the intense interest that most affectionate and devoted wife—(wife and child to him)—took in the stories, though heard the hundreth time. But uncle Tommy went on : —

"And so I slips out of bed—it wasn't day quite—and slips on my clothes, and fixes my old gun by the fire and then opens the door to set out, when I dissarned a leetle sprinkle of snow and a likelihood for a snow storm. Howsomever, this didn't *faze* me, only I steps back for my old camlit cloak—little thinking, as I fixed it on, how I'd need the thing afore I'd git back agin.

"Well, I starts for where I'd seen the turkeys, and gitting near, sneaked round a bit, but soon found the critturs had been too quick, and like Paddy's flea, wasn't there. I heerd them, howsomever, fly, and so on I kept creeping

slowly along till I'd got from home, mayhap, a matter of two miles ; but the snow was so thick in the air that I never could dissarn the birds, and away they kept going flurry-wurry about seventy yards a head—till I give up the hunt and turn'd to go home for fear Nancy might be waiting breakfast—”

“ Yes, Tommy Seymour, I did wait breakfast for you—”

“ Never mind, Nancy, my dear child, I got back at last you know”—replied uncle Tommy, and continued—“ Well, I turn'd to go back, but I dad if I could jist exactly tell where I was precisely, the snow had so teetolly kivered my tracks, and it was now snowing so bodaciously fast as to kiver as fast as I made them. But I took a sharp look at the timber, and fixing on a course, I kept my line for near two mile—yet, I dad, if I could strike the cabin and could n't tell whether it was too high or too low ; and so up I went a short quarter, and down a short quarter, as near as could be guessed circumlocating for three hours, but no cabin was to be seen. Well, says I, I dad, if I aint about as good as lost ; and so sits down in a tree top to reconsiderate, and take a fresh start—but soon starts up and hollows like the ole Harry—but nothing gives no answer and all was snow!—snow!—snow! not a smite of noise, only my breathing and a sort of pittinpattin sound of my heart! I found it wouldn't do to stand still as the scarces begin to crawl in a leetle, and so off I sets at a venture ; for the cabin must be, says I, somewhere near ; and sometimes I conceited it to be ahead of me, but all at once it vanished, and I seed it was only a case of fantis-mágerý—and that I, Tommy Seymour, was actially lost!—”

“ Yes ! Tommy, and I couldn't give you any help !”

“ Nancy ! child, I wouldn't a had you there for the universal world.”

“ Well,”—resumed he,—“ there I was teetolly lost ! I couldn't stay still—yet what use to walk on ? And if I fired

my gun, and Nancy heerd it, and I didn't git back, mayhap she'd think the Injins had killed me, and then she'd come out and git lost too!—and with that idee, thinks I may be she's out now!—and then I gits bodaciously sker'd and hollows agin like the very ole Harry! and walks and runs this way and that way—the snow blinding my eyes—but all was of no use—I was lost! lost! lost! But it was only about Nancy here, I thought at this time;—and I dad, if I din't ketch myself a crying like a child,—and, wished to be lost by myself without her coming out in such a storm!—(We here stole a look at aunt Nancy—I could not catch her eye as she had her work-bag over her face: but “I dad,” as uncle Tommy used to say, if we didn't feel a *leele* tender ourselves. And so, generous reader, would you have felt, hearing the tremulous thrill of the venerable old man's voice and seeing his eye affectionately turned towards that dear old lady that for so many years had shared his wanderings and sorrows.)—“Well, I must 'a become crazy, running round and hollowing and crying—and all of no use—when all at once it quit snowing, and I was sperited up, hoping the sun would shine out next, and I could take a course for Squattertown or the Injin settlement. But it kept dark and cloudy and I begins ‘ ‘ feel weak from fatigue and hunger—(albeit I war'nt sker'd on that pint, as I had old Bet along)—and so allowing it was about one o'clock, I determined to strike the Blue Fox, and keep down stream to the settlement on its bank thirty miles down. Well, off I sets to strike the river, and in about four mile comes to a little pond with a couple of duck swimming about. I stopp'd in my tracks—knock'd out damp primin—puts in fresh—and slams away and kills one duck; and the other flies away. And I gits the duck to land by pitching sticks in, but not wanting to lose time, I kept on going; and so picked off the feathers and sucked a little of it raw, till it 'most made me sick, and I thought it would be better to keep and cook it at night—

which was now coming on black as thunder. Well, it was time to look out for a camp; and just about dark I come across a tree what had been twisted off by a harrikin, and was lodged the butt ind on the stump; and the top on the ground was puttee much of a dry brush heap. For all the world! there never was sich a place!—Providence seemed to have blow'd it down jist for me! I could have camp'd there a week! And so we brushes away the snow and makes a fire in the top! and near the stump under the trunk, makes a comfortable bed out of chunks and brush wood: and then I goes to the fire and sits down to cook my duck.

“But, I dad, if I could help thinking about our cabin and every time I think of Nancy!—I—; but I know'd there was a divine Providence and a heavenly Father—and so I prayed, and then eat one half of my duck, keeping the other; as game was mighty skerse and no human beings was in that direction till I struck the Blue Fox. And then, making a little fire near my bed for my feet, and kivering my powder-horn with a hankerchief to put under my head for fear of damp and sparks, I raps up in the ole-camlit, and laid down, and was soon fast asleep.

“Well, after a while I gits to dreaming I was lost in a prararee, and that the grass had tuck fire, and that I was a kind of suffocated and scorch'd;—and I dreamed I heerd the awful roaring of flames, and seen a burning whirlwind coming towards me, and that so sker'd me that I woke right up—and, I dad! as I'm a livin man! if the woods all around me wasn't as light as day! And my tree was all a living blaze and burning splinters was tumblin on my ole camlit!—ay! and my cotton hankerchief round my powder-horn was jist beginning to smoke and scorch!—I dad! my friends and bruthrin”—(Here, uncle T. insensibly glided into his preaching tone and manner)—“but this was a most murrakulous dream!! and show'd the nature of Providence

and his care—or I'd 'a soon been burnt to death or blow'd up! And I didn't sleep no more—but kneeled down and thank'd God for the deliverance; and then kept sitting near the fire till day, and then I once more started for the river.

“Howsomever, to make a long story short, I walked on and on the live-long blessed day, and never heerd or seen a living crittur; and I never came to any river—but at night I comes to a log that had been chopp'd off and this give me courage. And so I makes a fire, and eats now the other half of my duck—for I was somehow sartain I'd find a settlemint in the morning. Well, I slept the second night along side this log, and by daybreak I jumps up and feels something a kind of moving in my old camlit—and, I dad! if it wasn't a snake what the fire had smoked out of the log and what had crept into me to be warm! But I only shook out the reptile and never killed him, thinking only of some settlemint—(although it was the *snake*, brother John told about, that made me think of my adventure)—for the sarcumstance of the chopp'd log satisfied me, some was near, as it was no tommyhawk cut, but was done with a white man's axe. Well, I starts off puttee considerable peert and brisk, considerin I was weak, and, all at once, as I'm a livin man, if I didn't hear a bark! And so I stops and listens—and there was another—and another—and I was sartain it wasn't no fox or wolf but a dog—and then, I dad! if I didn't streak off that way like greased lightnin!—and begun and holler'd and fired!—and the dog bark'd louder and louder, and kept on coming nearer and nearer! and I a running and a hollerin till all at once right in sight of me was—a human cabin!! If I live a thousand years,—(and none of us, my bruthren will live half that long.)—I'll never forget that moment—and if ever I thank'd God with a rale sinserity-heart, 'twas then. But while I was reconsiderating whose settlemint it was, for things

looked a kind of familiar, the dog what had kept on barkin, now bust out of the bushes, a yelpin and a prancin around me!—and why do you think?—because the poor feller had found his lost master—and it was Nancy's little dog Ruff! And would you believe it?—my eyes was suddenly opened like a prophit's, and I found I was on my own trampin ground, and the cabin was ours!—and there stood my dear child Nancy, a lookin our way out of the cabin door! I dad! if I didn't snatch up Ruff and kiss him!—and the poor little crittur—(he's dead now!)—lick'd my face with his tongue!—and in that way I run over to Nancy.”—(Here the emotion of the old man and the agitation of his wife made a momentary pause—it was, indeed, as solemn as church.)—“Well, after all was explained and illusterated, we kneel'd down and thank'd God: and then Nancy, she told how she thought I was killed and then maybe only lost, till she was jist goin to start for the next settlemint; and if I'd a come ten minits later, she'd been off after help!

“So that's one of my scrapes; and it illusterates the fillosofee that makes a man keep going round and round when he's lost; for albeit I must a walked more nor fifty mile in the two days, I wasn't never over seven mile from the cabin; and that's the pond where the duck was;—and when I come back agin, I didn't know at fust my own cabin—nor the chopp'd log, though I'd cut down the tree myself. And——”

Here dinner was fortunately announced; for nothing else *then* could have stopped Uncle Tommy—and we weddeners had a lucky escape from a long sermon on Providence; Uncle Tommy greatly delighting in improvements, and “speretilizing” his adventures, and, indeed, all other matters, and usually winding up his land-yarns with notes and practical observations, in the manner of Henry and Scott. The truth is we were half starved, and had very natural

hankering^a after "beggarly elements—carnal meats and drinks, and such like observances."

The dinner table was set in the diagonal of the room, and could accommodate about thirty persons; but as our company was twice that number, we were "to eat twice." As usual the new married persons were seated at one end, and the groomsman and bridesmaid at the other: and then were seated all the married men, and after that as many as possible of the married women; preference on such occasions being shown to the worthier gender.* This inversion of the matrimonial chord arises mainly from the fact, that out there women reserve themselves to attend to the table; and, therefore, when the "set up" is ordered, the gentlemen instantly seat themselves alongside, and partly under the table. Sheepish young chaps usually hang back, however hungry, and say, "Oh! there's no 'casion:" after which they give an acquiescing cough or two, or more commonly go to the door, and give a twang with the nose and finger instrument, (in place of fashionable phrases,) and then drop, as if shot down, into a seat, jerking the seat under the table, till the mouth comes to its level, and is thus fixed for convenient feeding.

All Glenville had a seat at the first table, except John Glenville, who, partly out of policy, but much more out of true and gentlemanly feeling, preferred coming with the young people to the second table. And when the company were fixed—and fixed it was till one could barely stir a hand or foot—Uncle Tommy "asked a blessing;" when he made amends for a long story by a very short prayer. But even in that prayer, which certainly lasted no longer than two minutes, he contrived, among other things, to ask a blessing on the young folks, praying especially, "for them as had

* This is according to a rule of Latin grammar.

just been married, according to the divine appointment in the garden of Eden, that they might both of them live to a good old age, and be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and see their children's children to the third and fourth generation, and that other young folks present might soon settle and have families, and become an honour and a blessing in their day and generation."

Many young gentlemen of "the second table" waited on us of "the first table," and among them John Glenville:—and this was taken so kindly, that*before we went home declarations were heard about "taking him up for the legislature, fall come a year"—a hint not lost on us, and of which more hereafter. I am sorry the reader can only taste our *goodies* in imagination; and yet are we cruel enough to let him see what he lost.

And first, notice, all eatables, from "the egg to the apple," were on our table at once. Thus a single glance disclosed what amount of labour was expected:—our *whole* work was there, and no other jobs of eating by way of appendix. Nor were we plagued with changing knives, whipping on and away of plates, and brushing or removing cloths; no, no, we kept right dead ahead with the work from the start to the finish; the sole labour of the attendants being to keep the plates "chuckfull" of something, and ours, to eat! eat! eat!

The dishes next. First, then, and middlemost, an enormous pot-pie, and piping hot, graced our centre, overpowering, with its fragrance and steam, the odours and vapours of all other meats: and pot-pie was the wedding dish of our Purchase, par excellence! The pie to-day was the doughy sepulchre of at least six hens, two chanticleers, and four pullets, if it be logical to reason upward from legs and wings to bodies! What pot could have contained the pie is inconceivable, unless the one used for "tarrifying the barr." Why, among other unknown contributions, it must have received one half peck of onions! And yet it is to be feared that they who came after us were potpieless;

for potpie is the favourite, and woodsmen sharp set are *awful* eaters.

Around the pie were wild turkeys, (tame enough now,) with wonderful necks stretched out in search of their heads, and stupendous limbs and wings ready for flight, the instant the head should be discovered, or heard from! The poor birds, however, were so done, over and under too, that all native juices were evaporated, and the flesh was as dry as cork: but by way of amends quarts of gravy were judiciously emptied on our plates from the wash-basin-bowls. That also moistened the "stuff'nin," composed of Indian meal and sausages.

These two were the grand dishes: but sprinkled and scattered about were plates of fried venison, fried turkey, fried chicken, fried duck, fried pork, and, for any thing I could know, even fried leather; for so complete and impartial the frying, that distinctive tastes were obliterated, and it could only be guessed, by the shape, size, legs, &c., which was what, and the contrary.

But who can tell of the "sasses?" for we had "biled petaturs!"—and "smashed petaturs!"—and "petatursis!" i. e. potatoes rolled into balls as big as marbles, and baked brown. And there were "bil'd ingins!"—"fried ingins!"—and "ingins out of this here pie!" Yes, and beets of all known colours and unknown tastes!—all pickled in salt and vinegar and something else! And there were pickled cucumbers, as far as salt and water could go; and "punkun-butter!"—and "punkun-jelle!"—and corn bread in all its glory!

Scientifically inserted and insinuated among the first course, was the second; every crevice and space being wedged up: and had the plates and saucers been like puzzle-maps, no table cloth would have been visible through the interstices. And fortunate! the table itself was strong and masculine; otherwise it must have been crushed under the

combined weight of elbows and dishes ! This second course was chiefly custard ; and that stood in bowls and teacups of cadaverous white, encircled by unknown flowers. A pitcher of milk was gracefully adorned by the artist with the pattern of an entrail, taken doubtless out of some school book on physiology. But we had also custard-pies ! and made with both upper and under crusts ! And also maple molasses, (usually called "them 'ere molassisis,") and preserved apples, preserved water mellow-rinds, and preserved red peppers and tomatoes—all termed, for brevity's sake, (like words in Webster's dictionary,) "'sarves."

A few under crusts, or shells, were filled with stewed peaches and apples ; an idea borrowed by Susan from Glenville : but so much was this like conformity to the pomps and vanities of life, that the careful mother had that very morning rebuked her daughter, and earnestly advised her not "to take to quality ways, but naturally bake pies with uppermost crusts's." And yet Mrs. Ashford soon got over her miff, and, won by the marked and *uncondescending* attention paid to her daughter and her daughter's husband by us, she was heard not long after the rebuke to say— "Well, arter all, they're a right down clever sort of folks, and that 'are Mr. Carltin is naterally addicted to fun."

Among the curiosities were the pound cakes, as numerous as apple dumplings, and about as large. These were compounded of some things found in pound cakes every where, and of some not found, maple sugar being, evidently from the taste, the master ingredient ; but their shape—that was the beauty ! All were baked in coffee-cups ! and after being disencupped, each was iced all over, till it looked, for all the world, exactly like an ill-made snow ball ! The icing, or snowing, was a composition of egg, starch, and a species of double-rectified maple sugar, as fine and white as table salt.

In addition to all these matters tea and coffee were seve-

rally handed, while the girls in attendance asked each guest—"Do you take sweet'nin?" If the reply was affirmative the same sized spoonful was put into every sized cup; and then, to save you the trouble, the young lady stirred the beverage with her own fair hand, and with as much energy and good will as if she was mixing molasses and water.

Now, we do hope no reader will think we of Glenville turned up our noses at all this. No, no, verily; but we eat as much and as long, laughing, talking, joking all the time too, as if native born. As for Mr. Carlton, he stuck mainly to pot-pie, the marbled-potatoes, the custard and the maple molasses; which last, by the way, is indeed as superior to all far east and down east molasses and syrups as cheese is to chalk.

The eventful day was, however, now closing, and some had already taken French leave, while many were rigging their horses for departure: hence we also began assembling our party to go homeward. But at the request of some young fellows, who offered to catch Dick and see the "gals" home, we left our helps, to have some fun after the graver people should be gone away. About a dozen volunteer groomsmen and bridesmaids remained to "see it out;" viz. to torment Susan and Joseph: but Mrs. Ashford, a very watchful and discreet woman, told us afterwards, she "took care to stop all goins on, and made ev'ry livin soul and body of 'em go to bed an hour before herself and her old man went."

A different but no less effectual preventive was used by another new-married couple in the Purchase, where we had the honour of an invitation. The loft had been assigned as the bridal chamber, the sole access to which was a light ladder; and up this some of the "weddeners" intended to steal and upset the bed of the sleepers—but alas! for the fun!—the groom, in anticipation of the favour, it was found, *had drawn up the ladder!*

CHAPTER XX.

"Parva leves capitant animos."

"Various, that the mind of desultory man."

THE ladies of Glenville, in addition to various other matters, paid special attention in the winter to needle-work : and that was bestowed on gowns, coats, overalls, inexpressibles, and in short, on the whole tribe of unmentionables ; and also on various tasteful and fancy articles. In the kitchen was a loom, not for laces, but for measuring out, yard after yard of tow-linen and Kentucky jeans ; and on this *piano forte* our ladies played many a merry tune, the burden of which was "our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle ;" which yet proved that a short span is rendered pleasant by a swift shuttle. Indeed, in our circumstances, the use of the *treadles* was more important than the use of the *pedals*.

Our ladies this winter spent much time in reading : and, not a little in longing after the flesh-pots of Egypt ! And yet there was much in the wild and rough wilderness ;—much in the men and women of the woods, so in contrast with the culture of the city, that when the novelty passed, and we had time to reflect that in our day the neighbours could never be like us, nor we like them—that we were tolerated, rather than cherished—and were far away from sympathy—it was then that we seemed to awake to a sad and bitter remembrance of the past—yes, and that past in no way, to some of us, ever to be restored, to be revisited ! In the far east were the graves of *their* fathers !—(the

graves of mine, I cannot find) for the Seymours were ancient, and in their day men of substance and renown. And Indians are not the only ones that love to linger among the graves of their fathers : not the only wanderers that see in vision the swelling mounds over their dead, and see, with melting hearts and dimming eyes ! Mournful world ! before we left the woods, graves of ours had consecrated two lonely spots in the wilds, and our dust was commingling with the dust of the red men : so that lonely now amid the graves in the east, we here sigh and weep for the graves in those western solitudes ! * * *

As for myself, this winter, I made the closet for Carlton's study, and the one in Bishop Hilsbury's cabin ; also two skuttles for the loom, one too light however, the other, too heavy : and I aided in putting in and taking out "a piece," becoming thus adept in the mysteries of woof and warp, of hanks, reels and cuts. I mended likewise, water sleds, hunted turkeys, missed killing two deer for want of a rifle, played the flute, practised the fiddle, and ever so many other things and what-nots. But my grand employment was a review of all my college studies ; and hence, I was the very first man since the creation of the world that read Greek in the New Purchase ! And it was I that first made the apostles talk out there in their own language ! that first made the primal woods resonant with

"Tytur tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi !"

or thunder with Demosthenes ! that first addressed the reverend trees in the majestic words of Plato—words that Jupiter himself would have used for the same purpose ! aye, that first taught those listening trees the names of the Hebrew and Chaldaic alphabets, or made them roar like the sea with the poluphlosboio thalasses ! And, hence from the renown of all this, I was finally made a trustee of the State College at Woodville ; which appointment afterwards brought

me into contact with some adventures, to be narrated in their proper place. The appointment, however, was not given till Mr. J. Glenville took his seat in our legislature in 182—.

Our evenings were devoted to cracking nuts and jokes, visiting uncle Tommy, and Bishop H., to planning, to hearing adventures or reading aloud ; but, as it was not possible to have a centre-table, the grand family lamp was suspended in the centre of the parlour ; and then around this we either all sat as an Iceland family, or raising the carpet-barriers, we lolled on the nearest beds in couch and sofa, and ottoman style.

The lamp in its primitive times was a patty-pan ; but having spent its youth in different sorts of hot ovens, its tin had entirely shone out, and nothing remained save the oxydated iron ; yet, to this it owed its present elevated station in Glenville—humility before exaltation ! In the edges were three holes punched with a tenpenny nail, and into these were put and fastened three several wires, which united eighteen inches above the patty-pan, were joined by a strong twine, tied to a hook in a pole : and then the whole affair, when released from the hand, could, and did swing with a very regular irregularity over the middle parlour. The illuminator filled with lard or bear's oil,* and supplied with a piece of cloth for wick, was touched with flame from a burning brand ; and then away it blazed in glory, filling all things, even eyes and noses, with light and soot ! But we soon got used to suffocation ; and many were our pleasant nights around the pendulum lamp, spite of inconveniences within, and the cries of prowling beasts without, or the demon-like shrieks and howls of wintry tempests ! Calm consciences in rude and lone huts bid defiance to most evils and dangers ! Besides, who has not known the

* We of Glenville burned lard many years prior to the late discoveries in swine light.

delight of lying in bed under an unceiled roof, and of being lulled to slumber by the music of a pattering rain ! So our delight arose often from a sense of entire security : and yet the dangers and evils of the dark and howling wilderness so near !—separated by a slight barrier !

During the day, this winter, I took lessons in axecraft ; for, in addition to the “niggering-off,”* it became necessary as the cold increased, to chop off logs, especially as our fire-place devoured wood at the rate of half-a-cord per diem. Niggering belongs mainly to very large timber, and pertains rather to the science of log-rolling than of preparing fuel ; but chopping is essential to nearly every branch of a woodsman’s life, and must be learned by all who aspire to respectability and independence.

Awkward indeed, were my first essays, and my strength inartificially bestowed on every blow, was soon exhausted ; but when we had “larned the sling o’ the axe,” then could we as easily execute a cord a day, as at first the fourth of the measure. Nay, we could at last mount a prostrate beech and take the butt end two feet in diameter : and then, with feet apart, the exact width of the intended chip, could we cut away, within one inch of the cowhide boots, and that neatly and regularly all the way to the centre : and then, turning round, accomplish the same on the other side, till cuttings matched and almost met, when we would make the final and flourishing cut, and then in a moment lay two logs out of one !

But oh ! the way Tom Robison could flourish the axe ! And proud am I to call Tom my master ; indeed, all Glenville were indebted to his lessons. Tom was a fellow of gigantic proportions, longer than six feet three inches, and with enormous width of breast,—about “the girth” like a columnar beech. He had also legs and arms to match.

* To be described hereafter.

His face was as mild as a full moon's, and nearly as big, and in temper he was as good-natured and harmless as a chubby baby! Tom rarely bragged; although he could shoot well, drive wagon well, ride horses wild and tame, and walk as fast and nearly as far as an elephant: still he would boast a little about his chopping, being indeed as an axeman, the envy and admiration of all that part of the Purchase. Oh! I do wish we could paint Tom's smile of benevolent scorn as he took the axe from my awkward hands, to "larn me the sling!" when he saw me puffing at every ineffectual blow, striking every time in a new place, till a little weak amorphous chip was at long last haggled out with hashed edges—it was really sublime.

"Jeeat* do it so like, Mr. Carlin—a sort a hold your left hand here, allowin you're goin to strike right hand licks; and your tother hand so fashin, a toward the helf—but a sort a loose: then swing the axe out so, lettin the loose hand run up agin tother this away"—and here Tom's axe finished the sentence or speech by gleaming down and burying itself nearly to its back in the log: but next instant it was again quivering in the air, and changing its direction was gleaming and burying itself as at first, till out leaped elastic chips light as a feather, although these chips were twelve inch-elong, and two thick! And then the log would show two inclined planes as if wrought with a chisel!—and all the time Tom talking and laughing away, like a fellow whittling poplar with a dirk-knife. Oh! it was really delicious to see such cutting; and it was surprising anybody should call wood-chopping hard work—it was nothing but cutting butter with a hot knife.

Reader, Tom had actually done in axery, what Horace pronounces in writing, the perfection of the art, viz. ravishing and yet beguiling the reader into an opinion that

* *Jist* becomes *jeest*, and *little*, *leetle* out there, when tenderness and affection or diminution, &c., is to be designated.

he can write as well. Tom therefore was a master. Aye, the axe in his hand, was like the bow in Paganini's—and in the Purchase vastly more serviceable. In short, Tom could cut wood like lightning; and whilst some things can be done before a fluent tongue (female of course) can say *Jack* Robison, we defy any body to do the same things before *Tom* Robison could chop a stick off!

We shall now describe our firemaking, not indeed to be imitated in here to the utter ruin of all moderate fortunes, but to show the grand scale on which we do even small matters out there. To build a New Purchase fire, a cabin must first be builded or built for the fire, with a fireplace, constituting nearly one whole end of the cabin; then we must have wood, not by the cord, but by the acre; and thirdly, we must have active, robust, honest-hearted fellows to cut and carry in, unless one niggers-off, as some do, and drags logs into the cabin by horse-power.

The foundation of our fire was laid every day very early and required all hands. We men—hem! we men rose before sun-up; and then uncle John hauled out the relics of yesterday's fire—coals plenty and lively—the unconsumed centre of the back-log and chunks of foresticks; while Glenville and Carlton issued forth to select a new back-log. This was usually of beech, the greener the better, and about seven feet long and two in diameter. It was rolled to the door with handspikes, where, with the aid of uncle John—it was next rolled, lifted, pushed and coaxed into the centre of the parlour: and here we rested and blowed, uttering between the puffs—"plaguey heavy!" "a'most too long!" and the like. But directly, with a few united efforts the back-log was rolling and crushing over the coals and soon lodged with a thundering noise in its bed of hot ashes, and against the stone back of the inner chimney; we, during this process, alternately lifting our scorched shins, and then *at the noise of the thunder, nimbly leaping back and rub*

bing them; till we could nearly have ventured at last to try the ordeal of the burning plowshares. The log was now covered with ashes to prevent too rapid a consumption; and then two delicate andirons in the shape of pig iron, were pushed by a stick into proper position, being always, any time in the winter, too hot to be touched with the hand or even kicked with the foot. In case a cabin has opposite doors, much labour and many sprains may be saved and avoided, by tackling a horse to an end of the back-log and hauling it into the cabin; it is, however, rather a slovenly practice, and used mostly by women in the absence of the men.

Next in order were the second-story back-log, and the fore stick—equal in length, but different in diameter and material: the former being of beech and one foot thick, the latter of sugar tree and about eight inches thick. Each is often carried by two persons; but still oftener each is hipped. And hipping is done by one man who has some strength and more dexterity; who adroitly whips up the log on his hip, and trots off with it like the youngest quill-driver of a shop will do with Miss Troublesome's small bundle of silk under his arm. These timbers are also frequently shouldered—but I regret to say that a certain friend of ours when his turn came, used to roll his stick as far as the door, and then *hitch* it. Hitching is performed by getting the article on an end (no odds which) and then working it along by alternate corners: an operation that impressed on our puncheons numerous indented mementos of our friend's lazy ingenuity. The *plane* beauty of poplar or pine floors it would have marred forever! The puncheons, however, thought little of the matter, although they wriggled and "screeched" like—like—let's see. Oh! like all the world!

Meanwhile uncle John carried in brush enough to make a Jersey load of oven faggots; and the girl, baskets full

of all sized chips, from the Tommyrobison kind down to the Carlton sort; and so when the upper back-log and fore-stick had been arranged, there were present all the kindling and burning materials. An infant sapling, some three inches thick, lay between the back log proper and the fore-stick, forming thus a chasm for a bushel of burning coals; while other coals remained under and above the pile; and then across the upper coals were placed bits of small trees intermingled with hot chunks and cold chips, the whole being capped and climactirized with a brush heap.

Now issued, first, volumes of smoke, then a spiteful snap or two, becoming soon, however, a loud and decided crackling; and then appeared several fierce curly blazes, white, red, and blue, verifying the vulgar saying about smoke and fire; till the temperature of things getting to the scientific point—out burst simultaneously from all parts of the structure a wide, pure, living, roaring flame chasing soot-clouds up the stick-chimney, dispersing fire-builders as far as the carpet barrier, and lighting the interior cabin with the blaze of a volcano!

Combustion—(hem!) was supported during the day on the most philosophic principles; by supplying *fuel*; not a small bladder of gas; not even an old fashioned Philadelphia *iron* fore stick and *stone* black log; but real back-wood's fuel, chips, brush, bits of saplings and miniature timber. The fire was constructed regularly once only in twenty-four hours; although some back logs will last nearly twice that period.

Each firemaker had a tong of green timber an inch thick and six feet long; hence two persons lifting or poking in concert were equivalent to a pair of tongs. Usually we operated with only one tong; but by dexterity all can be accomplished with that one, that in here is commonly done with "tongs" and shovel to boot. True, our practice was incessant; since no man, woman, nor child in the

Purchase ever stood, sat, or lay near a fire without *poking* at it ! Hence my determined and ineradicable hostility to a fire of coal, bituminous or anthracite—the thing won't be poked ! And what's a fire for, if it aint to be poked ? Our young woman now, in here, keeps every thing in the shape of poker, and scraper, and tong, single or double, out of my way ; and, when the grate or stove needs a little tussling, in comes *she* with some iron article or other : but always on going out takes the article with her—" for fear Mr. Carlton will spile her fire ! ! "

Bah !—don't lecture me about furnaces and flues, and patent grates and ranges, and no-burns and all-saves, of this pitiful age ! Give me my all-burn and no-save fire of beech and sugar and chip and brush—hand back my tong—let me poke once more ! Oh ! let me hear and see once more before I die a glorious flame roaring up a stick-chimney ! There let me, on this celebrated cold Thursday, thermometer two and a half inches below zero, there let me stand by my cabin fire and be heated once more through and through ! Oh ! the luxury of lying in bed and looking from behind our Scotch wall on that fire !

Oh ! ye poor frozen, starving wretches of our blind and horrible alleys, and dark and loathsome cellars ; ye, I now see buying twopenneth of huckstered sticks to heat your water gruel for one more mouthful before ye die ; ye, that are shivering in rags, begging of that red-faced carter in the pea jacket a small, knotty, four-foot-stick of sour, sappy scrub oak just fallen from his cart, to hear it sob, sob, on the foodless hearth of your dungeon like holes—away ! for heaven's sake, if you starve not before, away ! next summer to the woods !

Go ; squat on Congress land ! Go ; find corn and pork and turkeys and squirrels and opossums and deer to eat ! Go ; and in the cold, cold, cruel winter like to day, you shall sit and lie and warm you by such a fire !—Go ; squalid slaves ! beg an axe—put out—make tracks for the tall timber—Go ;

taste what it is to be free! Away!—run!—leap!—and shout—“Hurraw—aw! the ranges for—ever! !”

CHAPTER XXI.

“Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.”

W^e had this year a very merry Christmas. For first and foremost we devoted the holidays to—hog killing and all its accompaniments, lard rendering, spare-rib cooking, sausage making, and the like. And secondly, our cow Sukey performed a very wonderful thing in the eating and drinking line:—she devoured a whole sugar trough full of mast-fed rendered lard! The blame, at first, attached to Dick; but he could clearly prove an alibi, and besides Sukey had very greasy chops, and got horrid sick, as much so as she had swallowed a box of Quackenborg’s pills: and when she did again let us have milk it was actually oily! And then, thirdly, there was aunt Kitty’s mishap about the sausages.

Aunt Kitty was intended by nature for a dear delightful old maid; and she greatly mistook her vocation by marrying, although nothing but her being a great favourite with the beaux of the last century hindered the fulfilment of her destiny. She was the most amiable and kind-hearted woman—but a *leeile* too modest; so that, in her circumlocutions and paraphrases to get round the tough places of plain English, she often made us uneasy lest she stump, or, perhaps light on some unlucky word or phrase worse than the one she shyed at. She denominated the chanticleer—chickbidde—or, he-bidde—or, old-rooster; and the braying gentleman she styled—donkey; although she would venture as far as—Jack. Ankle, with her, was any part

from the knee downward, and limbs were of course, her what-y' callums. She milked the cow's dugs, and greased, not her bag, but her—udder. From all which it maybe conjectured what ingenious contrivances in strange cabins were necessary before Aunt Kitty could get into bed or out of it: indeed, setting all backwood scorn and ridicule at defiance, she would take the very coverlet and fork it up for a curtain!

Well, Aunt Kitty called things prepared for the reception of sausages, *skins*; and so this Christmas having prepared the skins by the scraping process, she laid them away in salt and water till the stuffing was to take place; but when the hour for that curious metamorphose of putting swine into their own skins came, behold! the skins could not be found—

“What! had Dick devoured them?”

Oh! no,—the girl had accidentally thrown them all away. And this, indeed, was too bad; and no housekeeper can blame Aunt Kitty for being greatly provoked: but alas! for delicacies, anger permitted no choice of words:—(and by that it may be seen *how* angry Aunt Kitty was;) for on learning the cause and manner of the irreparable loss she exclaimed:—

“Why, you careless—you! Have you really gone and thrown out all my g—ts! that I was keeping for skins!”

Fourthly, we had a deer hunt, not only somewhat remarkable in itself, but memorable for the change it caused in the relations of Brutus and Cæsar—the dogs of Glenville. Of these, Brutus was the elder, and hence, though smaller and weaker, he managed to govern Cæsar: proof that among brutes opinion has much to do with mastership and reverence. An intimate acquaintance with old Dick and the two canine gentlemen has unsettled my early theories about instinct and reason: and as to the first-named worthy, the theory that the power of laughing is distinctive of

human beings much be received with limitation ; for Dick, if he never indulged in a rude boisterous horse-laugh, could and did most decidedly and repeatedly *grin*—and that is all some very sober and sensible persons ever attain to.

As to the others, Brutus had possession of the premises before Cæsar was even a whelp ; and though only Cæsar's foster-sire, he had trained him in his puppyhood in all the arts of doggery ; showing him how to worry infant pigs, then saucy shoats, and finally true hogs, and without regard of size or sex. He taught him how to chase poultry, and suck eggs ; how to hang at a cow's tail and yet avoid both horn and heel ; how to hunt squirrels, opossums and racoons ; and how even to shake a venomous snake to death and not be bit. And to his indefatigable care and example was owing the loss of our original bacon-skin hinges, and the ruin of sundry raw hides.

But when the cold meat, or potatoes, or buttermilk, &c., was set out in the dogs' sugar-trough, how instructive the dignity of Brutus as he walked up *solus*, and with no ravenous and indelicate haste to eat his fill ! And how revereful the mammoth and lubberly Cæsar, standing at a distance till his step-father had finished and retired ! Cæsar, when very hungry or smelling something extra, would indeed crawl up with an imploring eye and piteous whine : but then the awful look and cautionary growl he received from the wiser dog, sent him away in a moment with a trailed tail and even to a greater distance than ever ! And yet Cæsar was equal in strength and size to one Brutus and a half ! Carlyle's theory of opinion, must be extended to dogs : and our deer hunt will confirm it.

One day during Christmas week Uncle John went a hunting. About two o'clock, however, he returned, having wounded a deer a mile beyond our clearing, and wishing after dinner—(now on the table)—to take the two dogs to put on its trail ; when we should soon find the deer

and in all probability dead. Accordingly, on reaching the spot, and blood being here and there visible, the dogs were placed on the trail, and we soon came in sight of the poor deer. It was not dead, as had been conjectured, but was lying down sorely wounded, on a little island in the creek, hoping there, after baffling pursuit by the intervening water, to sob away its life unseen and undisturbed by its relentless enemies! Poor creature! mere accident led us to look towards its retreat; where, alarmed, it had incautiously moved, and no moving thing ever is unseen by the wary and stationary hunter—and then, at our shouts, up sprang the terrified animal, wounded, but bounding away as though unharmed! And away in pursuit leaped the yelping dogs; but in the excitement Cæsar, forgetful of all reverence, in the lead.

Following the uproar, I ran up on this side the creek about two hundred yards; and then the deer was seen recrossing the water a few rods higher, Cæsar close on the flank, the most noble Brutus panting far enough in the rear!

The poor hunted victim, blind and expiring, staggered in its last agony towards my station; and then, as Cæsar leaped to seize its throat, it fell stone dead at my feet; for the rifle ball had passed nearly through its body, and the chase had happily but accelerated death. The two brothers, for Uncle Tommy had joined us, now came up; and then, the feet of the dead deer tied in pairs, and a sapling, cut and prepared with a tomahawk, inserted longitudinally under the thongs, we shouldered our prey and marched homeward triumphant:—i. e. we three rationals and the now opinionated and consequential Cæsar, who (or which?) strutted near, every few paces leaping up and smelling at the carcass. But Brutus, the hitherto lord of the woods and clearing, alas! dejected, lagged away behind, both crest fallen and tail fallen! yes, both, for he hung his head and kept his tail dangling without one triumphant flourish! He evidently felt his impor-

tance lessened, his dignity diminished by such a palpable and utter natural—not to say moral—inability, to be in at the death. Yes, opinion was changed ! And he saw plain enough that Cæsar entertained notions of dog authority now very inconsistent with peaceable subjection—ay ! as different as when slaves first wake to the full perception of their powers and rights and opportunities ; their masters having injudiciously allowed them to discover themselves to be really men and to have souls ! Yes, yes, opinion had changed ;—and these dogs read it in one another's eyes,—for that very day the instant the entrails of the slain-deer were thrown out as the dogs' reward, up-rushed the unceremonious Cæsar ; and when Brutus tried the experiment of the old cautionary growl, Cæsar instead of modestly retiring as usual, leaped ferociously upon his venerated step-father, and so bit and gored and pitched and rolled and tossed him, that away, away ran the elder dog at the first fair interval howling with rage, vexation and pain ! And ever after that memorable deer hunt Cæsar continued to eat at the first trough and Brutus at the second.

Part of the venison fell to Uncle Tommy's share, which I aided him to take home ; and, in return, he insisted on my spending the evening at his cabin—and then the reader may be sure we had many a long story on hunting ; but he would rather have described the squatteree itself than hear all our stories and adventures. The squatteree was a cabin just fourteen feet by ten, and most accurately built of small round saplings, very much alike in diameter and looks, and nicely dressed at the corners. It was, indeed, a darling little miniature cabin, and would have done to a tittle for rabblerrousing in the late presidential campaign. Old Dick could easily have drawn it, and Uncle Tommy, whose heart was the old General's, would have driven !

A large space inside was occupied by a bed-apparatus constructed as follows :—uprights, at their lower ends, were

nailed to cleets on the floor, and on the uprights were pegged a side and foot piece ;—the logs of the cabin making unnecessary a second rail and head piece. Next was a sacking of clapboards pinned down ; and then a very thick straw bed, and over that a sumptuous feather bed ; the whole very comfortable for the good old folks, especially as Uncle Tommy used to say of themselves, that they were " old and tough."

(Opposite the bed stood the bureau ; the door opening into the cabin between the two, and a narrow aisle or passage being left to the cooking and eating end of the nest. Adjoining the bureau was the puncheon table with its white oak legs ; and which served for eating, sewing, reading, and indeed, all domestic uses ; whilst opposite the table, and at the foot of the bed, were shelves for crockery and every article of squatter house-keeping. Over the fire-place was an extraordinarily wide mantel, sustaining canister behind canister, and bowl upon bowl, and bags, some of linen and some of paper ; and having above itself two racks, one supporting an enormously long duck gun, and the other, " Old Bet"—a black, surly looking rifle, with the appurtenances of horns, pouches, loaders, tomahawks and knives pendant from the hooks. There hung, also, several pairs of moccasins, and two sets of leggins ; an old pair of green baize, and a new pair of blue cloth.

Over the table and bureau were shelves, but mainly for the library. The books were principally books of divinity and church history, and also of prayer and devotion ; but yet were on the shelves Don Quixotte, Robinson Crusoe, Paradise Lost, Border Tales, Cooper's Works, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts. The bureau top was consecrated to Bibles and Hymn Books ; and here was piled the famous Scott's Commentary, in five volumes quarto, and so often read, from " kiver to kiver !" Indeed, from

their appearance, one would almost have judged them to have been read clean through "the kivers!"

The neatness, the quiet, the cleanliness, the comfort, the wild independence of this nest of a cabin;—the hunt of the day;—the stories;—all, all were so like the dreams of my boyhood! How happy Uncle Tommy, now more than seventy years old! and Aunt Nancy, now more than sixty! Happy in themselves, in one another, in their home, and in their scriptural hopes of the future life!

* * * * *

But the arrangement for getting water, when the old lady should be alone, and in wet weather, without leaving the cabin!—that was the nicety. The nest was a few yards below a beautiful fountain, and over its running stream; then in the floor a light puncheon was fixed as a trap, so that with a calabash at the end of a proper pole Aunt Nancy could dip as from an artificial reservoir!—and all without a water tax!

Our supper to-night was of coffee, corn bread, butter, eggs, short-cakes, and venison steaks! Yes, venison steaks!—Away with your Astor House, and Merchants' Hotel, and Dandies' Taverns; if you *do* want to know how venison steaks *do* taste—go to Aunt Nancy! We feel tempted to give Uncle Tommy's "murakalus" escape in fire-hunting! how he levelled his rifle at a "beast's eyes," and found in time it was light streaming through a negro hut, where, on Christmas eve, the merry rascals were dancing away to a cornstalk fiddle and a calabash banjo. But we must hasten to our

Fifth and last amusement during the holidays. Usually on the Sabbath we attended our own meeting in the Welden Settlement; but bad roads and some other accidents often kept us at home; when our three families assembled at Uncle John's, where he read the Scriptures, and made or read a prayer, with occasional help from Uncle Tommy,

while Glenville and Carlton conducted the choir and read sermons and tracts.

Sometimes, however, we attended meeting at Mr. Sturgis', out of compliment to our neighbour and Uncle Tommy; *never*, indeed, for fun, although we usually were more amused than profited; and always came back more and more convinced that a learned, talented and pious ministry was, after all, *not* quite so great a curse as many deem it. But of this the reader may, after reading the ecclesiastical parts and chapters of this History, judge for himself. And here we beg leave to affirm that our accounts of certain sacred matters is reduced and very much below the truth; for while truthfulness is important in some writings, if on these matters ours were truth-*full*, we should hardly be credited. We dare not do our pictures up to life: and hence, while they are by no means truthless, they are yet less than the truth.

Neighbour Sturgis, it will be remembered, lived opposite the tannery, and on the top of a bluff rising from our creek. Compared with most cabins his was good and spacious; and to accommodate some pet swine and a flock of tame geese, openings under his house were left, whither the favourites could retire for sleep, or as a retreat from unusual sun, rain, or wind. Here, whilst swine and geese were content with their several limits, gruntings and cacklings were modest and expressive of enjoyment: although joy itself would often squeal and scream too boisterously for some congregations. But if wantonness induced either piggy or goosey to pass the border; or if the dogs playfully ran in nosing up the pigs, slapping a tail against a strutting gander or a silly goose, then would the commingled din of bark, howl, grunt, squawk, squeal and cackle, furnish a better answer than the jest book itself to the question, "What makes more moise than a she-swine caught in a gate?"—Answer, "Old man Sturgis' pet-pen in a riot."

Now, in the room exactly over the pet-pen, "meetings was held!" The seats were long benches with very rickety limbs, expanded two a piece at each end, and double planks resting on rude chunks—all wishing to obey at once the great law of gravity, but prevented by their own inequalities, and those of the floor. Hence during "sarrvice," as folks were constantly shifting centres of motion and gravity, no despicable noise of chunks and bench-legs was maintained, in addition to all other noises rational and instinctive.

The pulpit was neither marble nor mahogany, being a tough chair with two upright back pieces like plough handles, and cross bars to suit: and its seat was (or were) laced hickory withes, and wonderfully smooth and glistening from the attrition of linsey garments, tow inexpressibles, and oily buckskin unmentionables. And not *in*, but *behind* this pulpit stood the preacher, placing his hymn book on its polished seat, and holding on to the two handles to squeeze by, in his energy or embarrassments. Hence he never thumped his pulpit in the manner of the Rev. Doctor Slapfist; but when necessary he raised the pulpit itself, and with it thumped the floor—making of course just four times the impression with its four legs that the Doctor does with his single hand.

The Rev. Diptin Menniwaters usually preached here; but on New-Year's Sabbath all Glenville went by invitation to hear a new preacher: although in the Purchase, where preachers of a sort are plenty as acorns or beach nuts, a new one frequently held forth, and held on too, greatly to the wonder of the hearers, and the disturbance of the pet-pen, at our neighbour's of the bluff. The new preacher to-day, doubtless apprised of the strangers' coming, in order to create confidence, and ward off any false shame and unworthy fear of man, struck off, after prayer and singing,

with an open avowal of enmity to all learning and learned preachers, thus :—

“ Brethurn and sisturn, it’s a powerful great work, this here preaching of the gospul, as the great apostul hisself allows in them words of hissin what’s jist come into my mind ; for I never know’d what to preach about till I riz up—them words of hissin, ‘ who is sufficient for all these here things,’ as near about as I recollect them.

“ Thare’s some folks—(glancing towards us)—howsom-ever, what thinks preachers must be high larn’d, afore they kin tell sinners as how they must be saved or be ‘tarnally lost ; but it ain’t so I allow—(chair thumped here and answered by a squawk below)—no, no ! this apostul of ourn what spoke the text, never rubbed his back agin a collige, nor toted about no sheepskins—no, never !—(thump ! thump ! squawk and two grunts.) No, no, dear brethurn and sisturn—(squeak)—larnin’s not sufficient for them things ; as the apostul says, ‘ who is sufficient for them.’ Oh worldlins ! how you’d a perished in your sins if the fust preachers had a stay’d till they got sheepskins. No ! no ! no ! I say, gim me the sperit. (Squeals and extra gruntings in the swine’s territory, and more animated squawks and cackles, as the preacher waxed warmer.) No ! I don’t pretend to no larnin whatsoever, but depends on the sperit like Poll ; (squee-e-el ;) and what’s to hinder me a sayin, oh ! undun worldlins ! that you must be saved or ‘tarnally lost—yes, lost for ever an dever !—(things below evidently getting on to their legs and flapping.) No ! no ! no ! oh ! poor lost worldlins, I can say as well as the best on them sheepskins, if you don’t git relijin and be saved, you’ll be lost, teetolly and ‘tarnally forever an dever-ah ! I know’s I’m nuthen but poor Philip, and that I only has to go by the sperit-ah ! but as long as I live, I kin hol-ler out ; (voice to the word)—and cry aloud and spare not, (squ-aw-awk.) O ! no, brethurn and sisturn-ah ! and all

evin high larn'd folks that's in the gaul, and maybe won't thank me for it no how-ah ! O ! ho ! o-ah ! I poor Philip-ah, what's moved to cry out and spare not-ah !—(sque-e-el ;) what was takin from tendin critturs like David-ah, and ain't no prophet, nor no son of a prophet-ah. O ! ho-o-ah, how happy I am to raise my poor feeble-ah, dying-ah, voice-ah, and spendin my last breath, in this here blessed work ; a warnin, and crying aloud ; o-ho !-o-ah ! repent, repent, poor worldlins and be saved, or you'll all be lost, and perish for-ever-an-dever-ah."

Here the storm above was getting to its height, although poor Philip kept on some ten minutes more, waxing louder and hoarser, with endless repetitions and strong aspirations in a hundred places occasioned by his catching breath, and which we have several times marked with an -ah !*

He also began spanking one thigh with a hand, and ever and anon battering the floor with his pulpit, until he was compelled at last to place one hand under his jaw, and and partly up his cheek to support his "jawing tackle." And, in the meanwhile, the fraternity below, after much irregular outcrying, had at length joined all their instruments and voices, and to so good a purpose as at times nearly to overwhelm the preacher. Two dogs also, half wolf and half cur, now presented themselves at the door, and with elevated brows and cocked ears, stood wistfully looking at the parson, to know what he wished them to attack or hunt : but on finding he was not halloing for them, and being now too excited to be still, away they sprang towards the forest yelping and howling and determined to hunt for themselves. And shortly after the first hurricane ending, Poor Philip hitting a favorite vein, went on with a train of reasoning

* The more frequent this syllable or such aspiration occurs in a torrent of boisterous words, the more is the preaching supposed to be from the heart, and, therefore, inspired : for nobody, it is supposed, would make such a fool of himself if he could help it.

(designing to show that native wit was as good as college logic) about cause and effect: but while he was again cheered from below in the manner of an English audience clapping an abolitionist, we shall not, by recording the applause, interrupt the narrative.

"No—no: nobody can make nuthin. Thare's only one what makes, and he made these here woods; he made these here trees; and them bushes; he made yonders sun—and yonders moon—and all them 'are stars what shines at night in the firmamint above our heads like fires;—and—and—he made—yes—he made them powerful big rivers a runnin down thare to Orleans—and the sea, and all the fishes, and the one what a sorter swallerd the prophit what was chuck'd out and swallerd—and—and—yes—and all them 'are deer, and them 'are barr, and them hossis what's tied out thare. (Had Dick been there he would now unquestionably have slipped his bridle.) And so you understand, worldlins, how no man could a ever made anything. And haven't we proof from nater that they was made, and didn't come as high larn'd folks' sez, and grow of theirselves out of forty atims by chance.

"No—no, worldlins, you couldn't, the most high larn'd ither, could'nt make any of them thare things—you couldn't make woods—you couldn't make trees—you couldn't make fishes—no, you couldn't make airth—you couldn't make air—you couldn't make fire—you couldn't make—hem!—no you couldn't—make water." (Sorry are we to record, but Mr. Carlton here was guilty of sniggering; and even Uncle John, in spite of his official dignity, did look as if he *would* laugh when meeting was out. Poor Philip, however, quickly emerged and went on.) "No—not one of you could make a spring branch nor the like."

Ah! poor Philip had you only had a little of the learning you despised! Had you, at least, only seen Miss Carbon's

Chemistry for Boarding Schools of Young Ladies! But did not Philip make us sweat for our sins, for he went on:

"Yes! yes! some folks laff in meetin, but wait till they gits to h—l, and maybe they'll laff tother side of their mouth. The fire down thare's hot, I allow, and will scorch off folke's ruffles and melt their goold buttins, and the deivel and his angils will pelt them with red hot balls of brimrock and fire!"

But the two dogs had just now returned from an unsuccessful hunt, and forthwith they plunged headlong into the pit below; and then, the barking and yelping of the dogs; the scampering and squealing of the pigs; the flapping of screaming geese's wings, and the squawking of insulted ganders, together with the hoarse and continued roaring of the preacher, produced a tempest rarely equalled in the best organized fanatical assemblies here, and never surely excelled. And the instant meeting was over, we of Glenville hurried away glad to escape from the noise of bedlam and the almost papistical curses of poor Philip.

CHAPTER XXII.

SECOND YEAR.

"Goto them, with this bonnet in thy hand—

Or, say to them

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person."

Our second summer opened with the electioneering campaign of Mr. Glenville, the *people's* candidate for a seat

in the next legislature. His opponent, in all intellectual respects, was unqualified for the seat, being destitute of important knowledges, void of tact and skill, and having indeed—for he had been our representative before—only exposed himself and us to perpetual ridicule. He could read and write, and perhaps cipher a little, and therefore, was all along considered a smart fellow, till it was discovered we had one in the district, “a powerful heap smarter”—John Glenville, Esq., of Glenville. For John read without spelling the hard words, wrote like engraving, and could “kalkilate in his head faster nor Jerry Simpson with chalk or coal, although Jerry had been a schoolmaster.” And our neighbor Ashford offered to stake five barrels of corn, that—“Johnny was jist the powerfulest smartest feller in the hole universal county, and could out sifer Jerry or any other man all to smash.”

Glenville’s ability, however, would have prejudiced our cause, had any doubt existed as to his moral integrity ; for, a bad man out there was very properly dreaded in proportion to his cleverness,* and therefore, power to harm. Indeed, we always preferred an ignorant bad man to a talented one ; and hence attempts were usually made to ruin the moral character of a smart candidate ; since unhappily smartness and wickedness were supposed to be generally coupled, and incompetence and goodness.

Our opponents, therefore, neither insisted that Jerry was smarter than John, nor attacked John’s character : but they contended that “Jerry could do no harm if he did no good, but that John could if he would, and would if he took a bad turn ; also, that Jerry had been tried once and did no harm, but that John had never been tried and so no one could exactly tell what he would be till he was tried.”

To this was answered, that “Jerry could do no good if he would, and had often voted so as to keep others from doing

* In the English sense

us any good, and so had prevented good if he had done no evil; that John if able to do harm, was also able to do good, and as he had never done harm in private life, it was reasonable to believe he would do none in public life; and that as Jerry had had a trial and did no good, so John ought to have one too, and if he did harm, we could send Jerry the year after."

John was then attacked on the score of pride and aristocracy; and, as usual, all the sins of his family were laid at Glenville's door, especially his sisters' ruffles—our metal buttons—the carpet wall; and above all, Carlton's irreverent sniggering in meeting. But then, most who had met us at Susan Ashford's wedding said "we warnt so stuck up as folks said; and that mammy Ashford herself thought it was not a bit proud to have a carpet wall, or the like, and that Mr. Carltin was a right down clever feller, powerful funny, and naterally addicted to laffin." And to crown all, Mr. Ashford himself, and belonging to poor Philip's sect, publicly avowed that "he hisself had actially laff'd in meetin—for the water came so sudden like—only he kept his face kivered with his hat, and nobody hadn't seen him."

The enemy then affirmed that Glenville himself had laughed: but he procured certificates from every body at church to this point that "nobody had *seen* or *heard* John Glenville laughing; and these were read wherever Jerry's party had made the charge.* For any silly charge, if uncontradicted out there, and *maybe* in here—defeats an election: either because the charge is deemed an offset against the candidate, or people like to see their candidate in earnest, and his rebutting allegations looks like zeal for their

* However, since it can do no harm now, Glenville *did* laugh; but nobody either *saw* or *heard* him but myself—and of course I did not sign any certificate.

interest, and shows a due sense in his mind of popular favour. Beside, if one neglect a trifling charge, his enemies will soon bring larger and more plausible ones—whereas his alertness scares them.

At last it was boldly alleged that “John *would* have laughed if he had not expected to be a candidate !” But to this it was triumphantly replied that “Jerry *would* have laughed if he had been at meetin’”—for Squire Chippy and Col. Skelpum gave two separate certificates, that “Jerry Simpson *had* laughed when he heard tell of it !” Hence poor Philip’s sermon was celebrated over all our district ; and everywhere was spoken and even spouted the sentence “no one couldn’t make airth,” and so through all the four old-fashioned chemical elements : till all men were ashamed to bring even against “poor Carlin” a charge, to which all plainly showed, if they had been at meeting, they would have been equally liable themselves. And so our party triumphed over what once seriously threatened to defeat us.

The price of liberty, eternal vigilance, is well paid in a New Purchase. With us it was watched by all classes, and throughout the year : it was indeed the universal business. Our offices all, from Governor down to a deputy constable’s deputy and fence-viewer’s clerk’s first assistant, were in the direct gift of the people. We even elected magistrates, clerks of court, and the judges presiding and associate ! And some who knew better, yet for rabblerrousing purposes, gravely contended that trustees of colleges, and all presidents, professors, and teachers should be elected directly by the people !

Our social state, therefore, was for ever in ferment ; for ever was some election, doing, being done, done or going to be done ; and each was as bitterly contested as that of president or governor. In all directions candidates were perpetually scouring the country with hats, saddle-bags, and

pockets crammed with certificates, defending and accusing, defaming and clearing up, making licentious speeches, treating to corn whiskey, violating the Sabbath, and cursing the existing administration or the administration's wife and wife's father! And every body expected at some time to be a candidate for something; or that his uncle would be; or his cousin, or his cousin's wife's cousin's friend would be: so that every body, and every body's relations, and every body's relations' friends, were for ever electioneering, till the state of nasty, pitiful intrigues and licentious slanders and fierce hostility, was like a rotten carcass where maggots are, each for himself and against his neighbour, wriggling and worming about!

Men were turned into mutual spies, and watched and treasured and reported and commented upon, looks, words and actions, even the most trifling and innocent! And we were divided, house against house! and man against man; and settlements, politically considered, were clannish and filled with animosity. The sovereign people was, indeed, feared by the candidate who truckled to-day, and most heartily despised when he ruled to-morrow.

The very boys verging on manhood were aware of their future political importance; and even several years before voting, they were feared, petted, courted and cajoled, becoming of course conceited, unmannerly and disrespectful. Their morals were consequently often sadly hurt; and boys then voted fraudulently. Standing either *over* the No. 21 pasted in the shoe, or *between* No. 21 in the hat, and No. 22 in the shoe, they would sometimes deliberately swear, when challenged as to age, that they were over 21, or *between* 21 and 22!! Such depraved lads, destitute of reverence, will talk loud and long, and confidently, in any company, contradicting and even rebuking their betters—and all the time a rabblouser* affects to listen and admire such firmness

* New Purchase name for a demagogue.

and independence of spirit!! Get out! you scornful puppy! and do not prate to me about religious cant; can any thing come up to the cant and whine of a selfish, godless rabble-rouser? And dare such a one say that evangelical missionaries are not safer guides, and better friends to the people than—He? Out with you, atheist.

We had of course in the Purchase a passion for stump-speeching. But recollect, we often mount the stump only figuratively: and very good stump-speeches are delivered from a table, a chair, a whiskey barrel, and the like. Sometimes we make our best stump speeches on horse-back. In this case, when the horse is excited by our eloquence, or more commonly by mischievous boys, more *action* goes with the speech than even Demosthenes inculcated—often it becomes altogether circumambulatory.

Once a candidate stood near the tail of Isam Greenbriar's ox cart at Woodville, when some of his opponents,—(perhaps some of his own friends, for the joke was tempting)—noiselessly drew out the forward pins, when at the most unexpected instant, ay, in the very climax of his most ferocious effervescence, Mr. Rhodomontade was canted into the dirt!

Again, our candidate for fence-viewer, with some half dozen friends, was once hard at work with certificates and speeches in Sam Dreadnought's wagon; when Sam, having several miles to drive before dark, and having already waited two good hours for matters to end, suddenly leaped on his saddle horse, and then, at a word and a crack, away dashed the team loaded with politics, very much to the amusement of the people, but much to the discomfiture of our candidate.

Nothing surpasses the munificent promises and at the same time the external and grovelling humility of a genuine rabblerouser, just before an election. He shakes hands with every body, friend and foe; he has agents to treat at

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his expense at every doggerly;* and in his own person he deals out whiskey and gingerbread, as we have seen, to a long line of *independent* voters marching past him with drum and fife to the polls; and he drinks out of any drunken vagabond's bottle, laughing at his beastly jokes, putting his arm round his filthy neck, and allows himself thus to be slobbered upon, while patting the brute on the back and being patted in turn!

Yet have we noble gentlemen who, when candidates, are courteous indeed, but who will not do base things, nor make absurd and wicked promises, and who when defeated back out with manly scorn of licentious opponents. One such high minded individual in order to show the folly of great promises, came out the year after a defeat, saying he had altered his purposes, and now was a candidate again, and would if elected exert his utmost efforts to force the legislature "to abolish the fever and ague, and to pass a bill to find a gold mine on every poor man's quarter section." I forgot whether he was now elected; but he deserved to be.

Glenville, though full of tact, was independent; although we did give credit for kip and neats-leather, even where it was doubtful whether our political friends would pay, and bought raw hides at higher prices than were paid at Spiceburgh and Woodville. And Glenville did submit to, or rather he could not prevent a party with him in a canoe from upsetting the boat in the middle of Shining River; and who thus gave the candidate what they called a—"political baptising:" but whilst this was no dry joke, our friend still, on swimming to land with the others, joined in the laugh. This too was a fair type of his immersion into the troubled waters of political life; and the way he endured the duck-

* New Purchase term for a grog shop or low tavern.

ing so established his reputation above Jerry's, that at the ensuing election a few weeks after, Mr. G. was successful by a clean majority of 171 votes!

Politicians, even in here, I am informed, are also very frequently immersed and into *puddles*; from which they rarely ever do flounder out, and when they do, it is said, they look nasty and soiled, and have dirty ways, all the rest of their lives! But maybe the less said on this point the sooner mended; and therefore, as Mr. Glenville is now the people's man, the world expects his history, and we proceed to treat of the same in three chapters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,—
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

MR. GLENVILLE was about my age, or rather I was about his age; or to be as definite as a down east school book, we were both about the same age, and were born in A. D. 179—;—and hence have already lived part of two centuries, being as old as the current century added to the fraction of the other.

He was born, and educated for some years, in Philadelphia. His principal teacher was Mr. Moulder, who superintended an old-fashioned orthodox *quaker* school; in which morals were far better and more successfully cultivated than in modern *quackery* schools, where morals is made a *separate* matter. And in this primitive school John imbibed much of the Yea and Nay in his character, or his right-up-and-downedness; a compound conducing greatly to his safety and happiness in the strifes, dangers and perplexities of the wilderness. He had been destined to the

counting house, but the removal of his friends to the west, changed his destiny ; and hence, being a good elementary mathematician and well acquainted with theoretical surveying, he was invited by Gen. Duff Green, then of Kentucky, to accompany a party to the Upper Missouri as assistant surveyor ; which invitation was accepted.

This suited our hero's love of adventure and gave an opportunity of seeing—the world. Not the world as seen by a trip to Paris or London, but the world natural and proper ; the world in its native convexity, its *own* ravines and mountains, its virgin soil, its primitive wilds, its unworn prairies ! To float in birch-bark canoes on the swelling bosom of free waters !—waters never degraded with bearing loads of merchandise, or prostituted in a part diverted to turn mills, or fill canals, or in any way to be a slave, and then to be let go discoloured with coal, or saw dust, or flour, or dyestuffs, marks of bondage—that they may hurry away, sullen and indignant to hide their dishonoured waves in the ocean !

He went to see the world as the Omnipotent made it and the deluge left it ! He went to hear the thunder-tramp of the wild congregations—the horse and the buffalo,—shaking the prairie-plains that heaved up proud to bear on their free heart the untamed, free, bounding, glorious herds ! He went to look at the sun rising and setting on opposite sides of one and the same field ; and where the rain-bow spans half a continent and curves round the terrestrial semicircle ! He went to see the smoke of a wigwam ! where death flies on the wing of a stone-headed arrow, and the Indian is in the drapery of untouched forests and midst the fragrance of the ungardened, many coloured, ever-varied flowers !

What change from the smokes and smells of a city !—the outcry, war, confusion of its anxious, crowded, jostled, envious, jealous, rivalrous population !—its contrasts of moneyed consequence and poverty-smitten dependence !—its rolling vehicles of travelling ennui, and hobbling crutch of rheumatic

beggary!—and its saloons of boisterous mirth adjoining the sad enclosure of silent tombstones! Oh! the change from dark, damp, stifling pent holes of alleys and courts, where filth exhales its stench without the sun!—to walk abroad, run, leap, ride, hunt and shout, amid the unwrought, unsubdued, boundless world of primitive forest, flood, and prairie!

After a few weeks, Glenville was detached from the General's party, and sent with the principal surveyor and one hunter to complete a survey, with directions to rejoin the main body some two hundred miles down the Missouri, after the accomplishment of the work. The trio, therefore, proceeded to the scene of their labour, which was more than fifty miles beyond the white settlements, and bordering on the hunting grounds of the Indians.

One morning, when preparing breakfast on the bank of a river tributary to the Missouri, a large party of Indians appeared on the opposite bank, who, on espying our surveyors, came over to visit their camp, warriors and warriors' squaws, all wading with red and bare legs; and then, pleased with their reception and some small presents, they insisted that our friends should now go and take breakfast on the other side; a request that could not be declined without engendering distrust. Accordingly, our trio mounted their horses and followed their wading friends across the river.

Happy that the appetite is often strong! and yet strong as it was, it was almost too weak for the occasion. The breakfast began with a drink of whiskey and complimentary smoking, after which came the principal viand, to wit: a soup, or hash, or swill, made of river water and deer-meat and deer-entrails all poured from a large iron kettle and smoking hot into—"an earthen dish?" No. "A calabash?" No: but into a sugar trough!—a wooden trough!! and about as large as piggy uses in his early days, when

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fattening for a roast. Had the thing been as clean, our surveyors would never have flinched ; but the trough was coated with oleaginous matter both within and without ; and a portion of the interior coat, now melted by the absorption of free caloric, was contributing a yellow oily richness and flavour to the savoury mess ! And on the crust more remote from heat frolicked *larvae** with nice white bodies and uncouth dark heads, careless of comrades floating lifeless in the boiling gulf below ! Had Uncle Tommy been now narrating, he would have improved the occasion to animadvert on the beastliness of a drunken riot, where some are torpid under the table, and others flourishing glasses above it ; nay, he would have gone on to insist that grubs and such like are to be found even in the most fashionable places : but we content ourselves with furnishing the text.

From this aboriginal mess both red and white men fished up pieces of venison, with sharp sticks, and with tin cups and greasy gourds they ladled out broth till all was exhausted, except some lifeless things in a little puddle of liquid matter at the bottom, and a portion of entrail lodged on the side of the trough. Our folks, who had, indeed, seen " a thing or two" in cabin cookery, were nearly sickened now ; for spite of clenching the teeth in sucking broth, they were confident more than once, that articles designed to be excluded, had *wormed* through the enclosure. It required a pint of whiskey extra during the day, quids innumerable, and countless cigars to do away the odor and the taste : and Glenville used to say the memory of that Indian breakfast would serve him for ever ! And yet why not apply *de gustibus non*, to this breakfast ? The classic Romans delighted in snails ; the sacred Jews in grasshoppers. The Celestials eat rats and dogs, and the elastic Parisians de-

* Little elfs or hob-goblins.

your frogs, and sometimes cats. And may not American Indians eat, without disparagement, entrails, brown and yellow grease, and fly-blows? Depend on it, reader, this eating, is, after all, a mere matter of taste.

Not many days after this breakfast. our people met in a prairie a party of Osages, and mostly mounted on small, but very active horses. The chief ordered his troop to halt, and all dismounting, he made signs for the whites to advance; upon which he stepped up to Glenville—the Mercury of the three, and began an unintelligible gabble of English and Osage. At length he felt about Glenville's person, with his hands, and even into his bosom and pockets, till our friends became a little alarmed: when Glenville, remembering what he had heard, that nothing so quickly disarms and even makes a friend of a hostile Indian, as the show of courage, began to look angry, uttered words of indignation and even jerked away the chief's hand. Upon this the warrior stepping back, laughed long and loud, and with manifest contempt looked at the dwarf dimensions of the white but with approbation at his spunk; both natural feelings, when he beheld a little white man, five feet seven, and weighing nearly nearly 120 lbs avoirdupois. boldly resisting and repelling a big red one, more than six feet three, and weighing about 235 lbs! In a few moments, however, the Indian again advanced, but with the greatest good-nature; and while he now patted Glenville with one hand on the back, with the other he felt in our hero's side pocket, whence he soon abstracted a small knife and immediately transferred the same to his own pouch. After that, going to his pony, he returned with a magnificent buffalo robe wrought with rude outlines of beasts and Indians; which, throwing down before Glenville as a fair exchange of presents, he once more went to his horse, and then leaping on the animal's back, the chieftain gave the sign, and

away the free spirits of the brave were again galloping to wards the hazy line of the horizon !

The robe, during my sojourn in Glenville, was in the winter the outer cover of our bed. And to that was owing, one of my curious dreams :—a vast buffalo bull stripped of his skin and charging with his horns upon a gigantic Indian in an open prairie, while the Indian kept the bull at bay with a sugar trough in one hand, and a great dirk knife in the other. Indeed, if, when in a young gentleman's debating society at the discussion of the original and novel question, whether the savage life be preferable to the civilized, if then, I am irresistibly impelled to vote in the affirmative, it is owing to my constitutional tendencies, having been strengthened by sleeping two entire winters under that buffalo robe. Only think ! reader,—to sleep two winters, in a log cabin, in a bran New Purchase, near a chieftain and a warrior's grave enclosed with logs and marked by a stake painted red ; and under the hairy hide of an enormous prairie bull !—a bull killed by a gigantic Osage chief !—a hide dressed by his squaw, the queen, or his papooses, the princesses ! a robe bestowed as a king's reward for my brother-in-law's courage !! Take care. I feel the effect even now—hurra—waw-aw for the savage life. It is carried in the affirmative by acclamation—*let me go*. I *must* go, and at least *draw a bead* on something with my rifle ! flash ! bang !

The surveyor's party, having in a few weeks finished their work, commenced descending the Missouri in a canoe, intending to reach the place where they had left their horses ; after which they would proceed by land to the rendezvous.

One night as they were borne down rapidly by a very strong current, after having by the dim starlight barely escaped many real snags, planters, drifts and the like, and after having imagined in the obscurity a hundred others, they were at length driving towards a dark mass ; but
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whether real or not could at first be only conjectured. Alas ! it was no fancy ; but before the direction of the canoe could be altered, it was driven violently against a drift-island, and upsetting, was carried directly under it, and so effectually hid or destroyed as never to be seen again. One man at the instant of collision, leaped upon the island : the others were thrown into the water ; but they succeeded, although torn and bruised in the attempt, and with much difficulty, in gaining the floating mass and getting on it. All their property, provisions, clothes, surveying instruments, guns, &c. were lost, except the rifle which the hunter always kept in his hand, the clothes on their persons, and the notes and records of the surveys which Mr. Glenville had accidentally put early that evening into his hat and pockets !

This, reader, was what is termed out there—"a nasty fix ;" and yet our friends were still moving, not indeed very fast, for extemporaneous islands move at all times sullenly, and often come to an anchor suddenly, and there remain for a week, a year, and sometimes they never float again. Still, it deserves to be called—a fix ; for first they were fixed absolutely on the drift, and relatively as to the banks ; again, it was now late in the fall, and a very cold night was fixing their clothes into ice or ice upon them ; and lastly, they were fixed by their sudden unfix from the canoe, and by being hungry, wet, and cold, and yet destitute of all affixes, suffixes and—"fixins." And so this curious fixation of our heroes may aid Webster in his subsequent attempts to fix the American-English by unfixing the English-English.

The comrades now made a survey of their territory, and found they owned an island of logs, tree-tops and brush, matted and laced every way, with an alluvion of earth, sand and weeds ; the whole *running*, at present, due north and south, one hundred yards, with easting and westing of nearly fifty yards. No sign of human habitation was visible nor trace of living animal ; and it soon became morally

certain the island was desert : and hence our friends began to devise means of abandoning the involuntary ownership. But the sole means appeared to be by swimming : and in that was great hazard, yet it must be done, unless they should wait for accidental deliverance ; or till the party below disappointed at their non-arrival, should ascend the river to search for them. After a gloomy council it was unanimously decided to swim away from their island.

The hunter immediately and voluntarily offered to adventure the first, promising, on reaching the shore, to stand at the best landing point, and there shout at intervals as a guide to the others. Contrary to all entreaties and dehortations, he was resolved to swim with his rifle—that weapon being, in fact, always in his hands like an integral part of his body. His only reply was—“ She’s—(rifles in natural grammar are *she’s* ; to a true woodsman a rifle is like a beloved sister ; and he no more thinks of *he-ing* and *him-ing*, or even *it-ing* the one than the other)—“ she’s bin too long in the family, boys, to be desarted without no attempt to save her ; no, no, it’s not the fust time she’s been swimm’d over a river ; uncle Bill, arter that bloody fight with the Injins, jumped down the cliff with her and swimm’d her clean over the Ohio in his hand, and I kin outrassel and outswim uncle Bill any day—no no—we sink or swim together : so good bye, boys, here goes, I’ll holler as soon as I git foothold.” The splashing of the water drowned the rest ; and away with his heavy rifle in one hand, and striking out with the other, swam the bold hunter, till borne down by the fierce current he had soon passed out of sight and hearing.

With intense anxiety the remaining two waited for their comrade’s promised shout ; but no noise came save the rushing of the boiling and angry water past and under the drift-wood. Twenty long minutes had elapsed, and yet no voice—ten more—and all silence, except the waters !

Could it be, as they had all along dreaded, that the hunter was indeed sunk with his favourite gun!—or had he been carried one or more miles down before he could land? The force of the current rendered this probable; and, therefore, they would wait an hour, to give him time to walk up the bank opposite the island and shout. But when that long and dreadful hour had elapsed, and no voice of the living comrade yet came across the dark and tumultuous waves, the agony of the hunter's only brother (for such was the surveyor on the drift with Glenville,)—became irrepressible, and he said, "I *must* see what's become of poor Isaac—I can't stand it any longer, here's my hand, Glenville, my poor boy—farewell!—if I reach the shore I'll holler, if not, why we must all die—farewell." The next instant the surveyor was borne away; and the noise of his swimming becoming fainter and fainter was soon imperceptible, and John Glenville stood alone!

Reader, my brother-in-law was then, compared with men, only a boy; and yet he stood there alone and without fear! And was there nothing of the morally sublime in that?—a very young man *thus* alone in the middle of the Missouri, on a dark and cold night; beyond the outskirts of civilized life; far enough away from his mother's home, and affectionate sisters; and listening for the shouts of that second swimmer—and without fear? Could *any* body old or young be in such circumstances, and not be alarmed? Where was that noble hunter? was he drowned? Would the second swimmer reach the shore? And if hardy and strong woodsmen escaped not, could he, a boy, expect to reach the shore? True, thoughts of his mother now rushed in uncalled; but these only nerved his purpose, and he resolved, with God's aid, to use his art and skill for their sakes; or, if he must perish in the tumultuating flood of the wilderness, to die putting forth his best exertions to live—**hark!** what comes like a dying echo?—*can* it be!—yes,

hark ! it comes again, the voice of the second swimmer—there it is again ! Thank God—one is safe, but where is the other ?

Thus encouraged, Glenville prepared for his conflict with the waves. He was an expert swimmer, and often in early boyhood had swum from Philadelphia to the opposite island in the Delaware. Could he, therefore, now preserve his self-possession, why might he not accomplish a less distance in the Missouri ; for the shore he knew could not be more than a quarter of a mile from the drift. Accordingly he divested himself of all clothes, except shirt and pantaloons, made up the garments taken off into a small bundle, in the midst of which, securing the papers of the survey, he fastened it together with his hat between his shoulders : and then, wading out to the end of a projecting tree, he earnestly implored God for help, and cast himself boldly into the turbid waters of the dark and eddying flood. And never did he seem to float more buoyant or swim with greater ease, without any perturbation permitting the river to bear him downward on its bosom : and yet directing his efforts as much as possible, towards the point whence at intervals was borne to his ears the shouting of his comrade ; till, in some fifteen minutes he landed unhurt and not greatly wearied about one hundred yards below the voice, whither he instantly hastened, and to his heartfelt joy, was soon shaking hands not only with the surveyor, but also with the hunter. Yes ! poor fellow—he had found his favourite too heavy, and one arm, powerful as it was, too weak for his long battle with a king of floods. Long, long, *very* long had he held to his gun ; but half-suffocated, his strength failing, and he whirling away at times from the shore almost reached, to save his life he had at last slowly relaxed his grasp, and his rifle sank. Yet even then repenting, he had twice gone down to the bottom to recover the weapon : and happily, failed in finding it—his strength

never would have sufficed incumbered again with a gun to reach the land.

Indeed, when he gained the bank he was barely able to clamber up, and could scarcely speak or even walk, when discovered by his brother : who had easily reached the shore himself, and, after shouting once or twice to Glenville, had gone down on the bank a full quarter of a mile before finding the hunter. By the aid of the surveyor, the hunter then had walked up till they had reached the spot where they were both now met by Glenville ; and thus by the goodness of Providence, our three friends were delivered from their peril.

Upon reconnoitering, it was conjectured that they must be near the squatter's hut, with whom had been left their horses ; and hence taking a course, partly by accident and partly by observation, not long after they were cheered by the distant bark of his dogs, and next by the gleam of fire through the chinks of his cabin. Here, of course, the party was welcomed, and supplied with whatever was in the squatter's power to afford for their refreshment ; principally, however, a hearty dram of whiskey, some corn bread and jerked venison, but above all, a bed of dry skins, and a heap of blazing logs.

In the morning they obtained supplies of skins and blankets, agreeing to pay their host if he would go with them to the rendezvous ; which he did, and was suitably and cordially rewarded. It was now perceived that if the poor hunter had left his rifle on the drift-island, she could have been regained by means of a raft : but to tell where she had been abandoned in the river was impossible. Otherwise our hunter would have made many a dive for the rescue of his " deer slayer ;" as it was, he came away disconsolate, and, indeed, as from the grave of a comrade—almost in tears !

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Fructu agricolæ certatim : illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat :
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.”

OUR party reached the rendezvous only a few hours beyond the appointed time. Here, as a bee-tree had been just reported, it was unanimously determined to commemorate the deliverance and safe arrival of our three friends by a special jollification. In other words, it was voted to obtain the wild honey; and then, in a compound of honey, water and whiskey, to toast our undrowned heroes and their presence of mind and bravery:—no small honour, if the trouble of getting the honey is considered. For, on following the aerial trail of the bees, the hive was ascertained to be in a hollow limb of the largest patriarchal sire of the forest—a tree more than thirty feet in circumference! and requiring six men at least, touching each other's hands, to encircle the trunk!

And this is a fair chance to say a word about the enormous *circumambitudinalitariness* (!) of many western trees. It is common to find such from six to seven feet in diameter; and we have more than once sat on stumps and measured across three lengths of my cane, nearly ten feet; and found, on counting the concentric circles, that these monsters must have been from seven to eight hundred years old—an age greater than Noah's, and almost as venerable as that of Methusaleh! Shall we feel no sublimity in walk-

ing amid and around such ancients?—trees that have tossed their branches in the sun light and winds of eight centuries!—that have scorned the tempests and tornadoes, whose fury ages ago prostrated cities and engulfed navies!—that have sheltered wildfowl in their leaves, and hid wild beasts in their caverns from the dooms-day looking gloom of many total solar eclipses! and have gleamed in the disastrous light of comets returning in the rounds of centennary cycles!

Such trees, but for the insidious and graceless axe, that in its powerlessness begged a small handle of the generous woods, such would yet stand for other centuries to come, at least decaying, if not growing: they are herculean even in weakness and dying! And dare finical European tourists say we have no antiquity? Poor souls!—poor souls!—our trees were fit for navies, long years before their old things existed! Ay, when their oldest castles and cities were unwrought rock and unburnt clay! Our trees belong to the era of Egyptian architecture—they are coeval with the pyramids!

Near the junction of the White River of Indiana and the Wabash, stands a sycamore fully ninety feet in circumference! Within its hollow can be stabled a dozen horses; and if a person stand in the centre of the ground circle, and hold in his hand the middle of a pole fifteen feet long, he may twirl that pole as he pleases, and yet touch no part of the inner tree! He may, as did Bishop Hilsbury, mounted on a horse, ride in at a natural opening, canter round the area, and trot forth to the world again! But to the beech-tree.

It is a proverb, "He that would eat the fruit must first climb the tree and get it:" but when that fruit is honey, he that wants it must first cut the tree down. And that was the present necessity. No sooner was this resolved, however, than preparation was made for execution; and instantly

six sturdy fellows stood with axes, ready for the work of destruction. They were all divested of garments excepting shirts and trowsers; and now, with arms bared to the shoulders, they took distances around the stupendous tree. Then the leader of the band, glancing an eye to see if his neighbour was ready, stepped lightly forward with one leg, and swinging his weapon, a la Tom Robison, he struck; and the startled echoes from the "tall timber" of the dark dens, were telling each other that the centuries of a wood-monarch were numbered! That blow was the signal for the next axe, and its stroke for the next; till cut after cut brought it to the leader's second blow: and thus was completed the circle of rude harmony; while the lonely cliffs of the farther shores, and the grim forests on this, were repeating to one another the endless and regular notes of the six death-dealing axes! And never before had the music of six axes so rung out to enliven the grand solitudes!—and a smaller number was not worthy to bid such a tree fall!

Long was it, however, before the tree gave even the slightest symptom of alarm. What had it cared for the notchings of a hundred blows! Yet chip after chip had leaped from the wounded body—each a block of solid wood—and the keen iron teeth were beginning to gnaw upon the vitals! Alas! oh! noble tree, you tremble! Ah! it is not the deep and accustomed thunder of the heavens, that shakes you now!—no mighty quaking of the earth! That is a strange shivering—it is the chill shivering of death! But what does death mean where existence was deemed immortal! Why are those topmost branches, away off towards the blue heavens, so agitated! Tree!—tree!—no wind stirs them so—they incline towards the earth—away! hunters, away! away! Hark!—the mighty heart is breaking! And now onward and downward rushes yon broad expanse of top, with the cataract roar of eddying whirlwinds; and the far-reaching arms have caught the strong and stately

trees ; and all are hurrying and leaping and whirling to the earth, in tempest and fury ! *Their* fall is *heard* not ! In the overwhelming thunder of that quivering trunk, and the thousand crushings of those giant limbs, and the deep groan of the earth, are lost all other noises, as the slight crack of our rifles amid the sudden bursting of the electric cloud ! There lies the growth of ages ! Once more the sun pours the tide of all his rays over an acre of virgin soil, barely discerned by him for centuries !

Well might Glenville feel rewarded and honoured, when for his sake such a tree lay prostrate at his feet ! And yet in all this was fulfilled the saying,—the sublime and ridiculous are separated by narrow limits ; for, could any thing be grander than such a tree and such an overthrow ? Could any be meaner than the purpose for which it fell ?—viz :—To get a gallon of honey to sweeten a keg of whiskey !

CHAPTER XXV.

“Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.”

AFTER many other trials and adventures Glenville returned safe to his home in Kentucky. Here with his wages he loaded a boat with “*produce*,” and set float for New Orleans ; intending with the cash realized by the trip, on his return, to go into Illinois with a stock of goods and “keep store.” But at Orleans he was seized with the yellow fever, and was finally given over by his physician, and orders issued, in anticipation of death, for his interment. That very night, however, in delirium, and while his kind yet weary nurse slumbered in a chair, he arose and finding a basin of water brought to wash him in the

morning, he instantly seized and swallowed the whole contents—the only thing deemed wanting to kill him! And yet when put again into bed, he fell into a calm and delicious slumber; perspired freely; and when he awoke the fever was gone, and my friend saved. Let careful persons, therefore, who keep a memorandum book put this along side the celebrated Scotch-herring-recipe,—“Cure for Orleans fever: two quarts of cold water, and cover up in bed.”

Glenville did, indeed, get home and with some money from a successful sale; but he was worn and emaciated, and many months passed before he could cross the Ohio and set up his store. His cup of bitterness was not drained; and evil came now in a form demanding stout heart and steady nerves. Ay! our dark and illimitable forests *then* hid men of lion hearts, of iron nerves, of sure and deadly weapons! *Perhaps* such dwell there yet; if so, wo! to the enemy that rashly arouses them from their lairs and challenges, where civilized discipline avails not! and where battle is a thousand conflicts man to man, rifle to rifle, knife to knife, hatchet to hatchet! And Glenville, boy as he was, proved himself worthy a name among the lion-hearted!

We stood once on a solemn spot in the wilderness and leaned against the very tree where the bloody knife of the only survivor had rudely and briefly carved the tale of the tragedy. It stoodn early thus:

“18 injins—15 wites—injins all kill’d and buried here—14 wites kill’d and buried too—P. T.”

Laugh away, men of pomatum and essence, at Hoosiers, and Corncrackers, and Buckeyes: ay! lace-coats, mow them down in an open plain with cannister and grape, you safely encased behind bulwarks; or cut them to pieces with pigeon breasted, mailed and helmed cuirassiers,—but seek them not as enemies in their native and adopted woods! The place of your graves will be notched in their trees, and

you will never lie under polished marble, in a fashionable and decorated cemetery !

But Glenville, in store keeping witnessed a farce before his tragedy. Among his earthen and sham-Liverpool, were found some articles, similar to things domesticated in great houses, and which, although not made unto honour, were in the present case very unexpectedly elevated in the domestic economy. These modesties occupied a retired and rather dusky part of the store ; when one day an honest female Illinois—(i. e. a Sucker's wife)—in her travels around the room in search of crocks suddenly exclaimed : " Well ! I never ! if them yonder with the handles on, aint the nicest I ever seen !—Johnny, what's the price ?—but I must have three any how ;—here Johnny do up *this* white one—(rapping it with her knuckles)—and them two *brown* ones up there."

A large purchase, to be sure, of the article ; but curiosity asked no questions : and in due time the trio were packed and hanging in a meal bag from the horn of the lady's saddle ; who, on taking leave, thus addressed our marvelling shop keeper :—

" Mr. Glenville, next time you go gallin, jist gimme and my ole-man a call,—we've got a right down smart chance of a gall to look at—good bye."

Our hero, who had early discovered, that store keeping is none the worse when the owner is in favour with the softer sex, did not forget this invitation, and in due season made his kind friends a visit : and when supper was placed on the table by the smiling maid and her considerate mother, what do you think was there ?

" Corn bread ?"

Hold your ear this way—(a whisper.)

" No !—he ! he ! he !"—

Yes, indeed, and doubledeed !—the white one full of milk !! And after that you know our humblest democrat, may well look up to the presidency.

It had become about this time necessary for Mr. G. to visit Louisville. For that purpose, he left his store in charge of a young man ; the latter promising among other things to sleep in the store, instead of which, however, he always slept at a neighbouring cabin. Hence what was feared happened,—the store was robbed. Not truly in the eastern style, of small change in the desk, some half dozen portable packages, or paltry three dozen yards of something ;—no, no, the robbery was on the wholesale principle commensurate with the vastness of our woods and prairies. The entire stock in trade was carried off—bales, boxes, bags, packages, and even yard-sticks and scales to sell by—yes ! and hardware, and software, and brittleware,—ay ! crocks with and without handles, and whatever may have been their standing in society,—all, *all*—were taken ! so that when the clerk came in the morning to retail to the Suckers, there was indeed, a beggarly account—not of empty boxes, these being mostly carried away—but of empty shelves, and empty desks, and empty store. His occupation was even more completely gone than Othello's.

On the river bank* were, indeed, traces enough of a mysterious departure of merchandise ; but whether the embarkation had been in skows, or “perogues,” and other troughlike vessels, was uncertain. Nor could it even be conjectured, for what port the store had been spirited away ; or for what secret cove or recess of tall weeds matted into texture with sharp briars and thorny bushes !

Previous to Glenville's return, a fellow that had been noticed lurking in the woods near the store for two days before the robbery, was recognised in a small village, the day after, and in suspicious circumstances. He was, therefore apprehended ; when, after a short imprisonment, he confessed having been employed by some strangers to

* The Big-Fish-River.

steer a flat boat loaded with something or other from Glen-ville's landing. On his return, our merchant went to the sheriff, who indignant at a villainy that had so completely ruined a very young man after years of toil and danger passed in acquiring his little property, did himself suggest and offer voluntarily to aid in a scheme to compel the prisoner to disclose, at least, where the goods were concealed, and before they should be removed from the country or ruined by the damp.

We are not advocates for Lynching, but we do know that where laws cannot and do not protect backwoodsmen, they fall back on reserved rights and protect themselves. Nay, such, instead of laying aside defensive weapons, after legislators shall have been wheedled, or frightened, or bribed into vile plans by puling or fanatical moralists to nurse the wilful and godless murderer on good bread, wholesome water and occasional soups, all the remainder of his forfeited days—we know that such woodmen will go better armed, to slay and not unrighteously on the spot every unholy apostate that *maliciously* and *wilfully* strikes down and stamps on God's image! And when the day comes that the avenger of a brother's blood wakes in our land—let no canting infidel or universalist blame those that now resist the abrogation of divine laws!—but let him blame hypocritical juries, rabbleroising governors, and all that are now deserting the weak, the innocent, the unwary, the defenceless, and crying “God pity and defend and save and bless—the murderer!”* and “Shame on the dead—poor lifeless victim!”

* Some politicians plead strenuously for the abolishing of Capital Punishment in all cases, who yet insist on the right of self-defence, defensive wars, and the propriety of firing on mobs with powder and ball! Of course, it is very proper to kill any number of persons *intending* either to rob or murder; but very wicked and impolitic to put any body to death after his crimes *shall have been committed!*

The sheriff and Glenville with two fearless and voluntary associates prevailed on the jailor to loan them the prisoner for a day or two, making known their scheme and giving suitable pledges for his redelivery. The loan was made, and then, on reaching a fit place, the prisoner was dismounted, and Glenville proposed to him the following :

" My friend, we know very well you helped to rob my store, and that you know well enough where your comrades are and how the goods can be recovered ; now, if you will tell, not only will we get you out of jail, provided you will leave the country, but I will give you also ten dollars ; but if you won't tell, why then we'll flog you into it—come, what do you say ?"

" Well, he be some-thing'd if he know'd ; and if he did, he wasn't going to be lick'd into tellin—and he'd sue them for salt and battery."

Peril, indeed, was in this illegal process ; but the party had good reasons for believing the fellow a desperate robber, and so they seemed to be preparing for a severe flagellation, when he supposing all was solemn earnest, said he was ready to confess, and, provided Mr. G. would forgive and not prosecute, he would conduct the present party to the plunder, or a part of it. The promise was readily given and the fellow was unbound and remounted without any trammel, but with this comfortable assurance, that if he tried to escape or to betray them into any rendezvous of robbers, he should be instantly shot down, and that whether they died themselves for it or not.*

Accordingly, away all started through the woods, where the prisoner yet rode, confident, as if following a blaze, and stopping only at intervals to look at the sun, or the moss, or to examine a tree or branch, and shewing if he had one

* It was intended only to frighten the man, unless he did actually betray the party to the robbers—when, of course, it would be life for life.

hundred yards fair start, it would be no easy matter either to catch or shoot him. At last, a wild turkey was seen trotting across their course, fully eighty yards off, and then Glenville, nearly as good a shot as the writer, merely stopping his horse, levelled and fired from his saddle, when to his own surprise, as well as that of the others, the bird fell dead in his tracks ! After this the guide would check his own horse, if he voluntarily stepped faster than the others, lest he should seem meditating an escape ; for if a moving turkey could be shot, so he seemed to think could more easily be, a moving man.

The fellow, however, led at length into a deep ravine on Big Wolf Creek ; and there, sure enough, some in a cave and some in a hollow tree were portions of the merchandise—it being evident also that within a very few hours a still larger portion had been removed to some other dépot ! By the force of additional threats, promises and entreaties, the rascal named the other robbers, he being merely a subordinate ; but as no small hazard would be encountered in attacking the temporary cabin, where the principal robber and the remaining goods were, it was determined first to get additional volunteers and make more suitable preparation. Packing the damaged and soiled goods on their horses, the sheriff's party returned with their prisoner to the village of Shanteburg, and redelivered him to the jailor, intending if his information proved substantially correct to have the fellow not only liberated, but otherwise rewarded.

Here, also, two others volunteered to join in the robber hunt ; upon which all, with loaded rifles, and knives and hatchets in their belts, soon mounted, and were plunging again into the darkness of the forest, now black from a moonless night. Early on the next morning they came in sight of the cabin. When within fifty yards, the robber stepping to the door let his rifle fall in that peculiar manner that belongs to a practiced marksman, at the same time

warning off his visitors, and solemnly swearing he would kill the man that first approached his barricade. At the instant, however, of the man's appearance and even before he had fairly uttered a word, our friends had "treed" in a twinkling, and now stood with pointed weapons and keen eyes towards the bold thief. Glenville, on leaping from his horse, instead of treeing, stood boldly out and thus exclaimed loud enough to be heard by all: "Sheriff, you are all running this risk for me—'tis my duty to lead. I'll attack the scoundrel; if he shoots me—avenge my death!" With that he fearlessly advanced with his levelled rifle and then halting, called to the villain: "Throw down your gun—in ten seconds one of us is a dead man—one, two, three:" and so the two stood, each with his bead darkened by the other's breast—the sheriff's men, also unwilling to shed blood; yet with a finger every man on his set trigger—till Glenville called "seven"—when the robber suddenly threw up his muzzle, and cried out, "surrendered!" The next instant he was seized and bound. This was the leader. His main accomplices were not discovered, and only another portion of the stolen goods, which, together with the robber, were now conveyed in triumph to Shanteburg. That afternoon the fellow was lodged in jail, and of necessity in the same room with the subordinate thief: yet, while all possible care was used to prevent escape, in less than forty-eight hours both contrived to get out! and from that hour to the present, neither they, nor the remainder of the merchandize was ever seen or recovered. It was, indeed ascertained that they belonged to a small foraging party from the grand gang of outlaws, whose head-quarters then were among the islands and cane-breakers of the Missouri: and so doubtless they escaped by the aid of concealed comrades and all got safe off with Mr. Glenville's balance in trade, to the army of the confederates. Perhaps they lived to rob again—may be to murder; and for which latter

service our modern pseudo-philanthropists would pity and feed them ! Many neighbours out there will alway physic such with lead pills—at least till Reformers have prisons prepared fit to hold their pets longer than a few hours !

This pleasant adventure, terminated Mr. G's first essay at store-keeping. It gained him, however, a character, and no one would have become so popular in the New Purchase,* but for mistaken opinions in the neighbours about "Mr. Carlton's bigbuggery and stuckupness." As it was, Glenville nearly went over Simpson rough shod. And all these little affairs aided our firm in sore disappointments and losses ; for then the senior would say—

"Well !—we might have had better luck."

And the junior reply,

"Why, yes--and another consolation : this is not the first disappointment, and it wont be the last !"

We, in short, thus learned to imitate the sailor, who, in witnessing a conjuror's tricks, was pitched into the yard by the accidental blowing up of some gunpowder ; but which supposing to be one of the tricks, he held on to his bench, and exclaimed : "Well !—what next ?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"——— O Cromwell ! Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Is the way of a transgressor hard ? that of a politician is not much easier. He is usually a slave first, and a time-server afterwards. In the Purchase the sovereign people

* Our part of it.

are the most uncompromising task masters ; and he that wishes to serve them, had better first take a trip to Egypt and learn the art of doing brick without straw. In certain districts, fitness, mental, and moral is a secondary qualification in a candidate ; he must be a clever fellow in the broad republican sense. For instance, he must lend his saddle to a neighbor, and ride himself, bareback ; he must buy other people's produce for cash, and sell his own for trade or on credit ; and, on certain solemn occasions, he must appear without a coat, and in domestic muslin shirt-sleeves : his overalls hung by half a suspender, and a portion of the above named muslin curiously pouched between his vest and inexpressibles. His face must wreath, or wrinkle, with endless smiles ; and his ungloved hand be ready for a pump-handle shake with friend and foe alike : because a foe often presents his hand to ascertain if " the fellow aint too darn'd proud to shake hands with a poor man ! "

Is the man of honour invited to eat ? he asks no questions for conscience' sake, or the stomach's—the two things being in many people the same. Is he asked to stay all night ? he never wonders where they will find him a bed—there being only three in the room, and the family consisting of one old man, and one old woman, two grown sons, three daughters, and some little folks—he naturally lies down on the punchcoons with his certificate wallet for a bolster. Or does he share a bed with two others ?—then he recollects it is a free country, and if one man needs votes, another needs brimstone. And why turn up a nose at an oderiferous blanket ?—has a bed any right, natural or political, to more than one sheet ?—and why should not the sheet be under and the blanket above you ?—Let go your nose ! has not a long succession of " your *dear fellow-citizens*" slept in the same bed, and between the same articles ; and what, pray, are you better than they to wish clean things ? " Yes—but I'm nearly stifled." Tut man !—you'll never mind it

when you get to sleep. "But it certainly will kill me!" Not it: men of honour are not so easily destroyed.

Would a candidate cough?—he puts no hand up, nor turns aside his head. Must the nose be blown?—he draws out no handkerchief. Would he spit?—he neither goes to the door, nor uses a perfumed cambric, like a first-rate clergyman. Why?—because all such observances are regarded as signs of pride, and if you despise them not, your election is hopeless.

"But, Mr. Carlton, we might transmit something offensive to a gentleman's garments."

"Well, what then! he will certainly some time or other return your favour. Be satisfied, my dear Mr. Eastman, it is only by giving and taking all sorts of matters out there, you can, in *some districts*, ever secure your election."

"And do any politicians endure all this!"

Certainly: and persons who aspire to rule ought surely first to serve. Many remarkable men in Congress, be it known, had a long training in some Purchase—their meanesses are not of toadstool growth, if they are of toadstool flavour.

Reader! are you religious? Then do write a tract to be scattered any where on election days; and here is your text or theme:—"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." Among other matters, set forth how it requires not one fourth the labour, toil, anxiety, watchfulness and none of the base sacrifices of time, comfort, and independence to save a man's soul as to win an election; and, how the worldly honour is not worth after all even the worldly price paid for it, and much less, the immortal soul usually thrown in with the rest to boot.

We, of course, did not do *some* things, and hence Mr. Glenville was soon permitted to remain in private life; still we were compelled, for electioneering objects, to attend this summer, several Log-Rollings. Folks in the

Purchase had no special days for political gatherings, or at most, not more than two dozen in a whole year ; for, in lieu of such, every militia muster, cabin-raising, scow-launching, shooting-match, log-rolling and so forth, was virtually a political assembly, where our great men and their partisans made stump speeches, and read certificates. For the benefit of our surplus young lawyers, and other ambitious gentlemen who have neither trades nor stores, and who are desirous of rising above the political horizon, and are meditating to emigrate to the west, we shall here give a full account of one Grand Log-Rolling, which Glenville and Co., attended this season.

On reaching the place, we found a large and motley assembly of fellow-creatures—men, women, boys, girls, horses, oxen, dogs—all of whom, and which, came either to aid or listen, except the dogs, and these came simply out of philanthropy. They spent the time mainly in wagging their tails, barking at rolling logs, and thrusting in their noses wherever there was a pretext for seeming busy while others were so hard at work ; and yet, excepting some three dozen snakes, four skunks, two opossums and a score or two of insignificant field rats and mice and ground squirrels, the dogs caught nothing the whole blessed day.

Indeed, some secretly thought it would have been just as well if the musk-cats had been allowed to escape, for, after their capture, the dogs were not altogether so agreeable ; yet no candidate or candidate's friends or even their enemies kicked or whipped a favourite wag-tail. It was hardly politic to curl your nose. What was a fellow fit for, that minded *such* things?—was *he* the man to go to the legislature and carry skins* to a bear.

The whole intended field, however, was resounding with all kinds of cries, noises, and echoes, such as shouts—orders

* Sausage sort.

— counterorders—encouragements—reproaches—whoas, gees and haws—hold-on's and let-go's, and that's-your sort's—up-with-*him's* to male logs, pull *her* this way, to female ones, and down-with-it to neutrals; with clatter of axes and tomahawks; the thunder of rolling trunks; the crash of brush; the crackling of flames: and, over all, agreeably to the “Music of Nature,”* were heard the shrill outcries of females; the screeching of boys; the snorting and winnowing of horses; and the howling and barking of dogs! Never was scene more exciting; and our appearance in working trim, was hailed with the most enthusiastic cheering; which compliment being suitably returned, we speedily joined the nearest working party. As for myself, surely I never did halloa (holler) louder in my life: and I certainly never did work harder for a whole entire *hour*, dressed en costume, to wit:—in tow-trousers, cow-hide boots, and unbleached hemp linen shirt, but without coat or vest, and with shirt sleeves rolled above the elbows.

We did not attend the gathering purely out of rabblorousing feelings; we wanted to hear the speech of ours John intended to let off at Jerry: for something was expected to-day of Glenville, and he was only a novice in stump elocution, and so we had, being “high larn'd” and a “leetle” of a politician, made John's first speech ourselves! Had John been as great a nincompoop as Jerry, he could just as readily have spoken nonsense off hand; but he knew too much to speak sense without preparation: and so Mr. Carlton had prepared the maiden speech. This, however, our friend, like some manuscript preachers, delivered more than once, yet always with variations and additions, till at last the very theme and text were both changed, and our stump orator gave towards the end of the campaign a much better speech than he had commenced with.

* Gardiner's.

Our historian, as has been hinted, did not figure a very long time with the handspike, having luckily discovered some pretext for soon joining a squawking and frolicsome squad of boys, girls and young women, engaged in the "niggerin-off." Where it is designed to make "a clearing," the owner has all the trees, except some six or eight on an acre, cut down, the others being "deadened;" that is girdled by a deep cut two inches wide. If the majority of the trees are thus girdled, the field is called—"a deadning,"—otherwise it is a clearing. Now, it is to a clearing the log-rolling, or, for brevity's sake, "a rolin," pertains. In order to the rolling the owner has had all prostrate trunks cut into suitable lengths, and the bushy tops preserved for fuel to the log-heaps; still many trees remain to be prepared even on the grand rolling day; and such of course require the neighbours' axes and hatchets.

In fifty or more places of the clearing, and in many parts of the same trunk, logs are making, and with wonderful celerity by another process—an almost noiseless process too, and requiring, like Yankee factories, only women, girls, and children. And this is the niggering-off. It is thus performed. A small space is hacked into the upper side of the trunk, and in that for awhile is maintained a fire fed with dry chips and brush; then at right angles, with the prostrate timber is laid in the fire a stick of some green wood, dry fuel being yet added at intervals, till the incumbent stick, sinking deeper and deeper into the burning spot, in no very long time, if properly attended, divides or niggers the trunk asunder.

The terms of this art are derived from the marvellous resemblance the ends of charred logs have to a negro's head—another fact on which abolitionists may dilate with great pathos in the next batch of popular lectures, on the wickedness of our prejudices: although, it must be remembered that our black rascals out there invented the terms themselves!

The axe is truly a mighty agent in the civilization of new countries. Fire is a greater—and only in a New Purchase and in the niggering operation is the famous copy-book sentence illustrated properly—"Fire is a bad master, but *a good servant*:" its mastership belongs to our log-burnings. Without the aid of fire, the stoutest heart must be appalled at the thought of hewing out with the axe a farm from our forests; and yet with the aid of fire even females may achieve that enterprise.

When the logs are all cut or niggered, they are then *rolled*, but often dragged together, in different parts of the clearing; and usually to the vicinity of some huge tree deadened, or perhaps living, and waving its melancholy arms over the mutilated bodies and mangled limbs of its slain children and friends. Ah! happy if the tree be dead; for it is destined, if not dead, to a dreadful end—to be burned alive! Oh! poor tree! thy former friends are compelled to become thy worst enemies—their severed trunks are gigantic faggots! Alas! the pile rising up, as log after log rolls heavily against thy quivering column, amid our labour, and shouting, and uproar, that pile, now surrounded, and crowned with a tangled world of brushwood, is thy sumptuous and magnific pyre! Monarch! of a thousand years, thou shalt die a kingly death! Nor would'st thou be spared—only to sigh among strange harvests soon to spring around—to sigh for the shades and shadows and touching branches and kissing leaves of departed trees! No—thou would'st not choose to survive thy race!

The piles are sometimes lighted at the end of the rolling; oftener by the settler's family at their leisure. To-day, however, as we were a very large party, and had, therefore, finished the rolling early in the afternoon, it was resolved that immediately after the candidates should have done speaking, all the heaps and piles should be kindled at once.

Now to their praise be it forever* recorded, that both John and Jerry had, as their friends allowed, "worked most powerful hard and steady;" but their enemies must determine whether this diligence was out of disinterested love to the settler, or with a *single* eye to the vote of the settler's eldest son, who, as his father *accidentally* remarked, would be entitled to a vote at the next election. Indeed, as the zealous partizans had closely imitated their respective candidates, more unfigurative, practical and innocent log-rolling was done to-day than was ever witnessed; and I secretly made up my mind that our next log-rolling in Glenville should *happen* just before the fall election; when we could get the opposing candidates to lead the work. It is not improbable that our host to-day had had the same thought; at all events our candidates certainly sweat for their expected honours; and if John did gain them he worked for them—but Jerry! alas! he toiled in vain! and alas! it blistered my hands! but then after this, I was unanimously voted "a right down powerful clever sort of a feller!" and more than one very pretty young woman, "allowed she'd be Mr. Carltin's second wife, when his old woman died!"

After all, candidates *are* of some use; and the great majority can do more good in natural log-rolling than in the metaphorical sorts common among the dirk and pistol law-givers of *deliberative* assemblies. Nay, a very few hundreds of rival and zealous candidates would, in a year or so, if judiciously driven under proper task-masters, clear a very considerable territory.

The candidate† to-day stood not on a stump to make his address, but on a very large log heap, sustained by a living oak more than three hundred years old!—an incident to

* In a finite sense—the life of this book.

† Mr. Jerry Simpson declined speaking.

me full of interest. Our first speech, the first of the sort I ever wrote—the first he ever uttered,—our first speech was poured forth over the ruins of greatness—a prostrate wilderness ! The youthful speaker, the dear friend of many years, stood on a funeral pyre ! while above him waved the sheltering branches of the tree, soon to be sacrificed and writhe in a tempest of fire ! And ours was the first, the last, the only oration ever made by a Christian under its protection ! the grand old tree seeming to wonder at the semi-civilization that had wrought such havoc in its domain—while it knew not that the ceasing of Glenville's voice would be a signal for lighting the fires !

The speech need not be described. It was, of course, rather ad-captandumish ; well written, however, but still better delivered and handsomely varied. Hence, if it gained no new votes, it secured the old ones. And that is no light praise, where a word, a look, a gesture, or even a smile changes voters ; not to lose is then to gain. The new settlers acted with the strictest impartiality—they divided their interest. The father had “know'd Jerry's father, and often heern tell of Jerry himself—and so he would never d'sart an old friend ; but the son, “darn'd-his eyes (a peculiar kind of stitching) if he wouldn't go for Glenville ; as cos he hisself was a young man, and so was tother—and as cos he'd give him a sort of start in his clearing, he'd give him a sort of start as a public funkshune'er.” And thus the balance of power was adjusted to a nicety ; and thus, also, if the new comers did neither party any *good* they did them no *harm* : pay enough for a hard day's work, considering. For, certainly, a wide difference must appear between having *nothing* in your favour and *two somethings* against you, and so it was now ; hence John and Jerry felt (or at least said so) as much gratitude as if they had received not a negative quantity, but a positive favour.

Complacent reader, I hope you never sneer at sove-

reignty ? Be well assured it can sneer at you, and always will, if you descend in any way to be a slave. Save yourself for a crisis—acquire reputation for honour and integrity—and the people will then call upon you. The present is the age of small bugs.

The speech ended, and we were divided into Firing Committees to light the different piles : after which was to be a grand supper previous to going home. Very soon then at each heap, were assembled about half a dozen men, while in all directions were tearing, scampering, screeching, and yelling women, boys, girls, dogs and puppies—some carrying fire on clap-board shingles—some with remnants of burning niggering sticks—others with dry and blazing wood—and the canine helps, some with sticks and chips in their mouths, and some with the dead snakes and polecats, so that almost instantly and simultaneously fires were kindled in several parts of each, and every heap and pile throughout the whole clearing. Combustibles had been built in with the piles ; and now a gentle wind was fanning all into devouring flames. Yet, after the first sudden and crackling blaze, the fires subsiding became, at a short distance, barely visible ; save in parts where dry logs had become quickly ignited, and there a taper-pointed intense flame, shooting up, would remain fixed a few seconds, and then trembling from its own gathering fury, it would rise higher and higher, and ever expanding its base as it elevated the apex.

But by the time our feast was ended, and the shadows lengthening from the forest told the coming reign of darkness, a hundred-hundred fierce points of taper flame gleamed in wrath from every crevice, or darted from the dense clouds of black smoke ; and in many places, several points had united their bases, and were now in one broad fiery mass, careering in spiral columns of mingled darkness and light. Now fiercer winds were rushing into the vacuum. The equilibrium disturbed through an aerial cir-

cumference of many leagues diameter, the storm spirits aroused and excited, came flying on the wings of a sudden earth born tempest !* This augmented the number and intensity of the flames ; and these, augmented, invoked in their madness more furious winds, till a broad, deep and awful tide of air poured through the clearing, with the force and vengeful roar of the hurricane ! and up leaped all the fires in frightful columns and pyramids of living flames quivering with wild wrath, and coiling, like demon-serpents, around and up the mighty trees that sustained the pyres ! Here and there sheets of flame thrown forth horizontally, and seemingly by an intervening body of smoke, detached from the mass of fire, resembled clouds on fire and burning up from their own lightning !

No breath of life could any longer be drawn in that field of fire ! It was abandoned as a wide tumultuating flood, where unseen and dreadful spirits held a terrific revel amidst the roar, and crash, and thunder of flaming whirlwinds !

Far and wide the forest was grandly illuminated ; and in returning home I often looked back and saw the noble trees at the pyres, tossing their mighty arms and bowing their spreading tops for mercy and succour—ay ! like beings sending forth cries of agony unheard in that fiery chaos ! Our home was several miles from this clearing, but the next night, on ascending the bluff on the creek, we could yet see in that quarter a lurid sky, and now and then fitful gleams of brightness ; and even a week after, as I passed that clearing, the arena was yet smoking, although nothing remained of that part of the primeval forest, save heaps of ashes and a few blackened upright masses that for so many centuries had been the living bodies of the lately martyred trees !

* The very kind in which the Philadelphia Storm-king delights : but he did not raise ours.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

READER, will you be asked a question?

"Certainly."

Do you ever go to the post-office?

"What a question!"

Well, but are you thankful for a daily mail?

"Pshaw! I never think about it."

Just as I supposed. I was such a thoughtless person myself, once. Now, however, I am thankful to Uncle Samuel every time I walk to the post-office.

In our part of the Purchase the nearest office to Glenville was at Spiceburgh, always nine miles off, sometimes two or three more. To that office the mail—if such may be called a dirty, famished, flapping, scrawny pair of little saddlebags, containing three or four letters in one end, and half a dozen newspapers in the other—the mail came regularly (in theory) once *a month*, till the Hon. J. Glenville exerted himself in favour of his constituents, and then it came very irregularly once in *two weeks*. Sometimes there was an entire failure in the saddlebags' arrival. And this was occasioned by the clerk at Woodville office, who, whenever he discovered no letters for Spiceburgh retained the papers for private edification, and to be forwarded next mail: at least Josey Jackson, our post-master, said so. Sometimes our mail failed because of high waters; although our post-boy, Jack Adams, a spunky little chap, would often in such cases swim over: but then the half-starved wallet

was twice washed away, and when recovered, the news in both letters and papers was too diluted and washy for any practical purpose.

Reader, it was truly sickening, after waiting four endless weeks with the most exemplary impatience, and after toiling, not over, but through a road always nearly impassable, and when passable full of peril to learn that no mail would arrive till next month ; or what was even worse, that it had indeed come, but with only one letter, and that maybe for the Big-Bear-wallow settlement !* The faint hope that sustained one in the lonely and wearisome path now became despair ! and yet, all that wet, long, tangled way to repass ! and no mail again for four other hateful weeks ! No wonder we finally ceased from all correspondence, contenting ourselves with hiring a man, with a remnant of sole leather, to bring our newspapers when he could get them : which luckily he did as often as once in three months ! No wonder during all our western sojourn, if the world never heard of us : although in this we had a very ample revenge, as in that time, we heard nothing of the world, and I think, even cared less.

But this autumn, I expected a letter from my old friend Clarence ; and so, on a delightful September morning, off I started, confident of finding his letter. The road, also, was less bad, and with diligence we should get home about the middle of the afternoon. And Dick, too, was in high spirits ; for he always regarded as a holiday, the exchange of the bark mill for such a jaunt ; and he now trotted along the bottomland with voluntary and most uncommon speed till of a sudden the old fellow scented, or saw, or heard something which made him very fidgetty and uneasy.

What could it be ? Dick, it was known, had some finical

*All things out there are big : if two things of the same name are to be distinguished, one is called big, and the other powerful big.

ways, but he was now manifestly alarmed, and made some desperate attempts to wheel—when, sure enough, a strange figure emerged from the tall rank weeds into the road before us, and continued to move in front, and apparently never having noticed our approach. 'This figure was undeniably human; and yet at bottom it seemed a man, for there were a man's tow-linen breeches; at top, a woman; for there was the semblance of a short gown, and, indeed, a female kerchief on the neck, and a sun-bonnet on the head! Then again the apparition wore enormous masculine leather boots, and under one arm carried a club; although both of the hands seemed to be holding above the hips, rolls of woollen cloth, very much like a furled petticoat! Whether the affair would turn out a man dressed in woman's upper articles, or a woman, in man's lower ones, was yet to be discovered. The suspense, however, was not long; for at the noise of Dick's sneezing, (who saw how matters stood, and gave warning by way of delicacy,) the hands of the figure instantly relaxed their hold on the linsy rolls; and down dropped a sudden curtain all round over breeches *and* boots, in the shape of a veritable petticoat! and before us walked a genuine daughter of the woods!

The universally favourite attire of females (indescribles) is not, we presume, to be traced to French milliners, male or female. It originated in the necessities of a new country, where women must hunt cows hid in tall weeds and coarse grass, in dewy or frosty mornings. And to that is owing brief frocks; although out there, such when allowed to fall to the natural hang of the articles, shut from view the indescribles—or very nearly so. Dressed thus in the husband's boots as well as his thingamies, (the limbs of which are worn as our fathers wore them within, and not without the boots,) our fair lady this morning, bade de-

fiance to wet grass, running briars, snake-bites, ticks, and all and every evil incident to cow-hunting !

Of course we exchanged compliments on passing ; but Dick was so dumb-founded at the miraculous transformation on the sudden fall of the screen, that he shyed and passed without a word : the truth is, I was all but frightened myself !

I need not tell all the silly things that entered my mind at the thought of such an exhibition in certain places and assemblies—but I was not fairly recovered on reaching Spiceburgh ; and the event had perhaps rather increased my good-nature, and encouraged the hope of finding a long-expected letter. On approaching the cabin-office, and while *hanging* Dick to a gate post, a glimpse caught of Josey trying to escape out of a back door into the woods gave me a sudden pang ; for this was Josey's way of getting off, when there was no letters for his friends, and leaving the matter of explanation to his wife as he " naterally hated," he said, " to see folks so powerful disapinted." But I was too quick, and so hailed :

" Hillo ! the house, Josey !"

" Ah ! hillo ; how are you ? come walk in—I was a sort a steppin round the other way—powerful fine day."

" Very—Well, Josey, anything this time ?"

" Well—there was three letters and some papers kim day afore yesterday—but I wan't in—and Polly, she put them away—and I aint heern her say that thare was anything for your settlement up thare."

" Why, Josey, one *must* be for me ; it can't be possible the letter, that a month ago was to be here, is not come this mail !"

" Well—I should a sort a think one of them mought be the letter. Glenville's goin a-head most powerful in this part of the district—Jerry's a clever feller—but we go tother way down here : if Glenville gits in, we'll try old Uncle

Sam, and have the mail twice a month in these here dig-gins."

"Yes, but if they manage no better at Woodville or some other place, we shall only be disappointed twice a month instead of once."

"He! he! he!—yes—well, let's go back, Mr. Carltin, and take a look."

Josey's wife now appeared *en dishabille*,* being occupied with her wash-tub in the space between the cabin and the kitchen; when Josey, to prepare and smooth the way to my disappointment, said to his lady:

"See here, Polly! don't you think one of them thare three letters mought be for Mr. Carltin?"

"Nan!" (she *heard* well enough.)

"Don't you think one of them thare three letters what kim day afore yesterday, mought be for Mr. Carltin?"

"Well, no, I don't jist ezactly mind—(remember)—but I a sorter allow maybe prehaps two's for the Snake Run Sittlemint's folk's"—(washing away as if the article was very hard to get clean)—"and tother was tuk out more nor an hour ago."

"Which way, Mrs. Jackson,"—said I, eagerly, as a glimmer of hope arose—"which way did the person come—perhaps it was Tommy Robison, as I asked him the other day to call here, and ——"

"Well—I kind a sorter think as maybe prehaps the man said the letter was hissin—and I actially seed him a readin on it!"

"Well," said Josey, very tenderly—"let's go into the back room anyhow, and overhaul the bureau—maybe some how or nother we mought a overlooked last month—or may be arter all one of the two's yourn."

The back room was a closet boxed off with poplar boards,

* French, for being caught "in the suds."

its junctures pasted over with strips of deceased newspapers; and it held a bed for the postmaster and mistress, and—a bureau, of which two drawers were Uncle Sam's Cabinet, the top drawer for *living* letters and papers, the second, (descending,) for *dead* ones. Into this sanctum I was now invited out of compassion, with the privilege of rummaging for myself.

First, then, the *live* drawer was jerked out, and Josey and myself began our search with great system and good judgment, collecting, as a preparatory step, all the living newspapers into one corner, and which amounted to nearly two dozen, two or three with envelopes and directions: the rest, naked, and thumb'd and dying:—all destined I fear to the *dead* drawer. This completed, *one* letter only remained, instead of two, and that sure enough for—

“Missus Widder Dolly Johnsin, head at Snake-Run—kere of her brother near Spiceburg”—(*on one corner*)—“case he's gone to Orleans, p. m., send it to the Widder herself.”

But what had become of the other letter? Josey here was much disturbed, as he knew it had not been called for. At my suggestion, a shaking of each newspaper was commenced, when pretty soon out tumbled the second one,—and that too, for Snake Run. A very scrutinizing search was next instituted under, and into, and around a half-knit stocking, and some little calico bags nearly full of squash or calabash, or cucumber seeds; and even a square box half full of roasted store coffee—but no chance letter for me could be discovered. I was about, therefore, to go away much chagrined, when it occurred, that as a living letter had been concealed in a dying paper, maybe, a letter might have been buried alive among the defunct articles of the next drawer: and accordingly a request was made for a peep into that tomb. To this, Josey after a momentary hesitation, replied: “Oh! its no use no how—still, if

it will satisfy a feller crittur, let's have the overhaul :"—and with that forth came the repository of departed news written and printed, and with such a vengeance—for it stuck a little—that the dead things, many of them, bounced into the middle of the room, like criminals' carcasses when galvanized.

Ah ! painful sight ! that drawer like other graves (in some cities) was too full !—it contained more than the living world ! And the frightful way that papers and letters were huddled, must soon have killed a delicate and sensitive thing—a love letter, for instance, if by any mischance it had come down from the upper drawer alive ! Well, we rummaged—and shook—and tossed—and pitched for a good quarter of an hour, till out leaped a letter,—a real living letter—folded in a civilized way—and actually superscribed :

" Robert Carlton, Esq. Glenville Settlement, &c. &c."—and post-marked—" Princeton, N. J."

Josey was, of course, completely mystified, and began twenty awkward apologies ; but, although not a little provoked, I was so rejoiced at the resurrection of my letter, and Josey was so sorry, and after all, so clever a fellow, that he was cordially forgiven :*—and that, reader, argues me not spiteful.

I now prepared to return home : and just then, a young chap rode by on his way to Johnson's store ; for Spiceburg was a large village, containing, first, Mr. Johnson's Store ; second, a blacksmith's establishment : and third, [Josey Jackson's post-office, which last was also a tavern, and now becoming a kind of opposition store : although an opposition post-office would have been more serviceable, both to town and country. The chap named, immediately hailed me, and made a proposal for me to wait till he had

* My friend, R. Carlton, was not at all influenced by the consideration that Josey intended to vote for Glenville. C. CLARENCE.

done his purchases, when we could ride home in company. As Sam lived in an adjoining settlement, and I really wanted company, (to say nothing of political news,)—I readily agreed to wait, although we well knew it would be some hours before the bargains were concluded.

In a New Purchase country, "going to store" is as much for recreation as business, and preparation is made as for any other treat or amusement. The store is, too, the place for news, recent and stale—for gymnastics, wrestling, pitching quoits, running,—for rifle shooting—for story-telling, &c.—and hence, a purchaser's stay is not in direct ratio to his intended bargains, but rather in the inverse; a fellow having only six cents to spend, will sometimes lounge in and around a store for six hours! Nor must even that be wholly imputed to the fellow's idleness. It is in part, owing to his unwillingness to part with—cash; and when it is considered how very difficult it was then, and maybe now, in the New Purchase to get hold of "silver," then it will appear that to lay out even a fippenny-bit must have become a matter for very solemn reflection, and very *lengthy* chaffering. In my time, rarely indeed, could two cash dollars be seen circulating together; and having then no banks, and being suspicious of all foreign paper, we carried on our operations almost exclusively by trade. For goods, store-keepers received the vast bulk of their pay in produce, which was converted into cash at Louisville, Cincinnati, or more frequently at New-Orleans. The great house of Glenville and Carlton paid for all things in—leather. Hence, occasionally when a wood-chopper must have shoes and yet had no produce, but offered to pay in "chopping," we, not needing that article, and being indebted to several neighbours who did, used to send the man and his axe as the circulating medium in demand among our own creditors, to *chop out* the bills against us. Indeed, it was out there some wise statesmen of hard currency memory, learned to do without banks,

and therefore, wished to let the neighbors in here have a taste of their experience : although *cash* seems difficult to find anywhere, for we of the New Purchase supposed the scarcity owing to the non-existence of banks, while we of the Old Purchase, attribute the scarcity to their existence. For my part, I must ever think the leather currency better than the mere paper one ; and that the latter, although not so often tramped under foot as the other, yet still more deserves it.

My friend Sam to-day had come to town with two silver-fippenny-bits, and a roll of tow linen ; and he intended to buy four panes of glass, 8 by 10's, half a pound of store-coffee, eighth of a pound of store-tea, one quarter pound of gunpowder, and a pound of lead : also, if they could be got cheap, a string of button moles and a needle. Sam prided himself on being a hard hand at a bargain, and Mr. Johnson, I well knew, although an honest man, was a prudent dealer ; and, therefore, I determined to remain in the store and witness the trading. The colloquy opened thus, after Sam had deposited his roll of linen on the counter :

" Well, Johnson, you don't want no tow linen to-day, I allow—do you ?"

" If 'tis good. What do you want for it ?"

" I allow to take half trade and half silveras near about as we can fix it."

" Sam, you're joking—we don't give cash for anything but pork and lard."

" That's powerful stingy—well, what's this piece worth—its powerful fine."

" This ;" (examining)—'tis pretty good—'tis worth ten cents in silver. We give twelve in trade."

" Ketch a duck asleep !—if that 'ere tow linen thare aint worth fifteen cents in store-tea or coffee ither, I'll bet old Nan—(his rifle)—again two-shot gun ! Howe'er I'll track

round a little—I wants any how to go over to the post-office, maybe there's a paper come."

Now this, reader, was all gum ; Sam could not read a word. He intended this as a threat to deal in the opposition store, and Mr. Johnson so understood it : in fact he had anticipated such a move, and for that purpose had underrated the linen, intending to rise to the true value as if induced so to do by Sam's superior dexterity, by which the linen would be secured and his customer pleased. And therefore, Mr. J. thus answered :

" Sam ! Sam ! you're a hard Christian : but I've large payments at Louisville, and you've been a pretty good customer, and a cent or so aint much—and rather than let you go to Josey's, I ll give you thirteen cents."

Now this Sam thought just one cent higher than the linen was worth ; yet it was in reality precisely half a cent less—and that other half cent Johnson intended finally to give him. Hence when Sam replied, " Well ! I raythur allow as maybe prehaps Josey would a sorter give fourteen cents ; but I don't like to d'sart old friends, and so says I, jist gimme thirteen and a half cents, and it's trade !" it was what Mr. Johnson was prepared to hear. Accordingly, after affecting to consult a book of prices, (I think it was an old counting-house almanac) and after figuring away at the double rule of three in vulgar fractions, at all which Sam stared as at a magical operation, Johnson at last looked up, and scratching his head, said :—

" Let's see—eight-sixteenths is four-eighths, and that is one half—and half is two-fourths—and five per cent—and tow linen at a discount—why, Sam, you'll break a fellow some day or other—still I can't lose more than a fraction of a cent on a yard, and I must not let you go to Josey's. Well, I'll give thirteen and a half, and it's a bargain. Now, what will you have ?"

" Well, I'm goin to see how the new skow's comin on—

and you may measure the linen till I get back, and then we'll take it out in something or nuther."

And with that away went Sam, leaving Mr. Johnson to measure off the piece ; for while he affected to fear the storekeeper would cheat him in price, he never dreamed that he would either lessen the number of yards or miscalculate the sum in his own favour. Nor was his confidence abused, for Johnson was an honest man, and had only used indirection to come at the true price, because of Sam's perverse sagacity in bargains. I did not, however, stay to watch the measurement, but buying a sheet of foolscap, I retired to a back room where I answered Clarence's letter, so unexpectedly rescued from the dead, giving him among other matters a condensed statement of its resuscitation.

It was a full hour before Sam's return ; and then the quantum suff. of tea, coffee, glass, &c. &c. being furnished, the balance of trade was found against him, and he owed the store precisely nine and a quarter cents. In lieu of this Mr. J. offered to take one of Sam's silver fips, which although a liberal discount in Sam's favour, he regarded as right down Jewish usury ; and the storekeeper was obliged to book the nine and a quarter cents, to be paid in "sang." Nor was this conduct of Sam's so very surprising, when it is recollected that for one hundred and twenty-five cents could then be bought a whole acre of land ! bottom land ! trees ! spice bush ! papaws ! and all : hence to ask for six and a fourth cents, was asking a pretty good slice off an acre ! Sam was, therefore, really indignant.

He now was getting ready to start home, when spying a spring of button-moles, he remembered he was to buy a fip'sworth ; and supposing a prime bargain was to be had for cash, he proposed to pay right down one of his silver pieces for the half of the string, worth in all twenty-five cents.

"Come now," said he, "Mr. Johnson, here's the silver cash money, right slam smack down, for one half jist of that 'ere leetle bit of a string—"

"Oh! no, Sam, we can't go that—I'll give you so far," replied Johnson, measuring a minor third.

"Well—I've traded a most powerful piece of linin here this mornin—and I'll be teetotally darned if I won't try Josey, and see if he won't give me more moles for silver cash money."

Our storekeeper well knew Josey had no moles, and so after a feint to retain a customer, he let him go; but no sooner had he got out of hearing, than our merchant took down his string of moles, and laughing as he slipped off nearly half into a drawer, he said to me, "Sam will be back directly, and then I mean to sell him a little more than the worth of his fip." He then suspended the diminished string in its former place, and shortly after Sam came back, and began:—

"Well, I don't like, arter all, to d'sart old friends, and so says I, jist gimme one half of that darn'd leetle string—for it's time me and Mr. Carltin was makin tracks home."

"Ah! Sam, how shall we live these hard times? but I suppose if I must, I must—so down with your dust. And here's a full half—and now take which end you like."

Sam chose; and then the dealer stripped off the half, amounting to a good eight cents' worth; while our man of cash pulled out a small dirty deer skin pouch, and untying its mouth, he emptied all the contents on the counter, viz: two silver fips, three "chaw'd bullits," a damaged rifle wiper, four inches of pigtail tobacco, and three worn gun-flints. But he was evidently even yet scarcely determined to part with his cash; for he took up first one and then the other fip, apparently more than once about to return both to the pouch, and offer more "sang:" till at length, believing he had got nearly double as many moles as he could

obtain for "trade," he handed over, with the air of one making another's fortune, the worse looking and more worn fippenny bit ; and then the other articles, together with the button-moles, being put into the pouch along with the widowed fip, he was ready to ride, and we in a few moments more were on our way home.

My comrade was in high glee at the way in which he "had made it off o' Johnson," i. e. the way he had just got the worth of his money, and which the storekeeper would have readily given him at once, without so much plague to his customer's wits, if Sam's own dexterity had not seemed to make the indirection necessary. I too was in high glee, hoping to secure an additional vote for our candidate ; and we, therefore, jogged along very harmoniously. Nay, as it was now becoming dark, I yielded to a proposal for the sake of company, to go all the way round by the Indian grave, that being the proper path to Sam's settlement. This reminds me of my promised tale of the Indian grave ; to which, after ending the present chapter with a pleasant little adventure of our own this night, the next chapter will be devoted.

Not long after our quitting the three blazes, and turning into the unblazed trace at the grave, it became quite dark ; and we were compelled to ride in Indian file, Dick and myself in the van, Sam and his quadruped in the rear. Be it remembered, part of his purchase was (or were ?) four small panes of glass, intended to illuminate their new cabin, and make its native darkness visible in the day. A sort of window had, indeed, been made by skipping a log in the erection ; but our friends had begun to be richer, and it had been lately voted to have a sash of four lights at ten cents each, it being most specially for this, the twelve yards of tow-cloth had been woven, and this very day sold at Spiceburgh. And, even now, Sam, the eldest son, twenty-one years old last Spring, was actually riding homeward

with the long coveted glass, done up in two sheets of coarse demi-paper, and tied across two ways with strong pack-thread—yes, all safe under his arm!

More than once during the afternoon had he introduced the subject of glass and windows; and every conversation would begin and end with a self-complacent, and rather lofty look at the articles under his arm—the glass by which their cabin was to be elevated in the scale of architecture,* and the family established among the forest aristocracy! Once or twice as we passed an old cabin without a sash window, Sam would commence—

‘ Mr. Carltin, I allow this here glass here of ourn’s near about the right size—aint it?’

“ I think so.”

“ Well—it will look a sort a powerful—hey?”

“ Very—we had a sash made last summer and it helps matters *powerful*.”

“ He! he! he!”—(a giggle of exquisite satisfaction—like the cackle of a hen that has laid a new egg, or the mild squawking of geese just emerging into the dusty road from a hole in a grain field fence)—“ he! he! he!—Mr. Carltin, aint it a sort a funny them ere settlers what’s been in the Purchus longer nor us aint got no sashes?—I allow, it looks a sort a idle in ’em.”

But now as we rode in the dark a fire suddenly gleamed from the crevices of a cabin, upon which, Sam with wonderful anticipative exultation halloed from the rear—

“ Hillow! Mr. Carltin—that’s Bill Tomsin’s cabin!—what a most powerful heap of shine his ’ere fire would make through this here glass of ourn if they was all in a winder——”

* Cabins are at first dark, like Grecian temples: afterwards, when sashed, they enjoy a religious and dim light like Gothic cathedrals—especially if two *glasses* are oiled *paper*.

To this Mr. C. made no reply, for, at the instant his neighbour's thoughtless, blundering brute* of a horse tripped over a root on to his nose ! and away went his rider, not indeed out of the saddle, but off from the blanket, his only saddle ! and alas ! alas ! away went the brittle eight by ten's !—and in spite of the forty cents paid in tow linen, in spite of Sam's chagrin and almost superhuman efforts to save them, in spite of the woful disappointment of the expectants at home, the whole four panes, were all and each, and every, so cracked and broken as to defy all emendations from dough or putty ! Yes ! in one short moment, and that a moment of triumph, all visions were dissipated—visions of a window from without, and visions through one from within !

Poor Sam ! he was not hurt by the fall : although, I do believe for a moment he wished it had been his arm and not the glass. And certainly, had I not been present, he would have abused his unlucky horse in very irreverent terms, calling him as it was :—

“ A most powerful rottin darn'd ole carrin—for to go to stumblin and smashin *glass* that 'are away ! !”

I tried to console my neighbour in the most approved way, by telling misfortunes of my own, and at last did bring on a faint laugh—(much like one a person makes in trying not to cry)—by narrating the fall of our waiter of glasses but still, forty cents worth of good tow-linen was no trifle for folks in my comrade's humble circumstances to lose ; and I did so pity him as to say if he would ride home with me, we would give him an extra pane procured to mend our own sash in case of accident, and also, three sheets of paper, which, when oiled and fixed according to directions, would answer almost as well as glass itself. This cheered

* Terms applicable to common horses—not to Dick.

him up a good deal ; and on reaching uncle John's, a search was instituted, and to our great satisfaction two panes were discovered, which were both cordially bestowed on our friend ; and also two sheets of foolscap, with directions how to oil or grease and paste them on the sash, and to secure, by two strings diagonally fastened, or as he better understood it—"kattekorner'd-like."

Sam never forgot this small kindness. Hence, as you may easily think, reader, not only did he vote our way, but he became an active and rather violent partizan in electioneering, everywhere giving, too, a magnific version of the glass and paper story. Nay, on the election day he overheard a person saying to another—"Yes, John Glenville's well enough—if he hadn't stuck up folks around him—and that brother-in-law of hissin, Carltin's a reel 'ristekrat—and hates poor folks like pisin."—upon which what does Sam do, but forthwith strip off his coat and break in with his doubled fists as follows :—

"See! here, I say, mister! you're a most powerful darn'd liar!—now jist shut up—'cos case you jist go for to say that say agin—if I don't row you up salt crick in less nor no time, my name's not Sam Townsend."

Happily, my complimentary neighbour had no wish for that pleasant little excursion—"up crick," and no farther disturbance ensued. I would merely add, that passing Sam's cabin a few days after his mishap, I had the pleasure of seeing the sash in its place, with two glasses in the lower tier and two papers in the upper : and to be sure the papers were sufficiently greased ; indeed, so well, as to keep out light as well as water and air ; although, in spite of our use of "diagonal," and it's being rendered into popular language, "kattekorner'd-like," the strings were inclined to perpendiculars to the sides, and crossed each other almost at right angles, and not very far from the centre.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"—— neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo." 1
"Pleasure after Pain."

WHEN the Indian tribe were departing from the New Purchase, a distinguished chieftain had suddenly died, and been buried in aboriginal style in the spot known in our settlements as the Indian grave. That spot I could never pass without feeling myself on hallowed ground, often contemplating the scene with indescribable emotion—ay, more than once with unbidden tears. The burial place itself was a beautiful natural mound, abrupt on the side towards the county road, but otherwise of a regular shape and gradual swell, being hardly indeed supposed a mound on the approach by the Glenville path. On the summit of this mound was the grave. It was inclosed by a fence of small logs and covered with poles : while a rough post carved with Indian hieroglyphics and its point or top painted red, marked where the warrior's head rested.

This place was too far from Glenville for a walk, and we never hunted in that direction, but, even when hurrying on a journey, as I rode by, I could not pass till I paused some moments to gaze, and with a melancholy soul, on this resting place of the savage king ; and with the most profound sadness and shame, after learning that this wild and lonely and regal grave had been violated !

Around that grave had stood a band of exiles and houseless wanderers—children of the forest ! Trusting to the white man's faith, they had asked a few yards of earth,

where but the day before the whole mighty wilderness had been theirs—a few yards where they might lay in his rest their chief, their lawgiver, their father ! Yes ! yes ! there bitter agony of the soul had been felt, although proudly, perhaps, sternly concealed ! Mournful enough to bury a king and a patriarch in a borrowed grave ; yet was it some alleviation that he was to lie in no dishonoured ground ! If there was sadness, there was grandeur too, in the thought, that his was the only grave, and that it made venerable and sanctuary-like so large a forest space !—ay, that for long years to come white men's children would point and say, “ Behold that little mound yonder !—that is the grave of Blue Fire !—the mighty Indian warrior and chief ! ” That grave would remain a monument, speaking to successive generations of the pale faces and saying—“ This was all once the red man's land ! ”

What would that tribe of mourning warriors have felt ? what would they not have done, had some fierce and proud apparition from their spirit-land, revealed that the base sons of white men would despoil that grave of its treasure, even before the impress of the departing exiles' feet should be covered by the fall of the coming autumn's leaves ? Yet so it was. Reader ! the poor Indian is often cursed for his indiscriminate massacres—has he no provocations ? Do not civilized and nominal Christian men, with deadly weapons, watch near the sepulchres of their fathers and sons to wreak sudden vengeance on the robbers of the tomb ? And dare we condemn the poor, hunted, defrauded Indian, who, finding his father's grave desecrated and rifled, cools the phrenzy rage of his burning soul in a bath of white man's blood ?

Once on my way to Timberopolis, I sat gazing and dreaming on my horse, near that sad mound ; when, not without an emotion of fear, I saw appear a large party of mounted Indians, going, as it afterwards was discovered, to

visit the Potawatamies living on a reservation in the north. The party did not halt at the grave, as probably they would have done, if no pale face had been there to notice : if they had, although no sign apparently could lead to the discovery that the sacred deposit was gone, yet should I have felt, if not afraid, yet truly ashamed. Our way being for several hours in their direction, we often passed and re-passed one another, and occasionally I rode among the party, and held a conversation with a half breed that could use a little English—till at last, they encamping on the bank of the beauteous and silvery river, once their own ! we parted—my way leading across the stream and their path still further up on its bank. I felt a strange wish to plunge with them into the dark, tangled wilds of that vast forest, where no white man yet lived—so strong is the love of the uncivilized in some hearts !

But to our story. Several years prior to our arrival in the Purchase, two young men, whose youth and ignorance is their best apology, students of Dr. Sylvan's, on hearing of the burial of Blue Fire, determined so soon as the Indians should resume their march for the Mississippi, to take up the body ; partly for anatomical purposes and partly out of rash boldness : for some nerve was necessary to the work, while many lagging Indians were yet straggling in the woods. And unhappily for our honour they succeeded ; but not until after a very remarkable interruption and temporary defeat. And that defeat is my story. It shall be given, however, in the words of the renowned " Hunting-Shirt-Andy," the leader of the party that terrified the resurrectionists, and almost to insanity, and from whose lips we ourselves received the narrative.

Be it premised, that at the time of our story, not more than three cabins were between Woodville and the river ; that on their side the river, the nearest house from the grave, (on our side) was more than three miles, and

beyond a wide bayou and marsh,—it being absolutely necessary in passing and repassing to and from Woodville to cross the river. In many places were fords, and near them also dangerous holes from four to six feet deep ; and into these, not only inexperienced travellers, but even we neighbourhood people often plunged ; and hence escape from them to a terrified man running from savages would be almost miraculous. On our side, the cabin nearest the grave was two miles up the river, so that if any Indians came unexpectedly upon the young fellows, they would be in hazard of meeting a pretty summary vengeance—and not, I must say, wholly undeserved.

Our narrator was called Hunting-Shirt-Andy, mainly because he lived like an Indian, and always wore a very wonderful leather hunting shirt—(his second hide or skin)—most curiously frilled, and elaborately ornamented with bits of skin, birds' and beasts' claws, and porcupine quills dyed red, and green, and yellow ; and also to distinguish him from his second cousin White-Andy, so named because he lived like the rest of us civilized woodsmen in a cabin. The story was given in Uncle John's cabin, at the united request of myself and the others, and is as follows :—

HUNTING-SHIRT-ANDY'S STORY.

“ Well, Mistur Carltin, if you reely wants to hear about them two young fellers, I don't kere to tell about that Blue Fire scrape ; but case you put it in your book, don't let on about thare namses—as the doctor's nevy is a most powerful clever feller and tended me arter in the agy, and charged me most nuthin at all, although he kim more nor once all the way over more nor twenty miles—and the tother one what got most sker'd, is a sort of catawampus, (spiteful) and maybe underhand wouldn't stick to do you a mischief if he thought you made a laff on him—albeit, he's been laffed at a powerful heap afore.

“ Well, we heern the two was a comin to git up Blue

Fire, and bile him for a natumy, as they call'd it; and all us neighbours was powerful mad about it; as cos couldn't they allow the poor Injin to lay in his grave; and as cos the Injins still a sort a squattin and campin round, mought hear on it, and it mought n't be so good for folks's consarns then. And so we talks over the thing, and allowed we'd make the chaps let Blue Fire lay; and so, says I to Bill Roland, Bill, says I, let's you and me make on to be Injins, and skere them doctur fellers; and don't let them go for to bile the poor red savage for the natumy. Agreed, says Bill, and then we goes and gits ole man Ashford, and fixes up like reel gineine Injins, and paints our faces red and clean up our arms, away up here (showing,) and all on us gits on blankits and leggins and moksins, and teetotally greases our hair back so—slick-like, and I gits a bit of tin round my hat, and we takes our tomhoks and rifles and puts off and lies hid near the grave. 'Twas just thare, Mr. Carltin, along by the black walnut stump what I cut down the very next day arter for rails for Bill Tomsin's yard. Well, thare we all on us lays down in the bushes on our bellies, a little over fifty yards from the grave; for we know'd the young fellers was to come at sich a time; cos they kim to Squire Brushwood's the night afore; and the Squire he sends up his little gal to ole man Ashford's afore sun-up to sort a let us know: and so we was all ready, when what should we spy a comin but the two young doctor chaps with a couple of hossis, and a meal-bag, and a spade, and a hoe.

"Well, we lays teetotally still, and they goes fust and fassens their hossis to the swinging branch of that thare sugar west o' the place, and then goes and begins a takin down the pen, and when they gits it down, they off's coats and begins a diggin like the very divil.* And jist then we

* Soft way of swearing out there.

raises up a sort a on our kneeses ; and all draws a bead at that knot in that thare beech at the tail ind of the grave ; I'll show you the knot any day, and you'll see its more nor half a foot good above their heads when they stood up agin the beach, although they arterwards tried to make the knot out only two inches above their heads ; and then I gives a leetle bark, like a growling Injin—and up they pops both on 'em, right under the beach, and looks about most powerful skittish, and then we lets fly three balls crack-wack right into the knot, and makes bark peel right sharp in that 'are quarter ; and then out jumps we and raises the yell, with tomhoks agoin to fling ——”

At this very moment our narrator was interrupted by a terrific burst of thunder, which shook our cabin with much violence, and caused the dry clay of the chinking to curl up in dust around us like smoke ! To persons shut up from the view of the horizon, it had seemed a very fair afternoon early in July ; but while we listened to Andy, a single cloud surcharged with lightning came over our clearing, and using a tall tree within a few yards of our cabin as conductor, it had darted its fiery bolt, which shivered the tree into pieces, and filled us with a momentary, yet very intense fear : and then, it rapidly passing, our few rods of sky was clear and brilliant as before. After a short and revereful pause, Andy resumed :—

“ That's a most mighty powerful big clap of thunder, and most mighty near ! but it's not a bit more skery than our bullits above them two young doctors' heads and the reel Injiny yells us three screeched out ! The way they drops tools and made tracks was funny, Mr. Carltin, I tell you ! You see ! I've seed runnin in my days that's sartin—but if them chaps didn't git along as if old Sattin was ahind 'em, then I allow I never killed no deer, and that would be a wapper !

“ Well—they divides, and the doctor's nevy, he tuk

strate up stream; and ole man Ashford and Bill, they pretends they was a follerin him—howsom'er they couldn't a ketch'd up no how—and so the nevy he runs clare up two miles and gits safe into Pete's shanty on the bottum, and sker'd Pete hisself so powerful he was afeer'd to come down, till we sends up and lets Pete into the secret.

“But tother chap, he was so sker'd he didn't see where he runn'd, and kept right study ahead slash through weeds and briars to the river—and me slam smack arter him, as cos I was afeerd he'd run in and git drowned; for thar's where the water is deepish, and jist about where you swim'd your hoss, Mr. Carltin—and so I runs and hollers like a screech-owl—‘stop!—doctur!—staw-u-up!’ But the more I hollers, the more he legs it; case he was more nor ever sker'd to hear a Injin holler English—Graminy! Mr. Carltin, if he didn't make brush crack and streak off like a herd of buffalo!—and me all the time a keepin arter, as I was sentimentally afeer'd now he'd git drowned; but, darn my leather shirt—(Andy *would* put this profane stitch into his shirt when he was excited)—darn my leather shirt, if arter all I could make him stop; and in he splash'd kerslush, like a hurt buffalo bull, and waded and swim'd and splash'd and scrabbled even ahead rite strate across and up tother bank—when he stops for the furst time to blow and takes a look back! And then he sees me a standin on our side and without no gun, a bekenin on him to stop; for I was too powerful weak a laffin to holler any more—but darn my leather shirt, if the blasted fool didn't set off agin like a tar-rified barr, and wades clean in all through the bio! and the buttermilk slash tother side! and never stopt again till he kim to the three mile cabin! and thare he tells them as how the Injins had all got back agin, and had killed tother doctur and tuk his skulp!! And you may naterally allow, Mr. Carltin, the hull settlement over thare was a sort a sker'd, and sent out scouts and hunters to see: but when

it was found how it all was ezactly, then if they warn't a mighty powerful heap of laffin, I never kill'd no deer.

"Howsever the Doctor's nevy was good pluck; for he gits another chap to help, and two days arter when we warn't a watchin, he digs out the poor Ingin and totes him over to Woodville, and biled him up for a natumy for their shop arter all—and so that's the hull story, Mr. Carltin;—but I must be a sorter goin. I'll fetch that jerked vensin about next week—and them 'are deer skins:—but afore I starts, wont you jist play us a toone on that flute of yourn, Mr. Carltin?"

"Most certainly, Andy—I'll play you a dozen if you can stay,—what will you have?"

"Well!—let's see—thare's one I don't mind it's name now—but a powerful toone; I heard Mr. Johnsin fiddlin on it at Spiceburgh—but thare's somethin about river in it, and it was talkin of the young doctur's splunge, made me think of the toone."

"Was it this, Andy?"—(Mr. C. plays.)

"That's him! that's the dentikul toone!—let's see—what do you call him?"

"Over the river to Charlie." And accordingly this "powerful toone" was done now in first rate double-shuffle style, with very curious extempore variations, and very alarming embellishments; while all the time Andy patted the puncheons with his moccasin'd feet, and seemed barely able to refrain from leaping up and dancing; till the music ending, he remarked:—

"Ie! Ie! darn my leather shirt if I didn't know 'twas river somethin!—and by jingo, Mr. Carltin, if you don't jist about know the sling of it, about as good as Mr. Johnsin—and maybe a leetle bit betterer—and the way he makes it hum on the fiddle!—I tell you what!! Well, well,—I must be goin, but I should like to stay and git you to play that 'ere meetin toone, Pisger,—(*Pisgah*, a great favourite

then with our religious world, but which had better been named, Gumsnorter*)—but I can't stop—I'm off—good-bye, folks."

And off he was sure enough ; while I treated him during his exit with Yankee-doodle. And this compliment Andy felt so much, that he began capering, and yelping, and tossing his legs and arms, till he reached our bars, which he cleared like a bounding buck at a flying leap : but within the bushes beyond he paused a moment, and gave, first, an Indian grunt and bark, and then such a yell !—it rung in my ears for twenty-four hours ? Then once more he leaped away, shaking the bushes, scattering old leaves, making brush crack, and at the same time screaming out—"Sta-up doctur !—sta-a-a-aup !" in all which he designed a scenic exhibition of his late story ; playing like other celebrated actors different parts, first, his own Indian character, and secondly, the flight of the young doctor.

Reader !—do you believe life is all moping in the West ? Now be well assured we *have* other recreations there than going to church—the only one certain *hic vel haec* English tourists grant to us and never use themselves !

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Quack ! Quack !! Quack !!!"

Vide Voices of Natural History.—Vol. X.

Not many weeks after Hunting-shirt-Andy's visit, a very great and yet very little stranger, for some time expected, arrived at Glenville. Her name not before, but after this arrival, was Elizabeth Carlton : and she bounced in among us, after all, by surprise, and about two o'clock

* Unless classic musicians prefer that, or a like term for the genus.

one morning. A curious figure somewhere had been missed, and the young lady gave an unexpected notice in some mysterious way of her intention to join our colony, precisely one week too soon : a common case I am informed with all that have the right of primogeniture ; others, are better arithmeticians.

It had been arranged that our worthy friend Dr. Sylvan of Woodville, should honour Glenville with a visit on this occasion : but now, about nine o'clock, P. M., Dick was scampering away at the nominal rate of six miles per hour, towards Spiceburgh, with a pressing invitation for the company of the learned Professor Pillbox, a member of the faculty, and who boarded with our friend Josey, P. M.* This change of medical gentlemen arose from the urgency of the case, as Spiceburgh was not so far as Woodville. No one in this *very* enlightened era can possibly think we trusted Dick to deliver the request—(although if a four-legged being could have done so, Dick was he or it)—but still, to prevent misapprehension and the sarcasm of the increasing critical acumen of the times, we now state that John Glenville went with Dick ; and hence, about three o'clock in the morning, they returned, having secured the professor and another horse.

This person—(of course, the doctor)—not being honoured with any other skin or parchment than the one he was born in, we, like the Great Unknown, the North American College of Health of Yankeysville, do, by the native right of every white-born American, our ownelves dignify with the title of Professor. And never was title more appropriate, as he professed even more than Brandreth's Pills ! He could cure warts !—eradicate corns !—remove pimples !—and obliterate moles and freckles. He knew how to de-

* Let no one think Josey was P. M. in both senses : the sentence might have been altered to prevent this injurious mistake, but it was found easier to add a note.

stroy beards so as to prevent shaving—and how to fertilize the most barren skull till it would produce a large crop of black hair, in case you preferred that to red, yellow, or flaxy ! Ay, he had never-failing remedies for fevers of every type, grade, and colour—intermittent, remittent, non-tent, bilious, antibilious, rebellious, red, saffron and yellow ! Hence, the Professor utterly and most indignantly scouted Thompsonianism and all other loud-screaming quackeries of our quacking epoch :—and setting the highest value on number one, he cared not for number six.

His language, in bold contrast to his figure, was by that very comparison heightened in its magniloquence ; we mean his medical diction, for other he rarely indulged in, because language about common affairs was too small for his large utterance. His were lofty words, and demanded a lofty subject ; and that his profession was, and admitted an amazing technical grandiloquence. Professor Pillbox, M. D., was exactly one yard, one foot and ten inches—low. The Professor's horse, on the contrary, was remarkably high, large and spirited. When, therefore, the Professor was seated on his saddle, and safely ensconced between two hugeous leathern cartouch-boxes made for bottles, barks, lint, forceps, &c., and above all, for the pills and powders, and the like cartridges, for his principal execution, he seemed not dissimilar to a monkey-shaped excrescence growing to the back of the steed ! Now his *modus loquendi* was truly gigantic ! and not only did he always spout forth the hardest technicalities, but even these laden with additimentalities and elongated elaborifications of sesquipedalia : which last he would freely have bought of us if not for silver, yet for trade and in exchange for what he always styled his “medicamentums !”

Poultices, with Professor Pillbox, were always cataplasms—and the patient who had only barked his shins, was always greatly terrified on hearing that “there was manifest

symptomatic manifestationst through the outer exterior epidermis of his having infracted the tibia!"—for the poor wretch at once gave over his legs as ruined after that awful sentence on them! Doses of salts were never mixed with water and swallowed in our Professor's practice, but he "prepared an aquatical solution of the sulphate of magnesia, and then—exhibited it!"—i. e. made the patient *look at it* before he drank. In this way the disagreeable taste was properly increased, and so, to speak in style, the "medicamentum seemed to act with still greater potential efficacy:"—for indeed, some robustious stomachs out there that would never have budged at the plain dose, were pretty well stirred by "an aquatical solution!"—proving the virtue of words.

Our friend never bled a man—he only "opened a vein!"—nor did he ever feel a pulse without parading a huge silver watch, and seeming, with the care-worn and ominous brow of Jupiter, (in Virgil,) to be counting the motions of the second hand:—a curious contrast to Death with an hour-glass! although to some nervous patients nearly as frightful.

One of our neighbour women, who was often ailing, used to send for Aunt Kitty to tell her what the Doctor meant; whence Aunt Kitty came to be regarded nearly as "high larn'd as the little doctur hisself," and was elsewhere in demand as "the little doctur's intarpretur:" but she always resisted persuasions "to set up docterin" herself, telling the folks "one old woman was enough in the Purchase."

An honest woodsman went once with a severe tooth-ache to Spiceburgh, when the Professor, after a long examination of the patient's mouth, declared with a very solemn little phiz that, "an operation in dental surgery seemed necessary in order to extract two of the principal molares!"—At which the affrighted sufferer said, "he was in powerful pain, and didn't kere to let the Doctur pull out a couple

of his darn'd rottin back 'teeth—but he'd rather bear the tooth-ache a hull year nor have the *dentul suggery* or the *principul mol'lerees* ither done on his mouth."*

The Professor did not rely on symtoms *in* the morbid body itself: for instance, he rested not satisfied with the inspection of the tongue, which he always had *protruded* instead of vulgarly *put-out* of the mouth; but he wisely kept two keen eyes out on the watch for external symptoms,—being well disposed to that way of judging, which determines, if a saddle is *under* the bed, that the person *in* the bed is sick, or dead, from eating the horse. Hence, on the present occasion, he came at once to a very infallible judgment of the case, wholly by external symptoms; for on hearing an infantile cry, which had commenced just an hour before his arrival, and broken out at intervals since, he instantly concluded, and without feeling any body's pulse, or inspecting any body's tongue, or asking a question, but with a very grand and imposing air, said—"that the lady was as well as could be expected!" But he learned, however, a very useful piece of knowledge, viz.—that there is at least another thing beside time and tide that waits for nobody.

Still, it was quite edifying to witness the anxious bustling, and to hear the learned remarks of our dwarf Esculapius; who, among other things, was constrained to acknowledge that—"unassisted nature had yet mighteous potential efficacy of her own intrinsic internal force, and that she sometimes required only the co-elaborative aid of a skilful practitioner to conduct to a felicitary tendency her wonderful designs!" Hence "he would only order now the exhibition of a few grains of his soporific sleep-producing powder, to induce a state of somnoric quies-

* Finally, one tooth was pulled, the other broken off—and half and half, is all *Steam doctoring* does—cures one and kills another!

cence!!"—because he was decidedly of opinion that "with proper care and no misfortunate reactions, the lady would without dubiety become convalescent in the ordinary time!!!"

And, would you believe it, dear reader?—all came to pass precisely as he predicted!—and stranger yet to tell, without the aid of the soporific powder! For that, by a blameable negligence, Mr. C. himself, who was charged with—the exhibition, never mixed!! But then to atone and for fear some living creature might accidentally swallow the exhibition all at once, and so sleep too long, we very considerably the next day put the whole paper of somnoric quiescence into the fire.

In the morning, after a very early breakfast, Professor Pillbox, having received the usual fee for his invaluable aid in enlivening the western solitudes, leaped with amazing agility on his mountainous horse; which he, indeed, styled "a quadrupedal conveyancer;" and was quickly peering over his cartouch-boxes on the way to Spiceburgh.

But, reader!—beware of calling this mighty little personage a quack: for he had, if not a diploma from a college, a regular *license* from the State! Oh! the potential efficacy of a true Republican legislature! What can it not achieve? By a mere vote, or a legal wish and volition, it can out of nothing—yes, *ex-nihilo*!—or next to nothing create any and every man a lawyer—a physician!—a teacher!—or even a *Jack-ass*!! And these creations all become the greatest of their sorts!—greater even than the very legislators that first made them!—streams getting higher than their fountain!

No, no, reader, our Professor, like others of the kind, had so great an abhorrence of quackery, that he would not allow Josey Jackson, his landlord, to keep a single duck! And two years after the Hon. J. Glenville's services ended, when Professor Pillbox himself was sent to the House, he

had influence sufficient to procure by a unanimous vote, the passage of the following resolution, and which remained in full force when we left the Purchase :—viz.

“ Resolved :—that no *quacks* but those that are *licensed*, shall recover the amount of their medical fees by law.”

Vide Journals of the House, VI. Fol. p. 95.

CHAPTER XXX.

“ Instant in season and out of season.”

THE future historian of the Western church may learn, from this chapter, that the company of believers of which Mr. Hilsbury was a bishop, whenever about three or four such can be found, form an ecclesiastical court, with spiritual jurisdiction over a given district. A court of this kind was constituted his autumn in Glenville at the episcopal residence. The smallest legitimate number of clergy composed it, and every reverend gentleman was honoured with an office :—Mr. Hilsbury was made President, Mr. Shrub, of Timberopolis, Clerk, and Mr. Merry, (a bishop, in transitu,) Treasurer. And thus was shown, after all, the practicability of Locke’s celebrated Fundamental Constitution of Carolina, found impracticable in Sayle’s province,—the offices and dignities requiring every man in the colony.

Mr. Welden, Sen., and some other excellent old woodsmen, had seats as lay delegates. These, however, managed only the secular business of the Assembly ; for instance, such as to bring in a pitcher of water, keep a small fire alive on the hearth, and contribute each twenty-five cents

cash to the sub-treasury. Farther east, I am told, lay delegates are even more useful, volunteering to let down bars, open gates and the like, between the lodgings of the clergy and the chapel where the court is in session. Normally, it is *said*, the lay and clerical delegates are on equal footing in the House, both having a right to talk either sense or nonsense as long as they see fit; and yet, in practice, the lay members are not considered as on a par with the clerical ones. For instance, in debates, discussions and so forth, the commoners are never called—brother, except collectively under the appellation, brethren; and even then prime reference is intended to the clergy. But the commoners are termed variously, as “the worthy person or member”—“the good old man that has just spoken”—“Esquire Cleverly”—“Lawyer Counselton,” &c. &c.: yet mostly they are all spoken to and about as plain—“Mister.”

In my wanderings I have, indeed, stumbled into assemblies of their sort composed of Misters and Brothers, where qualified lay gentlemen chose freely to exercise their privileges, and where “the person” or “the worthy old man” has so spoken and argued a subject as to lead the assembly to adopt measures much more common-sense-like and democratical than some, and especially the “younger brethren” at first contemplated. Nay, an acute and eloquent Mister occasionally would be seen to demolish a rash brother; or in our parlance out there—to use him up. Hence, being myself a reformed democrat, this admixture of Misters and Brothers in ecclesiastical Houses, did upon the whole then strike me as the best and very best form of religious associations for our republican institutions; and then it occurred that if the lay delegates would always qualify themselves properly and use judiciously and boldly all their ecclesiastical privileges, that both State and

Church would even be more benefitted than ever by these true republican bodies.*

We beg leave now to introduce more especially to the reader, the President of the Court, the Rt. Rev. Brother Bishop Hilsbury. Besides being pastor of the Welden Parish, he was missionary bishop over a vast diocese, through which he was ever riding, preaching, lecturing, praying and catechising, and beyond which he often made excursions, to bestow gratuitous and extra labour on the Macedonians—i. e. wilderness folks that had no bishop to care for them. His public discourses averaged, therefore, one a day, to say nothing of baptisms, visits to sick, funeral services, cum multis aliis : and the miles he rode were about one hundred each week, or somewhere near five thousand annually !—indeed, like other laborious missionaries in the West, he lived on horseback. And when at home, a few days each month, he retired not to his study, as he fain would have done, but he betook himself to his cornfield : and not rarely he wielded an axe in his clearing or deadening—working, in short, not like “ a nigger,” but a galley slave. Negroes, under kind and judicious masters, work only little more than the half of every day ; a western bishop works all day and part of the night. Brother Hilsbury was in many perils—in the wilderness—in the flood—and among false brethren ; we subjoin a specimen of each sort : and

Firstly—we are to discourse of the Wilderness. Part of an unsettled forest was once to be crossed by him to reach a new settlement where he had engaged to bestow some extra clerical labour. The path was nearly impassable.

* The clergy of such bodies do earnestly insist on all this in their lay delegates, both for religious, and secular and state reasons : and, it may be added, that when the reader ascertains what ecclesiastical bodies have done most for civil liberty and universal freedom, he can venture to guess at the body in our text.

ble ; and at sunset he was alone in the wilds, and more than fourteen miles from the intended place. About dark, he came to a deserted Indian hovel, where he resolved to "put up," rather than "camp-out" or travel in the dark ; and accordingly he dismounted, stripped his horse and secured him by halter and bridle ; and then had barely time to get under the shelter of the half-roofless shantee, before a tempest, long gathering its pitchy blackness, burst around in floods of rain and flashes of keen fire with its appalling thunder. By the glare, however, of the lightning, a rude clap-board bedstead was discerned fastened to a side of the hut, and on this fixture, after feeling with the end of his whip if any chance snake was coiled in that nest, our primitive bishop laid his saddle and other gear ; and then on and surrounded by these, passed that dreary night as comfortably as—possible ; and hungry, wet, and melancholy. Having thus spoken briefly to our first head, we pass to the consideration of the second thing proposed, which was

Peril by Flood. Here, by way of preface, it may be remarked, that reverend gentlemen intended for New Purchase bishoprics, ought unto all their Christian gifts and graces to add—the art of swimming. For want of this, Bishop H. was in jeopardy oft of his life. Indeed, considering his inability to swim, he was, my dear brethren, a little rash ; for in his company we have several times come to creeks broad and muddy with "back-water" from a neighbouring river, where the speaker, although a swimmer, refused to enter ; but our bishop either having more faith or more courage, would, spite of all remonstrances, plunge in, horse foremost, venturing on till the turbid waves reached his saddle skirts and the tail—(of his horse)—began to float ! And that being symptomatic of a swimming head—nay, of a whole body—our friend would return but still re-

luctant : and we would then proceed up the stream till beyond the influence of the back water.

At the time of his perilous-peril, Mr. H. was in company with the Rev. Mr. Widdersarch, who also could not swim. A large creek was raging with its swollen waters across their way, rendering it necessary to cross or return ; unless like *Æsop's* wise man they should wait the subsidence of the flood. But that might be a long time yet, the waters 'still rising ; and beside it was absolutely necessary to go on—as it always is when people are going anywhere, especially a western minister, who usually, after riding many long miles, and fording and swimming many dangerous creeks, to keep with punctuality a gratuitous appointment, finds at the preaching cabin a large congregation of—six : viz. the man and his wife, with three little children and a help. For, of course this thimblefull of folks would be too disappointed, if the minister came not ! And hence, valuable men feel bound to be punctual out there, always at the risk of their health, and not rarely their very lives.

The discussion in the present emergency soon ended by the plunging of both brethren into the water ; deeper, indeed, than had been presumed ! How deep was difficult to say, the horses for some reason or other beginning to swim immediately on entering the creek—perhaps, however, unlike Dick, they could not resist a bloated stream till the water went over their backs ! Every thing proper and customary was done with the ministerial legs to keep the limbs dry ; yet at the first souse those important appendages were unpacked, all their capabilities being required to hold on the riders—and nothing was now visible above the turbid waters save two snorting horse heads, followed by two human heads and busts.

And now the saddle-bags of Mr. Widdersarch, not being rightly secured to the stirrup-leathers, floated off the saddle, and, like hard ridden demagogues, went down with the

stream ; upon which the owner not only made a very desperate and very unsuccessful effort to arrest the articles, but was, alas ! by that very effort himself soused headlong into the boiling waters ! How, Mr. Widdersarch could never tell, yet at the moment of his fall—(like Palinurus grasping part of a helm in a fall from another poop)—he felt and clutched with drowning energy, the floating tail of his horse !—and holding to that he was carried safely till his feet rested on the bottom. During all this Mr. Hilsbury was in advance ; but while he heard the fall and the cry of his friend, he could render no assistance, having the greatest difficulty to retain even his own seat ; and by the time he had reached the opposite bank in safety, his friend could stand on the earth with his head above water ; seeing then the saddle-bags whirling in an eddy, Mr. H. hurried with a long pole to a point whence it was thought the leathery apparatus might be arrested. In his eagerness to hook the bags as he leaned over the bank, that treacherous bank gave way, and our excellent bishop himself was now struggling for life in the whirlpool !

He was a man more than six feet high ; yet in vain did he try to stand on the bottom of his maelstrom, and hold up his head in the world !—until driven violently against the bank he managed with *coolness* certainly, if not presence of mind, to clutch in one hand some roots in its side and with the other and his feet to stick to its mud, till Mr. Widdersarch, now landed, hastened to his assistance. In the meantime, the saddle-wallets despairing of all rescue had taken fresh start for some other port ; but our involuntary baptists running with poles to the next headland, were there successful with their baitless bobbing, and had the satisfaction of rescuing, and maybe from a watery grave, the well-soaked conveniences ! And so ends our second lesson.

The last trial was one of equanimity and patience—more difficult to endure, however, than the other sorts. Our friend, as has been often intimated, was forced to work literally with his own hands. On one occasion he was ploughing; when, to save his feet from injury, he had encased or buried them in a pair of ungainly cow-hide shoes, with exterior seams, like those of a hose, (viz: a leather fire-engine,) such as no primitive apostle ever wore, and most modern eastern parsons certainly never saw. They had, indeed, been made at our tannery by a volunteer shoemaker (such as a legislature will create some of these days, when it is determined by them that every man may be his own shoemaker,) so that they looked for all the world as if they were vegetables and had grown on a shoe-tree! Moreover, our clerical ploughman, like Cincinnatus, had on no toga, and was in the state boys call, barelegged, or to speak with modesty and taste, his limbs were destitute of hose (or hoses.)

Now, in this “fix,” will any man of broadcloth and French calf-skin, conjecture that our Rector’s outer man exhibited signs of worldly pride? And yet, my dear brethren, the keen eyes of a parishioner saw pride in those shoes!

“Impossible! unless it was deemed a pharisaical humility, or a papistical penance.”

No, no! but on the contrary, the penance was not deemed severe enough: for this Christian mister on finding his bishop thus ploughing, reported through the whole diocese that—

“Mr. Hilsbury was a most powerful proud man, as he actually ketch’d him a ploughing with—his shoes on!”

I conclude, therefore, this discourse by asking you, dear brethren, what would have happened if the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hilsbury had in preaching sported a white handkerchief and black silk gloves? or, horrible dictu (i.e. *tell it not*

in Gath) had he worn ruffles? Be assured we had some rough and hard Christians out there who would have deemed him an emissary of Satan, and one that deserved burning on a log-heap!

Permit me next to introduce the clerk of the court—Bishop Shrub. Of this gentleman we shall merely say, that if a profound and an extensive acquaintance with all the important and various subjects of ecclesiastical learning, together with uncommon research in most other kinds; if the command of elegant style in writing, and the power of rich and copious elocution in preaching; if a pious and a conscientious mind, an ardent zeal in the service of his Master, and incessant labours for the good of men; if the most engaging and winning manners in conversation; if all these and similar excellences, possess charms, then would the reader have rejoiced to know Bishop Shrub, and would have classed and cherished him among the most highly estimated friends.

As Mr. Merry will speak for himself in this chapter, the reader may say what he thinks of this person after reading his Buckeye Sermon, delivered at Forster's Mills.

Among the dogmata of the New Purchase Council, it was ordained that Brothers Shrub and Merry should perform a missionary tour of some weeks between 41° and 42° N. latitude, and in a region destitute of any spiritual instruction; a region indeed almost destitute, it proved, of inhabitants too, the thin "sprinkle" having, in all probability sought a place free from all trammels, political as well as ecclesiastical. The brethren took neither purse nor scrip, and expected no present reward farther than the pleasure of doing good; and yet they laboured as if in expectation of being at the end of the tour, thrown into a modern* bishop's see—not of glass, but of silver and gold and other

* A real rite-dity church and state bishop.

clinking evils. Having myself long desired to visit the country now laid out as missionary ground, I begged permission to join the party ; which request being cheerfully granted, away we started as—missionaries—hem ! See then, reader, “ how we apples swim ! ”

During the excursion, three discourses were delivered daily, the ministers alternately preaching, and the times being usually 10 o'clock, A.M., 2 o'clock, P.M., and 5 o'clock in the evening. In proceeding up the river (the Big Gravelly) appointments were left for our return, and also sent on before us, by any chance person found going towards the polar circle. Nor ever did any one show reluctance to bear the message ; although on overtaking once a woodsman, and begging him to name some place where we could preach next day, at 10 o'clock, he replied :—

“ Well, most sartinly, I'll give out preachin for any feller-critturs whatever—and Forster's saw-mill is jist about the best place in all these parts—but I sorter allow 'taint no use no how much, as folks in them diggins isn't powerful gospel greedy.” And then, excusing *himself* from hearing Bishop Shrub that same evening, he rode suddenly down an abrupt bank of the river, and plunged into water, barely admitting his large horse to go over without swimming, yet he faithfully made the appointment for his “ feller-critturs ” at the mill, although of our neighbour himself we never saw more.

Our churches of course, were usually cabins, our pulpits chairs ; but the church at Forster's saw-mill deserves special commemoration from the odd oddity of the place, the audience, and the sermon of Brother Merry.

The church was literally in the mill ; nor was this a frame building painted red, with flocks of pigeons careering round, or perched on its dormer windows, or strutting and billing and cooing and pouting along the horizontal spout ; while, on a neighbouring elevation stood a commodious

stone house, the owner's and mason's names handsomely done on a smooth stone near the summit of its gable ; and smiling meadows stretched away along the dancing waters—concomitants rendering a mill so enchanting in old countries ! no : no :—here was a naked, unplanked, saw-mill ! a roof of boards twisted, warped and restless, on the top of a few posts ; the prominent objects being the great wheel, the saw itself, and the log in the very act of transition into plank and scantling !

No human dwelling was in sight, and it was afterwards found that the owner and his men lived three miles from the mill ; that they went home but once or twice in the week, eating during the day, when hungry, of cold corn and pork, and sleeping during the night in the snuggest corner of the mill-shed, and drinking both day and night when thirsty or otherwise, freely of water and—whiskey. For prospect around was an ugly, half-cleared clearing, with piles of huge logs, not to be burned, however, but sawed. The dam was invisible. A large square trough conducted a portion of the Big Gravelly river to its scene of paltry labour ; and there the water, after leaping angrily from the end of its wooden channel, and indignantly whirling a great lubberly, ill-made, clattering wheel, as in derision of its architect, hurried impatient along a vile looking ditch, half choked with weeds and grass, to remingle with the sparkling, free stream below !

Meeting, then, was to be held on a few loose planks, constituting the floor, laid *ad capsium* ! The pulpit was to be the near end of the log, arrested for a time in its transformation to lumber ; while at the far end was to be the congregation—at least the sinners, who might sit, or lean, or recline, or stand, as suited convenience. The congregation was big of its size, consisting of the saw-miller, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Forster's two men—and also, three hunters, who accidentally hunting in the neighbourhood, had

chanced to stop just now at the mill—in all six sinners ; more, however, than are allowed in a Puseyite cathedral, where conversions are unfashionable !

As we rode up, a few minutes before ten o'clock, the saw was gnashing away its teeth at the far end of the log, nor did it cease till we had entered the shed ; and then, the owner unwillingly stopped the performance, seeming by his manner to say—"Come, let's have your preaching powerful quick, the saw wants to be cutting agin." This was far from encouraging, yet Mr. Merry, whose turn was to preach, began his preparations, observing in a conciliatory way, that he would not hinder his friends very long, but that we felt it would not be right to pass any settlement where the neighbours were kind enough to give us an opportunity of preaching. The preacher's manner so far won on our sullen congregation, that Mr. Forster and two others took seats in a row on their end of the log ; while two leaned themselves against the saw-frame, and one against an adjoining post : Brother Shrub and Mister Carlton sat among the saints at the pulpit-end of the log, like good folks and penitents in churches with altars.

In this combination of adverse circumstances, great as was our confidence in Mr. Merry, who was as used to this sort of matters as are eels to skinning, we feared for his success to-day. Yet he began seemingly unembarrassed, holding a small testament, in which was concealed a piece of paper, size of a thumb, and pencilled with some half a dozen words constituting the parson's notes ! And notes in the New Purchase and the adjacent parts are always concealed by preachers who use them ; for the use of such argues to most hearers there is a want of heart religion ; beside that no place is found in our pulpits to spread out written discourses. To have used in Forster's mill-meeting to day, any other than the thumb-paper just named, would have been considerably worse than ridiculous—it

would have deserved a scratch or so from Mr. Forster's saw-teeth ; or what is next to it, a scourging from Lord Bishop Baltimore.

Brother Merry quickly perceived that even the plainest and almost child-like topics with suitable language and illustrations failed to preserve his *spectators'* attention. One man began to look at the ditch where now the water was trickling along with a subdued voice ; another, to cut a clapboard with his scalping knife ; and Mr. Forster looked wistfully at his saw, evidently more desirous to hear its music than both our preachers' voices together. Something desperate must then be attempted to arrest attention, or hope of doing good at present abandoned. For while true that men cannot hear without a preacher, it does not follow that they will always hear with one : and hence Mr. Merry, after some vain attempts to convert spectators into auditors, suddenly stopped as if done *preaching*, and as if *talking*, commenced thus :—

“My friends and neighbours don't you all shoot the rifle in this settlement ?” That shot *was* central : it even startled the Rev. Shrub and myself. The man using up the clap-board looked like an excited dog—his very ears seeming on full cock ; and Mr. Forster was so interested that he answered in the affirmative by a nod. “So I thought. No hardy woodsman is ignorant of that weapon—the noble death-dealing rifle. Ay ! with that and the bold hearts and steady hands and sharp eyes of backwoodsmen, what need we fear any *human* enemies.” (Approving smiles from all accompanied with nods and winks)—“And no doubt you all go to shooting matches ?”—(Assent by a unanimous nod and wink)—“Yes ! yes ! it would be strange if you never went. Now, my dear friends, I have no doubt some of you are first-rate marksmen, and can drive the centre off-hand a hundred honest yards.” (Here one man on the congregational end of the log stood right up, and

with a look and manner equivalent to "I'm jist the very feller what can do that."—Ay! I see it in your looks. I'm fond of shooting a little myself; 'tis very exciting—and when I indulge in shooting, I have to keep a *powerful* guard over my heart and temper. For don't we feel ourselves, neighbours, a right smart chance better than persons that can't shoot at all? Perhaps we feel a sort of glad when a neighbour makes worse shots than ourselves—perhaps we even secretly hope the man firing against us may miss, or that something may happen to spoil his chance? And then, when we make good shots, don't we walk about sometimes and brag a little—even while we hate to hear any body else bragging? Come, my honest friends, don't we all on such occasions do some things, and say some things, and wish some things, that when we get home, and are alone, and begin to think over the day, make us feel sorry about our conduct at the shooting? Come, we are all friends and neighbours here, to-day—aint it so?" (Several nods in assent—but no smiles as at first—with fixed attention, and a go-on—Mr. Preacher-look, at the far end of the log)—"Yes, yes, my dear friends, it is so—that is honest and noble in us to confess: now there is a rule in this Book—you all know what it is—a rule saying, that we ought to do to others, what we, in the same circumstances, would wish them to do to us. And surely, that is a most glorious and excellent rule! Well, don't we often forget this rule at a shooting match? and in more ways than one! And again, every sensible man well knows how mean pride is, and we all despise the proud—and yet, aint we guilty ourselves of something like pride at a shooting match?

"Well, it seems, then, by our own *allowing*, we may be secretly guilty of some bad and mean things, even when we are not openly wicked and guilty, say of *swearing*—(shot at a venture)—or maybe *drunkenness*—(one of the sinners stole a look at the whiskey jug)—or any other bad

practice ; and we see, a man in his heart may be very proud like, and hate his neighbour, even if we do wear homespun, and live in a cabin. (The brethren were neatly, but very plain clad). Ah ! dear friends, our hearts, mine as well as yours, are much worse than we usually think—and a shooting match is a place to make us find out some of our sins and wickedness. You all know, how as we are going through a clearing, we sometimes see a heap of ashes at an old log heap—and at first it all seems cold and dead, but when we stir it about with a piece of brush, or the end of a ram-rod, up flash sparks, and smoke, too, comes out. Well, 'tis exactly so with our natural hearts. They conceal a great deal of wickedness, but when they are stirred up by any thing like a shooting-match, or when we get angry, or are determined to have money or a quarter section of land at all hazards—ah ! my dear friends, how many wicked thoughts we have ! how many wicked words we say ! how many wicked things we do !” (Winks and nods had ceased—there was something in the benevolence, and earnestness, and tenderness of our preacher’s voice and manner, that kept attention rivetted ; and it was plain enough, conscience was busy at, I believe, both ends of the log.) “Well ! now, my friends and neighbours, do our own hearts condemn us and make us ashamed ? Look up to yon blue sky above us—that is God’s sun shining there ! Hark ! the leaves are moving in the trees—it is God’s breath that stirs them ! and that God is here ! Ay ! that God is now looking down into our very hearts ! He sees what we now think, and he knows all we have concealed there ! That glorious law we spoke of in this book, that we have so often broken, is his law ! Friends !—would we be willing to die at this very instant ? And yet die we all must at some instant ; and if we repent not and seek forgiveness through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—

you, dear neighbours, I myself, and every one of us must perish and—for ever!”*

I shall not repeat any more of Mr. Merry’s discourse. His point was gained. Attention was fixed ; salutary convictions were implanted in the auditors minds ; and they evidently increased in depth and intensity as the preacher proceeded. Nay, when he in a strain of peculiar and wild and impassioned eloquence, dwelled on the only way of escape from divine wrath through the blessed Son of God, our poor foresters gazed on his face with tears in their eyes, and remained till the conclusion of the services, without even the smallest symptom of impatience.

When meeting was out, the woodsmen cordially shook hands with us all, and especially with Mr. M. ; and expressed a unanimous wish to have, if possible, another meeting at the Saw Mill. Bishop Shrub was so tenderly affected that as we rode away and had got beyond hearing at the Mill, he exclaimed :—“ Amen to that shooting, Brother Merry ! we shall never in this life see again these poor men—but the effect of this day’s preaching must be lasting as their lives : surely we shall meet them in Heaven !”

Little specially interesting occurred after this, till our return was commenced. And then early one bright morning we turned aside to visit a deserted Indian town. A few wigwams in ruins were the only habitations left for the living : but in a sequestered loneliness on the margin of the river, we found by the swelling mounds and other marks of sepulture that we walked amid the habitations of the dead ! I have ever been deeply moved by the sorrows and the injuries of the Indian—ever since childhood—but now so unexpectedly among their graves—the sacred graves

*I can never forget how that word rang out into the adjacent forest—nor the echo returned, as if sent back from the invisible spirit land—for ever !

around which Indians linger till the last ! which they so mourn after when exiled far away in their wanderings ! —when we looked on the pure white waters where the bark canoe had glided so noiseless ; and heard the wind so sweet and yet so sad, like moaning spirits, over the tall grass and through the trees—a feeling so mournful, so desolate came over the soul, that I walked hastily away to a still more lonely spot, and there sat down and cried as if my heart were breaking for its own dead !

When we rejoined one another tears were in the eyes of all ! None spoke—the white man's voice seemed desecration ! We were true mourners over those graves. Poor Indians ! at that solemn moment it was in our hearts to live, and wander and die with you in the forest home—to spend life in teaching you the way of salvation ! Blessed ! blessed ! be ye, noble band of missionaries, who do all this !—ye shall not lose your reward !

To-day the evening service was in the neighbourhood of Mr. Redwhite, for many years a trader among the Indians. He being present insisted on our passing the night at his house. We consented. For forty years he had lived among the aborigines, and was master of five or six Indian languages ; having adopted also many of their opinions on political and religious points, and believing with the natives themselves and not a few civilized folks, that the Indians have had abundant provocations for most of their misdeeds. Hence, Mr. Redwhite and Mr. Carlton soon became “ powerful thick”—i. e. very intimate friends.

The most interesting thing in Mr. Redwhite's establishment, was his Christian or white wife. She, in infancy, had escaped the tomahawk at the massacre of Wyoming, and afterwards had been adopted as a child of the Indian tribe. Our friend's heathen or red wife was a full-blooded savagess—(the *belle* and the *savage* ;)—and had deserted her husband to live with her exiled people : and so Red

white, poor fellow ! was a widower with one wife—viz. this Miss Wyoming ! Much of this lady's life had passed among the Canadian French : and she was, therefore, mistress of the Indian, the French, and the English ; and also of the most elegant cookery, either as regards substantial dishes or nicnacy. And of this you may judge, when we set on supper. But first be it said our host was rich, not only for that country but for this : and though he lived in a cabin, or rather a dozen cabins, he owned tracts of very valuable land presented to him by his red lady's tribe—territory enough in fact to form a darling little state of his own, nearly as small as Rhode Island or Delaware. Beside, he owned more real silver—silver done into plate, and some elaborately and tastefully graved and chased, than could be found even in a pet bank, when dear old Uncle Sam* sent some of his cronies to look for it.

Well, now the eatables and drinkables. We had tea, black and green, and coffee—all first chop and superbly made, regaling with fragrance, and their delicacy aided by the just admixture of appropriate sugars, together with richest cream:—the additamenta being handed on a silver waiter and in silver bowls and cups. The decoctions and infusions themselves were poured from silver spouts curving gracefully from massy silver pots and urns. Wheat bread of choice flour and raised with yeast, formed, some into loaves and some into rolls, was present, to be spread with delicious butter rising in unctuous pyramids, fretted from base to apex into a kind of butyrial shell work :—this resting on silver and to be cut with silver. Corn, too, figured in pone and pudding, and vapoured away in little clouds of steam ; while at judicious intervals were handed silver plates of rich and warm flannel or blanket cakes,

* This affectionate old gentleman gets into a dotage occasionally ; —or at least some of his friends who undertake to be the government, so represent him. But he is a “ clever feller” himself.

with so soft and melting an expression as to win our most tender regards. There stood a plate of planed venison, there one of dried beef; while at becoming distances were large china dishes partly hid under steaks of ham and venison done on gridirons, and sending forth most fragrant odours:—so that the very hounds, and mastiffs and wolf-dogs of the colony were enticed to the door of our supper cabin by the witchery of the floating essence!

But time would fail to tell of the buns—and jumbles—and sponge cake—and fruit ditto—and pound also—and silver baskets—and all these on cloth as white as—snow!

Reader! was ever such contrast as between the untutored world around and the array, and splendour, and richness of our sumptuous banquet? And all this in an Indian country! and prepared by almost the sole survivor from a massacre that extinguished a whole Christian village! How like a *dream* this!

And thou wast saved at Wyoming! Do I look on thee?—upon whose innocent face of infancy years ago gushed the warm blood of the mother falling with her babe locked to her bosom! Didst thou really hear the fiendish yells of that night?—when the flames of a father's house revealed the forms of infuriate ones dancing in triumph among the mangled corpses of their victims! Who washed the congealed gore from thy cheek? And what barbarian nurse gave strange nourishment from a breast so responsive to the bloody call of the warwhoop that made thee motherless?—and now so tenderly melting at the hunger cries of the orphan! And she tied thee to a barken cradle and bore thee far, far away to her dark forest haunts!—and there swinging thee to the bending branches bade the wild winds rock thee!—and she became thy mother and there was thy home! Oh! what different destiny thine in the sweet village of thy birth—but for that night!

And yet, reader, this hostess was now so wholly Indian and Canadian that when she talked of Wyoming it was without emotion!—while I was repressing tears! Alas! she had not one faint desire to see the land of her ancestors! Could this be Campbell's Gertrude?

CHAPTER XXXI.

“Tend me to night!
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more!”

THE missionary party was dissolved at Timberopolis and I set out for Glenville alone. One night was to be past on the road: and I, therefore, so ordered matters as to tarry that night with a friend, who had cordially invited me to make his house my home in case I ever should travel that way.

It was early in the evening when I reached his cabin, but no one, to my surprise, appeared in answer to repeated calls; yet there being manifest signs of inhabitants, I dismounted and entered the house without ceremony. And of course I found the family—but all in bed! Yes! the mother—and every mother's son of them and daughter too:—they had the ague!

Two, indeed, were a sort of convalescent; yet eight were too ill to sit up voluntarily. Instead, therefore of being ministered unto, I myself became a minister, and set right to work, assisting the partly renovated son and daughter in getting wood, in boiling water, and in handing along jesuit bark, and sulphate of quinine. We three cooked, in partnership, something for supper—what, I never exactly knew—it was in sad contrast to the Wyoming banquet! and that night I shared a bed with the squalid and dejected ague-smitten son!

For the accommodation of the nine others, were four other beds—the sleepers averaging thus two and a quarter per bed. In our room were two beds, in the adjoining one three: an arrangement tending to purify the air, ten of the sleepers being sick and exhaling fœtid breath. Was it then so very surprising after all, that within one day after reaching Glenville, our historian, having been with missionaries in aguish districts, and having had a comfortable night's repose amid this aguish household, should himself contrive to get, in the very last chapter of his first volume—the Fever and Ague? Alas! many a volume equally promising in its beginning becomes sickly in its close: a character perhaps of all books detailing life as it is! For what, pray, is life itself, except a progress from elastic infancy to flaccid old age!—from hope to disappointment!—from health to sickness!—from living to dying?

Reader!—(supposing *one* is this far)—perhaps you have discovered that the writer is disposed to laugh as well as cry: not maliciously—but in a spirit of—of—“Good nature, Mr. Carlton?” That is it, my dear reader; however, our delicacy and good taste preferred another to praise us. Well, we have found that such spirit, within its due bounds, is a great help in sustaining misfortunes and adversities, especially our—neighbour's; and it does seem a compensative in some natures that their melancholy states may be followed by joyous and sunny ones. And not rarely have our elastic tendencies lifted us from deep and miry: “sloughs of despond;” and even yet, after the crushing of fond hopes, and the endurance of exceedingly weighty griefs, we laugh even loud although in a subdued tone;—for the dear ones we laughed with in earlier days can never, never join again their merry voice with ours!—but then even in our tears we smile, because we trust to smile and rejoice with these again and without danger of sin, amid serene and perfect and perpetual joys!

This premised, what was more natural than that we should laugh at the Fever and Ague—when our neighbours had this twin disease? Indeed, hearing the patients themselves jest about it, how was it possible not to join with them? At last I was seized with this mirth-creating malady myself: and of course you wish to know how I behaved myself. Well, at first I laughed as heartily as ever—just as I once did in the first stage of sea-sickness. And then I took emetics, and cathartics, and herb-teas, and barks, and bitters, and quinine, and hot toddies seasoned with pepper, oh! with such winning smiles!—that the folks all said—“it was quite a *privilege*!—hem!—to wait on me!”

Fye! on our hypocrisy and selfishness! all this captivating behaviour arose from a persuasion that it would aid a speedy cure! And for a time the enemy seemed willing to be smiled away—with the “coelaboration” of the above smile-creating doses—and, I do believe, we got to laughing more than ever. But one day after my *cure*, on returning from a little walk extra—(with a rifle on my shoulder)—a very gentle, but rather chilly sensation began very ridiculously to trickle down my spine—and there, would you believe it, was our Monsheer Tonson again!

Now, be it remembered, here was a surprise and a cowardly and treacherous assault, if I now for the first looked—grum: besides it was evident good nature was no permanent cure for the ague. Nay, Dr. Sylvan told me that once he had the ague, and repeatedly after he was *cured* the thing kept sneaking *back* and down his *back*; till on the last occasion coming, after it had seemingly been physicked to death like some of the patients, he was so incensed at its impudence as to set to and so kick and stamp and toss and dance and wriggle about, that the fit was actually stormed out! and from that hour no ague, dumb, vocal, or shaking had ever ventured near him! Had I heard this in time, my insidious foe would have been treat-

ed to a similar assault and battery. But, perhaps, so violent exercise on my part might have only accelerated and made fatal a crisis now approaching; for soon I became so alarmingly ill that John Glenville was posting to Woodville for Dr. Sylvan: but before he could have reached that place I was raging in the delirium of fever!

Two things in the events of that dreadful night seem worth mentioning: first, while nothing done to or for me was known, I have to this day the most distinct remembrance of my phrenzy visions; and secondly, that hours dwindled into minutes; for seeming only to shut and open my eyes, it was said afterwards that then I had slept even two full hours!—and that my countenance and motions indicated a state of fearful mental agitation. In that state two visions, each repeated and re-repeated with vivid intensity, and seeming to fill spaces of time like those marked by flashes of lightning, were so terrific and appalling as to force me to violent gestures and alarming outcries.

One vision was this. A gigantic cuirassier, more than twenty feet high, and steel clad, was mounted on a mammoth of jet black color and glistening, and moving with the grace and swiftness of an antelope. On the rider's left was couched a spear in size like a beam, and its barbed point flaming as the fires of a furnace: while in his right hand was brandished an immense sword of scimitar shape, and so intensely bright as to blind the beholders. To oppose this apparition was drawn out in battle a large army, with all the apparatus of war, swords, spears, smaller fire arms, and the heaviest artillery—the troops being in several lines with cannon in the centre and rifles on the wings; and all ready with levelled weapons and burning matches awaiting the onset of the terrific rider—Death! Soon came a signal flash from the heavens clothed in sackcloth looking clouds—a kind of meteor sunlight—and at its gleam the cuirassier on his Black Mammoth, like a tempest driven

by a whirlwind, swept rushing on!—the nostrils of the strange beast dilated with fiery foam, his hoofs thundering over the rocks and streaming fire; while the rider, upright in the stirrups, poised with one hand his spear, and with the other flashed his scimeter, and uttered a war-cry so loud and clear as to reach the very heavens and appal and confound the stoutest hearts! At this instant would I be possessed with a strange and invincible furor, and pouring forth shrieks and outcries in answer to the war-cry of the warrior-spirit, I would strike with my clenched hands as if armed with weapons—while the army awaiting our now combined onset raised their responsive shouts of defiance, and then poured out against us stream after stream of fire, with the clatter and crash and roar of many thunders—but in vain!—On, on, on we rushed!—the earth shook and groaned and broke asunder into yawning gulfs and sulphureous caverns!—and down, down, down sank the troops, smitten, dismayed, crushed!—while the Black Mammoth, reeling from ten thousand balls, and spears and barbed arrows, with the fiendish voice of many demons, plunged headlong into the discomfited host, and there falling with the shock of an earthquake, crushed men, cannon, horses, spears, into one horrible, quivering mass! Then from amidst this ruin up sprang the giant-spirit with triumphant shouts, and strided away to mount another Black Mammoth, and renew with variations this battle of my exhausting vision!

My other vision was as solemn to me as ever can be the very article of death. Methought I lay in a little, narrow, frail canoe, and with power neither to move nor speak—yet with as keen perceptions as if I were all senses. The canoe itself was at the head of a gulf, tied to its bank with a twine of thread and trembling on its violent waves; the gulf being between walls of rock towering away up smooth and perpendicular for many hundred feet, and running with

dark and dismal waters very swiftly towards a narrow opening through an adamant rock. That opening was an egress into an unknown, bottomless, shoreless, chaotic and wildly tumultuating ocean!—I felt myself quivering on the current of time just as it was sweeping into Eternity!—I saw strange sights!—I heard unearthly sounds! Oh! the unutterable anguish and despair as I lay helpless and awaited the sundering of my cobweb tie—in the twinkling of an eye should I pass into that vast and dread unknown!

Reader! was this really sleep—and did I only dream?—or was it the summoning of the spirit to see in a trance what awaits us all? Aye! be assured our dreams are not always dreams! A spirit-world is round us—and it is perhaps in such visions God designs we should catch faint glimpses of that other state? Sneer, vile Atheist*—the hour is coming when we shall sneer at thee!—for the “wicked shall rise to *shame* and everlasting *contempt*!”

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When Glenville returned from Woodville, he was accompanied not by Doctor Slyvan, but by the Doctor's nephew—one of the two young gentlemen of Indian grave memory. And he brought a long paper of written and minute directions; and among others, the Doctor's favourite plan of changing the character of agues—for making a dumb ague speak or shake. It answered well, I believe, with all patients of vigorous constitution: at all events, if one could endure it, nothing could so fairly make a dumb ague not only shake, but speak, ay, and scream right out. But when that part of the prescription was read to me, I most obstinately refused to have my ague thus converted: and yet as the bare reading made me *shiver*, doubtless, the operation itself would have made me *shake* like an earthquake! Sticking, therefore, to my refusal, my dumb ague, as Doctor

* Not the reader, we hope—yet in these irreligious days it might be.

Sylvan predicted, stuck to me ; and for twelve long cheerless months ! Yet, here is an extract from the Doctor's paper, so that it can be better judged whether my refusal was altogether owing to obstinacy :—

“ ————— and then, as the shaking ague is altogether tractable, his dumb ague must be immediately changed into the other. Carry then your patient into the passage between the two cabins, or into the open air, and strip off all his clothes that he may lie naked in the cold air and upon a bare sacking—and then and there pour over and upon him successive buckets of cold spring water, and continue until he has a decided and pretty powerful smart chance of a shake.”

Ohhoo ! ooh !—(double oo in moon, with very strong aspiration)—it makes me shake now !

Well !—at long last the dumb thing left me ; so that I lived to write more books than two : but we shall not say how often we “put on a damp night-cap and relapsed,” nor how apparently near what began in laughing came to ending in tears. Only let my reader draw from this case two practical resolutions :—

First—to cultivate a fixed determination never to get any kind of an ague—if he can help it : and

Secondly, to indulge no unseemingly pleasantry when he sees a neighbour shiver or shake—unless that neighbour insist manfully that you shall laugh rather than cry with him.

Shortly after my first convalescence, the Hon. John Glenville departed for the House ; and there, among other matters, he assisted in having Robert Carlton, Esq., appointed one of the Trustees of the College at Woodville ; with orders to procure as soon as possible competent professors and teachers. For this I wrote to my friend, Charles Clarence, then in the Theological School at Princeton, New Jersey ; but his reply belongs to our next year, and, indeed, to a new era of the Purchase, and hence, we may very appropriately end here—a Chapter—a Year—and a Volume.







